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## THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

JANUARY, 1879.

## MARCHING ORDERS.

## I.

"*Go ye therefore and teach all nations.*"—*St. Matt. xxviii. 19.*

 O does not mean *Send*. "Go" does not mean *Pray*. "Go" means "Go!" simply and literally. Suppose the disciples had been content to take this command as most of us take it. Suppose they had said to the leading apostles, "You see if you cannot find a few men to send to Rome, or Libya, or Parthia, and we will see what we can do about collecting funds, and anyhow subscribing a penny a week or a pound a year ourselves!" How would the good tidings of great joy and the glorious news of the resurrection have spread at that rate? But they did not subscribe: they *went*! Happily they had not silver and gold to give, so they gave themselves to their Lord and to His work.

How small is the company of those that publish the Word of our God in proportion to the numbers that are perishing for lack of knowledge! We are so accustomed to hear of the millions of India and China, that we get hardened to the appalling figures. We do not take it in that one man is standing alone among, perhaps, 100,000 dying souls. Even from one of the best provided centres of missionary work in India a friend writes, that every Missionary she has seen, whether clerical, lay, or lady-worker, has work enough of his or her own to *divide immediately* among at least six more, if they would only come! Yet our Lord's very last command was, "Go!"

The company is still smaller in proportion to those who might go if they only had the heart to go. Setting aside those who have not sought or found Christ for themselves, and who do not care to hear or read about these things, and those to whom the Lord has definitely closed this door by unmistakable circumstantial guidance, there must be, as a mere matter of figures, thousands of young Christians who might go, or put themselves in training for going. Yes, thousands, who have "freely received" salvation for themselves, but are not ready to "freely give" themselves to the Saviour's own great work; not ready even to take the matter into consideration; not ready even to *think* of turning aside out of their chosen profession, or comfortable home course. Yet the command, the last that ever fell from His gracious lips before He went up from the scene of His sufferings for us, still rings on, and it is "Go!" And He said, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments."

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

## ABOUT THE AFGHANS.

## NOTES BY THE REV. T. P. HUGHES, OF PESHAWAR.

[Everything connected with the Afghans is just now of absorbing interest, and we are glad to begin the new year with some Notes upon them, and on the Church Missionary Society's work amongst them. The Rev. T. P. Hughes, the writer of the Notes, has lived at Peshawar, which is an Afghan city, though within the British frontier, for fourteen years. Further Notes will follow in our next.]

## Character of the Afghans.

 HERE is much in the character of the Afghans to excite the special interest of Christian people in their welfare.

Their courage will bear comparison with that of any nation, and many are the instances of personal bravery which have been rewarded by distinguished marks of approbation by the English Government. Nor are they slow to appreciate this quality in others. In the Umbeyla war of

1863, it is related that a young English officer was deserted by his native sepoys, and for some time, single-handed, held his own in the midst of a crowd of Afghan warriors. When he fell covered with wounds, the very men who had cut him down bore testimony to the indomitable pluck of the young Englishman who, rather than run with his men, faced the foe alone, and died. They raised one united shout in the Pushto language, "Bravo! bravo! There's a brave young fellow!"

The Afghans are revengeful and jealous. Almost every chief of consequence has his real or imaginary injuries to revenge. The "Avenging of Blood" is a sacred institution of the Moslem faith, and one which seems to accord with the natural instincts of the Afghan character. Murder committed for this purpose is, of course, regarded as a religious duty. We remember hearing, some years ago, of the murder of a villager in Boneyr beyond our frontier. The murderer was seized and tried by the elders of the village, and made over to the next of kin for summary vengeance. But the murdered man had no male relatives, and the next of kin was a young maiden. The criminal was brought forth, and the girl was given a dagger, which she plunged into the heart of her father's assassin.

The hospitality of the Afghans is proverbial. Each section of a village has its *hujrah*, or guest-chamber, and every chief of consequence keeps one. These are supplied with beds, quilts, and pillows, and the wayfaring traveller can here claim protection for the night, with the usual meals.

The salutations of the Afghans are very peculiar, and exhibit very strikingly the hospitable and sociable character of the people. As soon as a stranger arrives at a village guest-house, it is his duty to give the usual Mohammedan salaam—the Afghans being a Mussulman people—"The peace of God be with you," which will receive the hearty response of every villager seated there, repeated several times over, "May you ever come! May you ever come!" And when he again proceeds on his journey, he will leave with the usual blessing, "To the protection of God we commit you."

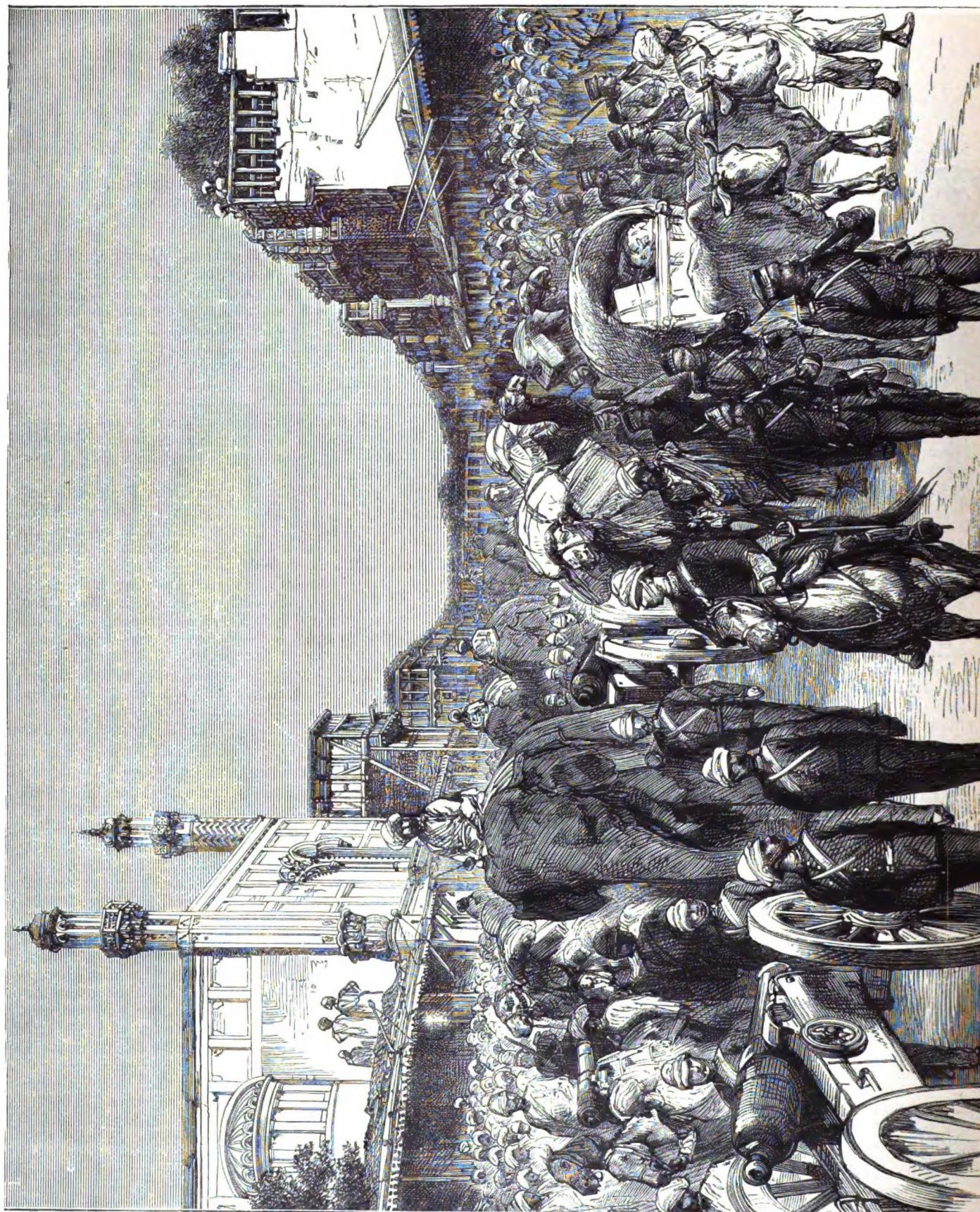
## The C.M.S. Mission to the Afghans.

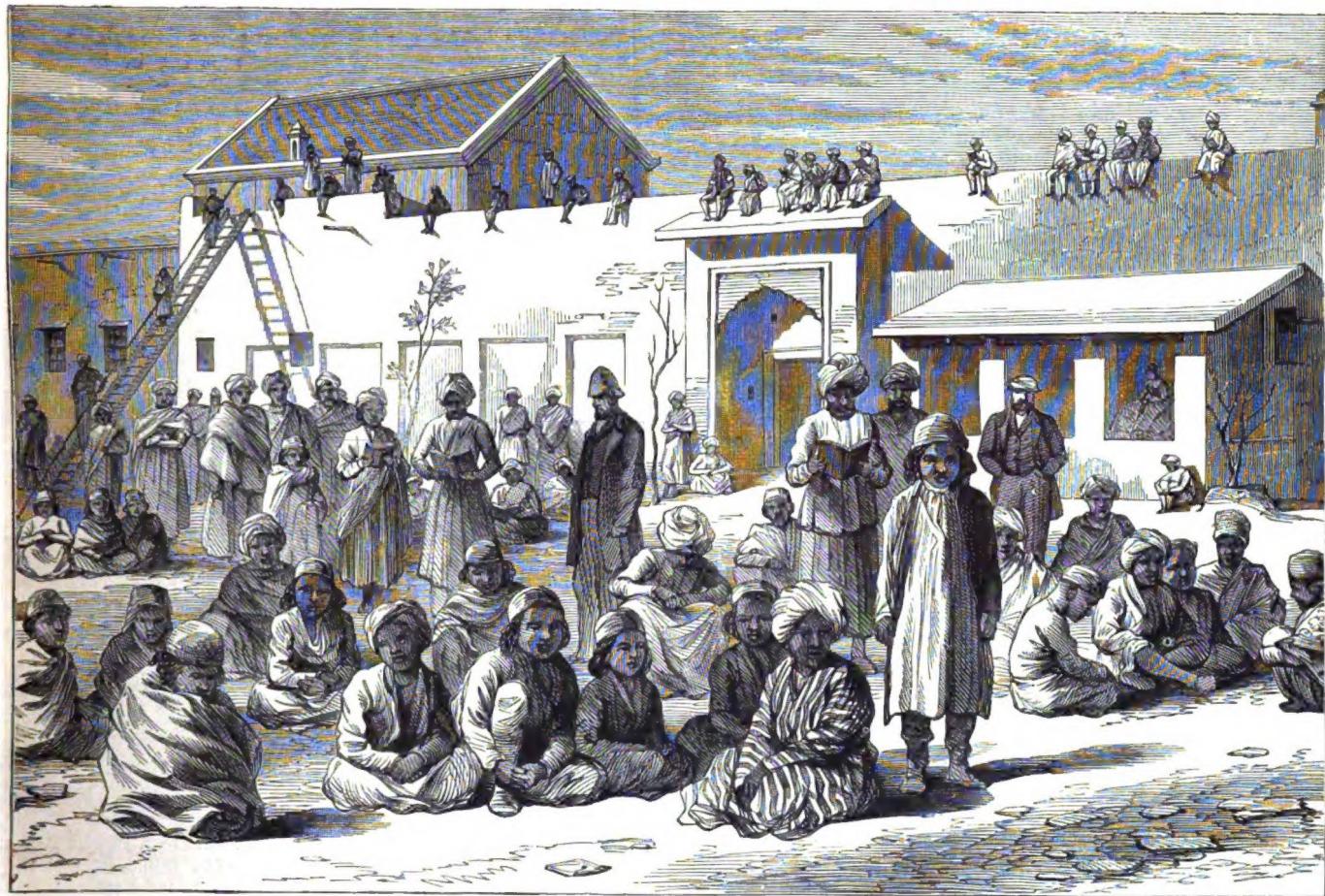
The Church Missionary Society commenced its Mission at Peshawar in 1855, in response to an offer of £1,000 from an anonymous friend for its establishment, on a requisition signed by the European residents. The first missionaries were Colonel Martin, the Rev. Dr. Pfander, and the Rev. Robert Clark.

The Mission at its commencement received considerable aid, both in money and in moral support, from the late Sir Herbert Edwardes, who was at that time Commissioner of the Division. Some apprehension of danger was felt by those who distrusted and feared the propagation of the Gospel in so bigoted a stronghold of Mohammedanism. But Herbert Edwardes was too brave a man, too wise a politician, and too bold a Christian, to share such fears. And God honoured that Christian ruler in that very place, for he it was who, in the terrible Mutiny of 1857, held the bigoted Mohammedans of the Trans-Indus territory with a firm hand, and made loyal soldiers of Afghan levies.

No Mission in India has suffered more than the Peshawar Mission from the sickness and death of its members. From its commencement, seventeen missionaries and eight missionaries' wives have been located at Peshawar. Of these, six have died at the station and two in England, and about seven have been compelled to leave in consequence of failure of health.

There are now some seventy Christians on the Mission-roll, twenty-five of whom are communicants—a day of small things, but despise it not! The Afghans in days of yore came down from their mountain fastnesses and conquered India, and if ever,





THE C.M.S. MISSION SCHOOL AT PESHAWAR.

through God's grace, a large Afghan Church should be gathered, it will make its influences felt over the wide-spread plains of Hindustan. Among our Afghan converts there have been men who have done good service to Government. When Lord Mayo wished to send some trusted native on very confidential and very important service to Central Asia, it was an Afghan convert of our Mission who was selected. Subadar Dilawar Khan, who had served the English well before the gates of Delhi, was sent on this secret mission to Central Asia, where he died in the snow, a victim to the treachery of the King of Chitral. Some three years ago, an officer, employed on a special service of inquiry as to the doings of the Wahhabis, wanted a trustworthy man to send to ascertain the number and condition of those fanatics who now reside at Palossi, on the banks of the Indus. An Afghan convert was selected for this difficult and dangerous undertaking. In the Umbeyla war of 1863 it was necessary that Government should have a few faithful men who could be relied on for information. Amongst others selected for this work were two Afghan Christians, converts of our Mission.

The Native Christian Church is presided over by the Rev. Imam Shah, a convert from Mohammedanism. (See the portrait and account of him in the *GLEANER* of November, 1876.) The present Mission chapel is a temporary structure, formed out of an oriental part of the school-building. We are anxious to build a suitable church in a more public place, and have put forth an appeal for funds for the erection of a "memorial church" in the city of Peshawar. The boys' schools, under the management of the Rev. Worthington Jukes, contain 400 pupils, and in the girls' schools and zenanas nearly 100 pupils are under instruction.

Bazaar or street preaching is regularly carried on in the

centre of the city every Tuesday and Friday. A few years ago bazaar preaching in Peshawar was attended with some danger, and on one occasion the life of one of the European missionaries, Mr. Tuting, was attempted. The crowds, however, are now more orderly, and there are frequently attentive congregations. But it is not the most favourable way of bringing the Gospel before Mohammedans. The Mission *hujrah*, or guest-house, is the most interesting and encouraging feature of our work, for it is in the conversations there with our numerous Afghan visitors and guests that the clouds of ignorance and prejudice which overshadow the mind of the stranger are speedily removed by the warmth of social intercourse. The most bigoted opponents of the bazaar preaching then become attentive listeners to the Gospel plan of salvation.

#### The Principal Street of Peshawar.

(See Illustration on opposite page)

The engraving represents the entrance to the city of Peshawar as you enter the city from the cantonments and the Khyber Pass.

The city of Peshawar is really one of the chief cities of Afghanistan, for although the Peshawar Valley forms part of British India, it is within the limits of Afghanistan. All the people of the valley are Afghans. The great national poet of the Afghans lies buried within a few miles of Peshawar. The population of the city is about 60,000. It is the great commercial mart for the whole of Afghanistan and the tribes of Central Asia, and its streets are crowded with strangers. An extensive Mohammedan book trade is carried on, and every year camel-loads of Korans and other religious books find their way from this city over the steep

(Continued on page 6)

## CHURUN MASI.

## A Story of our Afghan Frontier.



E was a Kulin Brahmin, which, I understand, is one of the highest sects amongst the Hindu "twice-born," as the Brahmins call themselves. Inter-marriage with this sect is eagerly sought after, consequently many of them have various wives, and much money obtained with them. The subject of my story was married, but only once. He left his home in Oudh, where he lacked nothing, when yet young, and journeyed to Kashmir, where, in one of the numerous temples of the Maharajah, he became guardian, or assistant guardian, and keeper of the images. His duty was to dress and undress the idol, arrange its bed at night, and share the offerings presented to it. His description of the expensive clothing prepared for the image, and the constant changes in it, also of the income which he, with others in the temple, received, would challenge disbelief without some prior knowledge of such places. It is sufficient to say that by giving up this position he lost in every way—in money, for he now barely earns the necessaries of life; in honour and respect, for there he received even the adoration of the people; in comfort and ease, for he has to labour hard and constantly to earn his bread now, and withal to suffer much from persecution, mostly in that form which is the most galling to him—to be counted as the very off-scouring of the earth.

His story, until I met him, was gathered from his own lips at various times, and the incidents of it, especially in connection with his conversion, which I now have to relate, are very striking. He firmly believed in all that had been told him about the idol, until one day, through some mishap, the image fell forward on its face, at which he was greatly grieved, and, perhaps, not a little frightened. He therefore, in the most abject manner, with hands placed palm to palm, prostrated himself before it, and begged it to right itself. This he continued to do for some time, but all in vain: it moved not, and at last had to be lifted by main force and restored to its former position. This incident first led him to doubt the power of the idol, for he had truly prayed to it for help and it yielded no response. Such a thought had never crossed his mind before, though evening by evening and morning by morning he had helped to lay it on and lift it from its bed. The thought thus admitted never left him, but grew in intensity the more he dwelt upon it. The simple honesty of his nature soon led him to tell his difficulties to others, and he came across a Mohammedan soldier in the Maharajah's service who was just about to start upon a pilgrimage to a well-known place and person—the country of Swat and its Akhund. Swat is a mountain district only a day's journey from the frontier of British India at Peshawar; and the Akhund, its ruler, who died last year, was a great Mohammedan saint, and the Pope of the Mussulmans of the Punjab and Afghanistan.\* The soldier was so full of zeal, and so loud in his praises of the power and special gifts of this holy man, that the Brahmin soon agreed to accompany him on this journey. On the way the poor man's hopes were raised to the highest pitch by the stories of the Akhund's miraculous powers, and he looked forward with pleasure to the prospect of having all his doubts removed and his heart set at rest. He was told the old man could read his heart and know his thoughts, and instances were given to ensure his faith.

After some days travelling through a country where dwelt men of fierce countenance, whose appearance made the heart of this "mild" Hindu "become as water," they reached the abode of the famous Akhund. He was not to be seen that evening, but the travellers were lodged, and had the promise of an interview

on the morrow. The evening meal was now brought round boiled pulse with some clarified butter mixed in it, and leavened cakes of wheaten bread. Whether it was the heat of the stomach of the Hindu suggested it I know not, but he declined this meal, and inwardly desired milk and rice, without expressing any wish, with the intent, as he said, of trying the power of this far-famed saint. The hours passed on, but no Akhund came; and he had to get through the night without food. Twice he thus tested the stories he had heard, and when about to enter into the old man's presence, questioned him as to their truth. The Akhund denied possessing any such powers, and when asked the new convert to have his lock of hair cut off, and repeat the Kalimah, or creed, i.e., "There is no god but Allah and Mahomet is His prophet," and then the interview was over, and he was numbered amongst the faithful.

This did not satisfy the poor fellow at all; but what could he do save make his way as fast as possible out of a country where no law seemed to reign? He lost no time therefore in reaching Peshawar, and in passing from thence down the frontier towns, in most of which he had friends or relatives, hoping they might not altogether ignore him. But he had greatly judged their character, as we shall see before the story is finished. On hearing what he had done, his Hindu friends, one after another, would have nothing to do with him, so he had to turn to Mohammedans for help upon the way, which they supplied though not very liberally. He came at last to Dera Ismail Khan, where a native banker lived, for whom an elder brother acted as agent at another station some hundred miles or more farther down the frontier. Here, however, he was rebuffed, and so he turned aside to seek the aid and sympathy of a man whose name for liberality and hospitality towards the poor of his own religion is well known in these parts—the Nawab of Tank, a small station about thirty miles from Dera Ismail Khan, and quite close to the frontier hills. He was received and treated well; but it so happened that shortly he fell sick, and in the providence of God, came to our Mission dispensary which is under the management of our dear native brother, Rev. John Williams,\* a physician for the soul and body too. After seeing the stranger, soon learned his story with all his yearnings, and told him of God's way of peace, which he, as a soul that had never been satisfied, greedily accepted, and as boldly acknowledged before all. This drew down upon him, as might have been expected, the wrath and persecution of all the Mohammedans. The Nawab sought to turn him from his purpose, promises and taunts, but all in vain, for he held fast his profession, and continued to reside in their midst, where the very consciousness of his being a Christian, much more of being a pervert from the Mohammedan faith, caused him to carry his life always in hand.

After a prolonged probation, arising more from his exceeding dullness in learning anything than from doubt concerning his sincerity, he accompanied me to Lahore, and was there baptised by immersion on the premises of the Divinity College, in the presence of a godly gathering, amongst whom was his father in the faith, who acted as one of his sponsors. John was not yet ordained, or I should not have baptised his convert. On our journey there an incident occurred which is worth mentioning, illustrating the lengths to which the blindness of bigotry can carry men. We were passing through Dera Ghazi Khan, where the man's brother lived, of whom mention has been made before. The convert stated his intention of going to see him, and decided to go with him and see the interview. I was received most politely, but the poor convert was completely ignored. After some talk I plainly asked the man was he not his brother? He simply replied it could not be so, for his younger brother

\* A full account of this remarkable man, by the Rev. T. P. Hughes, appeared in the *C.M. Intelligencer* of June, 1877.

\* See an account of the Rev. John Williams, by Bishop French, with portrait, in the *GLEANER* of January, 1877.

died some time before. It appears when the poor fellow abjured Hinduism, his family counted him as dead, and his wife poisoned herself. I heard subsequently that maternal instincts, to their credit be it said, had prevailed sufficiently to cause a message to be sent to him to come that they might look upon his face again; but, so far as I know, up to this time this desire has not been gratified.

D. BRODIE.

### "WHAT ARE THEY AMONG SO MANY?"

*Gleanings from a Missionary Sermon.*



HAT are those feeble ones among so many?  
The work so great, the labourers so few!  
Can those poor weak and weary ones accomplish  
The mighty Mission that they have in view?  
"What are they 'mid so many"—but the fragments  
The Master's loving hand may break and bless?  
Teaching us thus the all-important lesson  
Of His great might—and our sad feebleness.  
"What are they 'mid so many"—but the leaven  
That erst shall leaven every land and clime?  
"What are they"—but the "still small voice" that echoes  
Down through the ages to the end of time?  
"What are they"—but the tokens that the Master  
Himself will take the mighty work in hand,  
And multiply the seed thus sown in weakness  
Until it reaches earth's remotest land?  
"What are they 'mid so many?"—faithless question!  
For Jesus knows Himself what He will do.  
He who could multiply the loaves and fishes  
From that one act a wondrous lesson drew.  
Think you that He who made the earth so lovely,  
Framed all the starry-hosts, and named them all—  
Clothes every lily with its matchless glory,  
And taketh count of even the sparrow's fall—  
Think you that His strong arm is ever shortened?  
His power less than what it used to be?  
No! but He loves to use the weakest vessels,  
That all the glory to His Name may be.  
May not an acorn grow into a forest?  
One tiny spark explode a mighty mine?  
A feeble taper kindle many a lantern,  
That presently with twice its light will shine?  
God loves to use the weakest for His purpose—  
The power to be of God and not of men;  
The weak He uses to confound the mighty—  
Working on ways unknown to human ken.

A. T.

### LETTERS TO MY PARISH FROM SANTALIA.

BY THE REV. W. T. STORRS.

#### NOTE.



E are kindly permitted to print in the GLEANER some interesting letters written by the Rev. W. T. Storrs to his parishioners at Great Horton, in Yorkshire. But first let us explain where they were written from, and how they came to be written.

The Santals are a people of India, but they are not Hindus. They are one of the old tribes that possessed the land before the Hindus came in three thousand years ago. They live in Bengal, 200 miles N.E. of Calcutta, in the valleys skirting the Rajmahal Hills. The C.M.S. Mission to the Santals was begun twenty years ago; but it was between 1863 and 1870, during Mr. Storrs' residence among them, that the large gathering of souls took place, which has made this Mission so bright a spot in North India. Two or three years ago, Sir William Muir visited the place, and was so struck by the importance of the work, that he offered the Society £100 for every new station opened in the country; and the Rev. H. W. Shackell made a similar offer. Accordingly the Committee begged Mr. Storrs to leave his Yorkshire parish for a while, and go out to foster the

work and to form plans for its extension. He sailed in September, 1877, a having spent the last fifteen months in going in and out among the people he will shortly be returning again to England. His simple and graphic letters will interest all our readers.

Those who wish to know more about the Santals are referred to the GLEANER of January, 1875; April, 1877; and October, 1878.

#### I.—Back again at Taljhari.

TALJHARI, Oct. 26th, 1877.

At last I have reached the end of my long journey. . . . We arrived just below Calcutta in the river Hoogly on Sunday evening, the 14th, but were not able to land until Monday morning. We had not a single rough or stormy day during the whole of the voyage, and though of course there were some troubles, I have never had, on the whole, a voyage with little to make it disagreeable. Throughout the passage it was most cheering to think of the prayers which I knew were following me.

On Friday, the 19th, we took the train for 200 miles, and came up here. Taljhari is six miles from the nearest station, but the train passes on about a quarter of a mile from the Mission, so we got the train stopped just in front of the bungalow. As the train came up I saw a great number of the natives waiting, and two or three English people. The natives gave me a most hearty salutation, and I answered them as well as I could in Santali; though I have much to learn over again of the language, and can only hope that I shall soon find my tongue again in it. It seems strange to enter, as the guest of another missionary, the house where I had lived so many years, and where two of my children had been born. I found many things much changed. Many of those whom I had left boys and girls were married men and women. The babies of that time are the school children now. And some of the middle-aged men and women are beginning to show the signs of declining age. It was very delightful to be recognised and welcomed by so many; but many I could not recognise, or, though I recognised their faces, could not remember their names. On Saturday I had many visitors from among my friends, and very cheering it was to see their faces and talk over old times with them. On Sunday I preached in the morning, feeling greatly the inability to speak in what had after so many years become a strange tongue to me. But the Lord helped me, beyond my own expectations, at a great rate; though I dare say others thought I made a very stumbling, rambling affair of my sermon. Afterwards I administered the Holy Communion to about a hundred people, and felt deeply God's goodness and love to me in permitting me once more to put into the hands of this people the signs of His immeasurable love.

The church, which was not quite completed when I left, is now a noble building, rather smaller than Horton church, and like it with an unfinished tower. It stands out nobly above the Mission on a hill among the trees. [See the picture in the GLEANER of April, 1877.] Its great fault is that the sound is echoed from the large vaulted roof (there is no wood in the building except that of the windows and doors), and when the church is not well filled it is difficult to hear the preacher. I am glad to say that on Sunday morning the congregation was so good that I had little difficulty in making myself heard.

In Camp, about forty miles South of Taljhari, Dec. 4th.

I am sitting in my tent—not a sound to be heard—all so quiet that I can actually hear the ticking of my watch in my pocket. All round on the table are Santali books—a very rickety table it is. There is a bed in one corner of the tent, a rough bed of unplanned wood, such an uncouth and poor-looking thing as few of you have ever seen; not far from my bed is a small portmanteau of clothes; a little box of medicine and another of books; and close to them a very handsome canteen, which seems to wonder how it has fallen into such low company and found its way into the society of such inferior sort. I need not tell you where the canteen came from. My own pen as it scratches the paper seems to make a noise. Half an hour ago I had three young men with me in my prayers, and we sang a hymn, and read a little of St. Mark's Gospel, and had a short prayer; but I have no doubt that they are now fast asleep in a little tent only a few yards from mine. . . .

I cannot report to you any very great doings here. Work has changed very much since I was here before. The heathen Santals seem very much more hardened against the truth, and in many places evince a hostility to it, which was never shown them. The Native Church seems to me to be much colder: yet, notwithstanding this, I feel hopeful, and trust that God has sent me out to be a blessing to those, so many of whom were in some measure my own children in the faith, and who, if they themselves were stronger and more zealous, will influence their heathen neighbours more than we missionaries can do.

In some places the dislike to Christianity seems only to have arisen from the inconsistent conduct of professed Christians. I know that I have your prayers, but I would ask especially for them in this, that I may be able to stir up the Christians to greater holiness and zeal, and so influence the whole work in the district.

### ABOUT THE AFGHANS.

(Continued from page 3.)

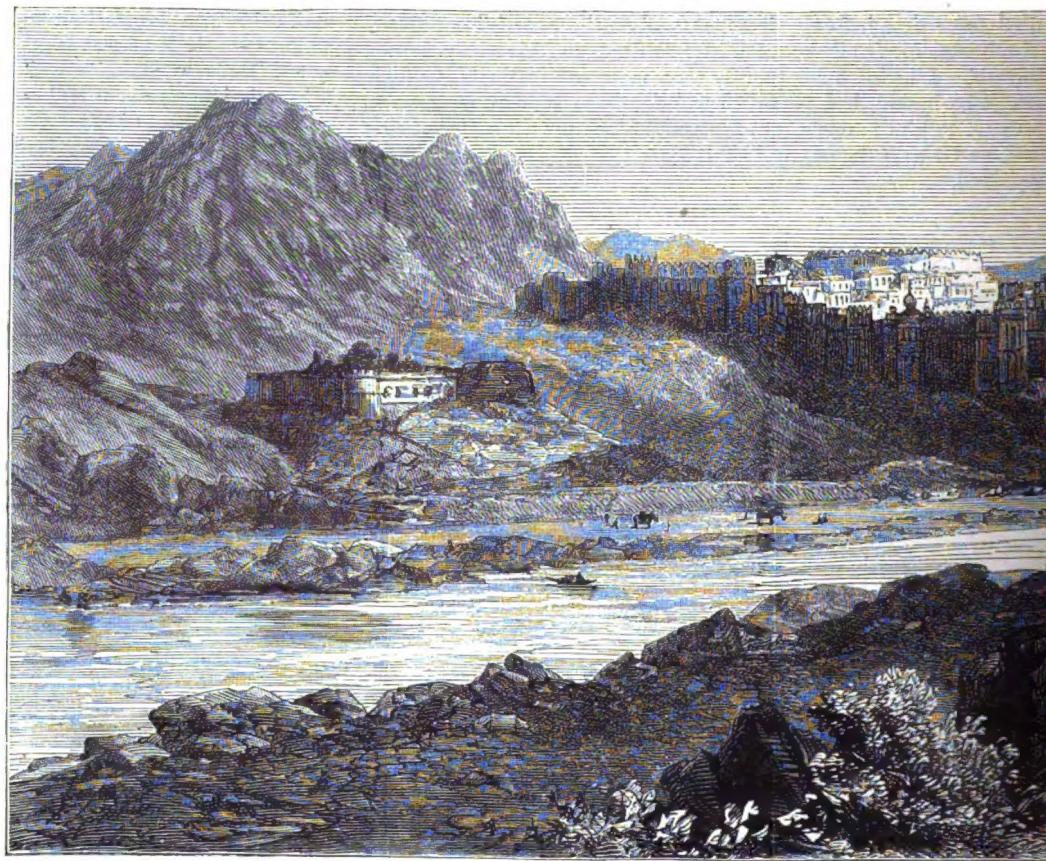
mountain passes of Cabul and Turkistan. The Society's missionaries do all they can to avail themselves of this opportunity of sending copies of the Scriptures and Christian books to places where the foot of the missionary cannot tread.

### The River Indus at Attock.

(See Illustration.)

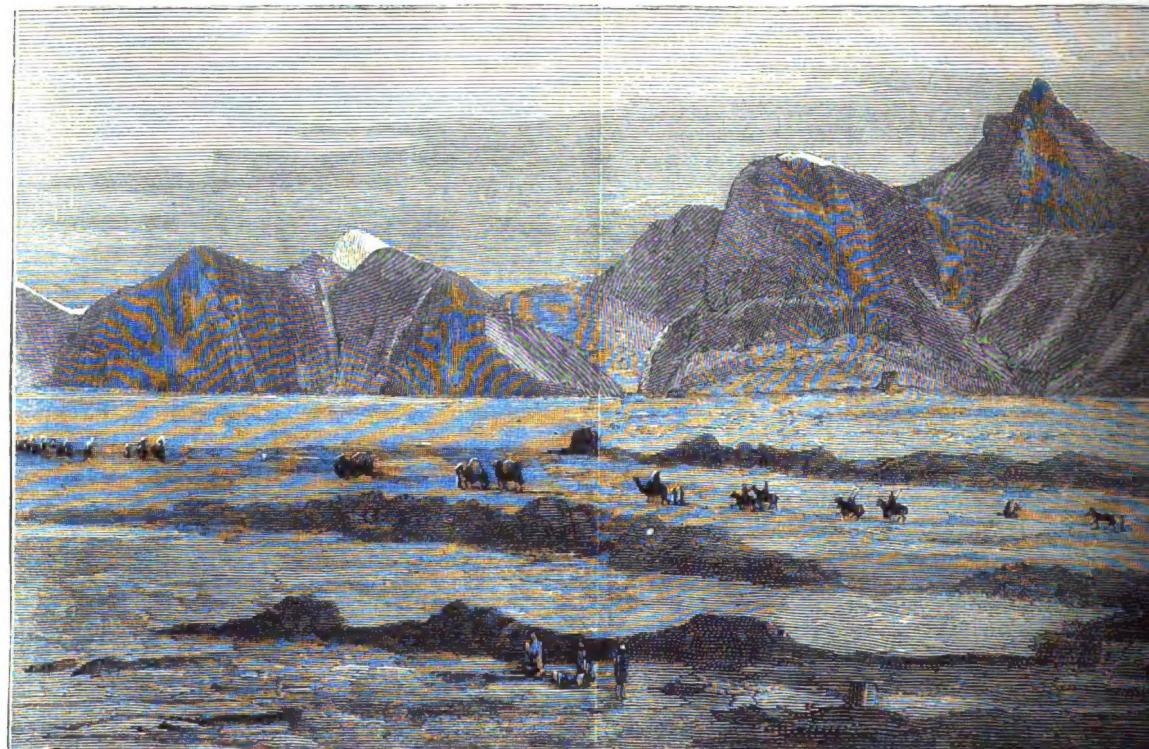
The Fort at Attock is situated on the east bank, and the village and ruined Fort of Khyrabad on the west bank of the River Indus at the entrance to the Peshawar Valley. The river in the winter months is crossed by a bridge of boats, but in the summer, when the melting of the snows in the lofty mountains to the north raises the stream, the bridge becomes endangered, and is withdrawn, when communication between the Peshawar Valley and the rest of India is kept up by a ferry. The boatmen of this ferry are a distinct class of natives who have resided at Attock since the days of Akbar. The stream at Attock is about 500 feet wide, and its depth when at its lowest some 30 feet, and when at its highest about 70 feet.

In 1856 the Indian Government commenced the construction of a tunnel under the river, which has never yet been completed. For the construction of this work a Muzabee Sikh Regiment (now the 32nd P. N. I.) was stationed at Khyrabad. During the time the regiment was quartered there a remarkable movement took place amongst the Sepoys in the direction of Christianity, and about thirty were baptized; but for various causes, chiefly through the adverse



ATTOCK.

THE RIVER INDUS, OPPOSITE THE



KHYBER PASS.

THE PESHAWAR VALLEY AND THE KHY



THE PESHAWAR VALLEY (LOOKING SOUTH).

KHYRABAD.

ENTRANCE TO PESHAWAR VALLEY.



PESHAWAR, LOOKING NORTH-WEST.

HINDU KUSH MOUNTAINS.

influences of the military government at that time, the awakening seemed to die out. At Khyrabad there is an old ruined fort erected in the days of Nadir Shah, which was occupied by the regiment of Muzabees during the construction of the tunnel. It was at this time that the Rev. Imām Shah, now of Peshawar, was converted from Mohammedanism and was baptized at Khyrabad.

**The Peshawar Valley and the Khyber Pass.**

*(See Illustration.)*

From the Gurkhutree, which is the most elevated part of the city of Peshawar, the traveller obtains a very grand and picturesque view both of the Native city and of the surrounding valley, and also of hills in the distance. The entrance to the dark uninviting Khyber Pass is distinctly seen, and the visitor is shown the hills inhabited by those warlike tribes who, during the British occupation of Peshawar, have so frequently been the causes of frontier wars. These tribes number at the very

least 80,000 fighting men, and are very fairly armed. They are all Afghans, and of the Mohammedan faith, being very bigoted specimens of the Moslem religion. Syud Shah, one of the Afghan Christians in the Peshawar Mission, is a native of Kunar, which is a district in the hilly regions beyond. He came to India in search of employment and became a policeman. After his conversion he studied theology in the Lahore Divinity College, and is now a teacher at Peshawar.

**The Bible for the Afghans.**

In 1818 Dr. Carey, of Serampore, translated the

Scriptures into Pushto, the language of the Afghans. He doubtless intended to translate the whole Bible into Pushto, for the translation of the New Testament has "Vol. V." on its title-page, but the only portions of his work which I have seen are the Pentateuch, dated 1822, and the New Testament, dated 1818. These translations, whilst they reflect great credit upon that zealous missionary, are not such as would give the Afghans a very clear and lucid rendering of God's Word, for the type was the old Hindustani-Arabic type, which is not suited to express the peculiarities of Pushto, and the translation itself is not such as would be understood by the majority of Afghan readers.

The New Testament was again translated by the Rev. Isidore Lowenthal, of the American Mission, in 1863, and printed in clear and elegant type by Messrs. Austin, of Hertford. I am now engaged myself in the translation of the Pentateuch into Pushto, in which work I have now secured the valuable aid of my brother missionary, Mr. Jukes. We hope to get it printed in the course of a year. But as the Afghans of Cabul and Herat speak Persian, and as most of the learned are acquainted with that language, the Persian Bible is available and is circulated amongst them.

#### The Prayer-Book for the Afghans.

The complete Book of Common Prayer was translated into Pushto by the Rev. Robert Clark and is still in manuscript. Some time ago I printed selections from this translation for the use of our Afghan Christians. Our Church services, however, are in the Urdu or Hindustani language, as it is understood by all the members of our congregation. The greater part of the Prayer-Book has been translated into Persian by Dr. Trumpp, formerly one of our missionaries, and has been printed by our Society. Converts at Peshawar are always baptized in the language they speak—either Pushto, Persian, or Urdu, as we possess the Prayer-Book in these three languages.

#### The Lord's Prayer in the Language of the Afghans. (St. Luke xi. 2, 3)

*Ai Plāra zamung chi pa āsmān ke ye. Stā nūm de pa pāki sara wuwāya shi. Bādshāhat stā de rāshi. Irāda stā laka chi pa āsmān ke da pa zmaka de hum jāri wī. Rozi zamung wu mung ta wraz pa wraz rākaica. Ao gunahgāruna zamung wu mung ta wubakha zaka chi mung har yo porarurai khpul ta bakh. Ao Azmaikk ta mu ma biyāyā. Magar la myandz da bādi mung rubāsa. Amin.*

#### The Ameer of Cabul and the Peshawar Mission.

It will be of interest to our readers to know that when Ameer Shere Ali Khan visited India in March, 1869, he stayed in the Church Missionary Society's Mission House both at Peshawar and at Umritsar, and expressed himself much indebted to the Missionaries of the Society for the accommodation afforded him. He was in the Peshawar Mission House for about three weeks.

#### Light for the Blind amongst the Afghans.

Dr. Moon, of Brighton, has recently arranged the Pushto alphabet for the Blind according to his improved system, and the Lord's Prayer under Mr. Hughes' direction is being compiled in embossed reading for the blind Afghan.

#### Christian Poetry for the Afghans.

A few years ago the Parables of our Lord and several Christian Hymns were rendered into Pushto verse by an Afghan poet acting under Mr. Hughes' direction.

#### A HINT TO COLLECTORS.

WHILE opening the boxes at our last quarterly Missionary Meeting, one of the young persons told me she made her box a "Bible Study." On asking in what way she did so, she said she was in the habit of searching the Scriptures for all the texts she could find containing promises or reference in some way to gifts or works for God. These texts she wrote out on slips of paper, and whenever a friend gave her a contribution, she asked them to draw one of these slips and to accept it as "a receipt from the Lord."

The idea seemed too good to lose, and I feel no apology is needed in asking you to make it still more widely known through the pages of the GLEANER.

#### A DEAF AND DUMB MISSIONARY MEETING.

[This very interesting communication, though describing a meeting in England, comes to us from India. It is written by the daughter of the Principal of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Brighton, now the wife of our Missionary at Gorakhpur, the Rev. B. H. Skelton.]



HE missionary meeting I am going to try and describe is an annual meeting held in the large cheerful schoolroom of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Brighton.

The audience is composed chiefly of the pupils, and the "speakers" are also mostly deaf and dumb, being old students or assistant teachers of the school. It is an impressive sight to look upon. Earnest faces and bright eyes are directed towards the one on the platform who is addressing them, and even if any one present should be unable to follow the lightning rapidity of the finger-speech, the expressive gestures accompanying it would explain a great deal of what was being said. The girls sit on one side of the room and the boys on the other.

Missionary pictures are hung on the walls, which greatly interest them, and some who are initiated attempt explanations of them to the new-comers, glad to show their superior knowledge. Others conjecture if such and such a missionary may not be Mr. So-and-so, mentioning the names of any they may happen to have seen or known; fixing upon one in Esquimaux dress, among the snow and ice of North America, with his sledge drawn by dogs, as Mr. Kirkby, who once gave them a very interesting address, which was interpreted to them, and which many of them well remember. Or another, in cool-looking white clothes, but with a dark face, holding a Bible in his hand and preaching to his fellow-countrymen, as Bishop Crowther or Mr. Johnson. This last picture is an especial favourite. I can imagine them pointing to one with great amusement, the picture of a lady in a large hat, with a big umbrella held over her, being landed from a boat on black men's shoulders, as representing myself; for they, like most children, and some adults, cannot reconcile civilised modes of travelling with missionary work.

Directly the Principal, my father, appears and takes his seat on the platform, they become all attention, and the meeting is opened with prayer. All stand up with eyes fixed on the Principal, while in perfect stillness, through the medium of the sign-language, he asks for God's blessing on their meeting, on the work, and on the labourers in all parts of the world. When all are seated again, the report is in the same way communicated to them of the collections during the first Sunday of every month for the past year (when they usually have smaller gatherings of the boys and girls separately), and the faces brighten and fall according as the amount is more or less than the previous year.

The speakers are then called upon in turn to mount the platform. They, with varied motions and expressive gestures, tell some fact or anecdote, or describe some tour connected with missionary work, that they have read or heard about; and when some pathetic incident or thrilling adventure is narrated the children are almost breathless with attention.

After the meeting, a plate is held at the doors, and the children as they pass out to their respective class-rooms deposit their gifts with such alacrity it is quite pleasant to see them. Two collections have been received from these dear children towards the completion of the Azimgurh Native Mission Church, amounting to the sum of £4 10s. 0d. And besides this, several of the elder pupils have made nice little private collections entirely of their own goodwill.

I must not omit to mention one case of peculiar interest. Just before I left home one of the girls was very ill. She had been ailing for some time, but she became worse, and was rapidly fading away in consumption; but she, though knowing her state, was perfectly content and peaceful, for she knew she was going where her ears would be unstopped and her tongue loosened. A few months after my arrival in this country, my home letters brought me a touching account, by a schoolfellow, of her happy and peaceful death. She left 5s. 3d. wrapped in paper for the Coral Mission Fund, which was put on the plate at the next monthly meeting, and 17s. 6d. to be sent for "Miss Maria's Church" so disposing of her pocket money. Certainly, among all the kind gifts we have received for this work, "Susan's Legacy" will always seem one of the most interesting and cheering.

Another incident may be mentioned. One of the most attentive "listeners" at these little meetings is a young woman not only deaf and dumb but also blind. Her seat is generally at one side near the front, and it can be seen by her face how intently she enters into it all, seeming indeed to be listening with her fingers, for her hand is held out, while a companion by her side repeats the addresses to her by spelling them on her fingers. She often addresses the girls too at their monthly meetings, and greatly helps to encourage their interest. She also made a private collection among her friends, and brought me £2, saying, "she put it in my hands, "May God's blessing go with it."

M. M. SKELTON.

## OUR HOME IN THE WILDERNESS.

Recollections of North Tinnevelly.

BY THE REV. R. R. MEADOWS.

## CHAPTER I.



AM going to write some chapters about our home in the wilderness for the readers of the CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER; but before entering into details I should like, first of all, to tell them where it was, why we went, and how we got there.

It was in Tinnevelly; and I can imagine my readers asking, with some surprise, "Is Tinnevelly then a wilderness?" The Tinnevelly which you have known and studied and loved for so many years is not a wilderness—that is, *South* Tinnevelly is not. But we were going to *North* Tinnevelly, that part of the province which had had very little done in it. It was too far from any of the stations for the station missionaries to do more than make occasional tours there, leaving their own wide districts for the time. Such missionary journeys had been made by Mr. Hobbs and Mr. Schaffter, and a few congregations, scattered abroad as sheep without a shepherd, had been gathered. But these were necessarily much neglected, and their character was not such as to attract the heathen to them.

Practically, North Tinnevelly, comprising one-fifth part of the province, was an unknown and untrodden land, and the inhabitants, numbering above a quarter of a million, knew no more of the coming of their Saviour than if Tinnevelly had never had the Gospel preached there at all. This was felt so strongly by Mr. Ragland, who was at that time Secretary of the C.M.S. at Madras, that he undertook to begin an itinerating mission there himself. This was the "why," first of our wanderings, and then of our "home," in the wilderness.

It was settled that Mr. David Fenn and myself should assist Mr. Ragland in this new undertaking. Accordingly, we all started from Madras in January, 1854. It took some time to get equipped. We had three tents—one for each of us, and a fourth for a native catechist, who is now the Rev. J. Cornelius of Madras. Our tents were what are known as "subaltern" tents, twelve feet square the inner tent; the outer one, covering this, being about twenty feet square. The spaces between the two tents formed little long rooms four feet wide, which were partitioned off, one for our boxes, another for our bath, a third for a servant to lie down in. The tents were so constructed to keep off the intense heat, and were the usual style in India for Government officers. Ours were single poled tents; many have two poles, like English marquees.

We undertook to march down to Tinnevelly on horseback. We were a somewhat large party. There were our three selves and Mr. J. Cornelius; each of us had a "boy," a married man with a wife, and a horse-keeper and grass-cutter\* with their families. Mr. J. Cornelius had his cook and horse-keeper. Then we had at least six carts, or *bandies*, to carry the tents and their furniture, each having its own man and a pair of bullocks. The tents we sent on early every afternoon to be pitched ready for us when we arrived at seven or eight o'clock at night. Our first difficulty was in connection with these afternoon starts. The bandy men would come for their orders—"Where is the next encamping place to be? How far is it? Where are the tents to be pitched?" What these men said we could not make out, for it is a very different thing understanding a Munshi, and attempting to understand what uneducated countrymen say. Again, they had great difficulty in understanding us. They would first try one and then another of us, till from hints

\* As grass is so scarce and difficult to be got, each horse requires the services of a grass-cutter, to go out in the morning to distances of two or three miles, to pick up grass wherever it can be found.

gathered from each they came clearly to comprehend. But not always "clearly." One morning we started on a ride of ten miles or so, having sent the carts on during the night. When we got to our journey's end no bandies and no servants were to be seen. They had gone another road, with our breakfast and clothes too. Fortunately there was a Travellers' Bungalow in the place, but it was on an unfrequented road, and the keeper of it had no plates, knives, or forks. He did muster up a rusty knife and fork, which the other two insisted that I should use. They preferred their fingers, and plantain leaves were used instead of plates.

A pleasant incident occurred on that unfortunate morning. Mr. J. Cornelius, after reaching the place, went to the river to bathe. A poor woman accosted him, saying, "Is it true that three English gentlemen have come to the bungalow, having lost their way, and have nothing to eat?" He said "Yes." Then she took out of her cloth three *duttus*—three half-pence—and said, "Give this to them; they can buy milk and beaten rice with it." He said that we had money; but she insisted upon his keeping it. We bought the milk and rice, and asked God to bless the woman and reveal Himself to her.

This long journey of about 300 miles had various incidents more or less exciting. Once robbers came in the night and carried away a box. They hoped that it might prove to be the money-box, for silver money, 500 rupees say, weighs a good deal, although it represents only £50. However, it turned out only to be a box of books. The robbers were never discovered, but the books were. Disappointed, and finding English books were of no use, the thieves had left them scattered about in a field. They were seen next morning and handed over to us.

This journey was a good practising time for our Tamil; for we used to go to the villages adjoining our camp and try our best at talking, giving away Scripture portions at the same time to the people. Ragland was very indefatigable in this way. Fenn and I were often too tired, or too lacking in zeal after a long ride, to set out to visit a village. But Ragland, while our tea was being prepared, would start forth with books, go and sit in the bazaar, and give away any that he could, "for," he would say, "they may never have another opportunity of hearing the Gospel." There was some excuse for us younger ones. We were new to the country, and had both of us suffered severely from the acclimatising. Ragland had had several years' experience, and though not robust, felt fatigue less than we did.

In about a month's time we reached our destination, and commenced our wandering in the wilderness.

## A CHINESE EVANGELIST'S PARABLE.

THE Rev. T. McClatchie, of Shanghai, reports a very striking example of the way in which Native catechists illustrate Divine truth. "Our Lord and Saviour," said one of them, when preaching not long ago, "gave His life for us, and died willingly for our sakes; but which of us would be willing to die in His cause? We all have those whom we call friends; but which of our friends would lay down his life for us if required to do so?" And then he told the following story:—

Not long ago there lived two brothers in a small town in the interior of China. One of these brothers was a medical practitioner, and a steady man, who regulated his life according to correct principles. The other squandered his money, spent his days in sinful amusements, and associated with wicked companions. Amongst his associates were three persons whom he had often relieved when in straitened circumstances, and whom he believed, relying on their professions of friendship, to be sincerely attached to him. The doctor had frequently besought his younger brother to give up his evil practices, and to renounce the company of his evil companions; but this the latter could not be persuaded to do, and protested earnestly against the statement of his elder brother, that even his three favourites would not undergo any inconvenience for his sake.

The doctor now proposed to test the matter, and for that purpose requested his younger brother to feign sickness, and to remain in bed for a day. The three favourites, hearing of the precarious state in which their dear friend was supposed to lie, hurried to his bedside, and vehemently protested that there was no suffering they would not willingly undergo to restore their beloved friend to health. The doctor came in during these professions of friendship, and, turning to the three friends, one of whom was from Soo-chow, a second from Canton, and the third from Fuh-chow, said—

"I find that your beloved companion is dangerously ill; and, judging from your benevolent feelings towards him, I am sure that you are all three ready to undergo any suffering necessary to restore him to health. His illness is of such a nature that nothing can restore him to health except eating the brain of an affectionate friend. I can easily borrow a hatchet from a neighbour, and I have to request that one of you will allow me to open his skull, and to give his brain to your sick friend."

Upon hearing this, the three friends of the supposed invalid ceased from making any more protestations, and each in turn replied to the doctor.

"Sir," said the Soo-chow man, "we Soo-chow people have no brains whatever in our skulls. I should willingly allow you to open mine, but I should only be giving you useless trouble, as you could not find anything in it."

The Canton man replied, "Truly, sir, I should gladly allow you to open my skull, but I am a poor man, and always in want of food, in consequence of which my brain is completely shrivelled up for want of proper nourishment; how could it, then, nourish our beloved friend?"

The third replied, "As to me, sir, I would gladly do anything to restore our dear companion to health; but the fact is, that the skulls of us Fuh-kien men are so thick and hard, no hatchet whatever is sharp enough to open them; I could not, therefore, think of asking you to undergo so much unnecessary fatigue."

The doctor now turned to his younger brother, and asked him what he thought of the companions on whose friendship he had relied so much; whereupon the young man, jumping up, drove the three false friends from his house, asked his brother's forgiveness, and led a different life from that day forth.

"Alas!" added the preacher, "how many such false friends has the Lord the Saviour got amongst the men of this world!"

### NEW WORK IN THE FAR WEST.



WENTY-TWO years ago the Church Missionary Society began to work in the Far West of the British Empire, on the coast of British Columbia, looking over the great Pacific Ocean. It was Admiral (then Captain) Prevost who pleaded the cause of the Indians of that coast. It was he who took out the first missionary, Mr. Duncan, in his own ship; it is he who, after visiting the country once again last year, has brought home so bright and encouraging an account of the immense change the Mission has effected. Not only did he find the Trimshean Christians at Metlakahtla showing forth a simple and truthful Christianity which surpassed what he had seen in any other part of the world; but the peace and security that now reign all over the coast, even amongst the still heathen Indians, are due, he says, to the influence of the Mission.

Three years ago the head chief of a tribe living three hundred miles

off visited Metlakahtla, and addressed the Christians there, saying that a rope had been thrown out from Metlakahtla, which was encircling and drawing together all the Indian tribes into one common brotherhood. Where did this chief come from? He came from Fort Rupert, a trading settlement at the northern end of Vancouver's Island; and he begged that a teacher might be sent to his people too. The Rev. A. J. Hall (the same whose interesting narrative of his journey from London to Metlakahtla appeared in the GLEANER of January last year) has lately settled amongst them, and he writes:—

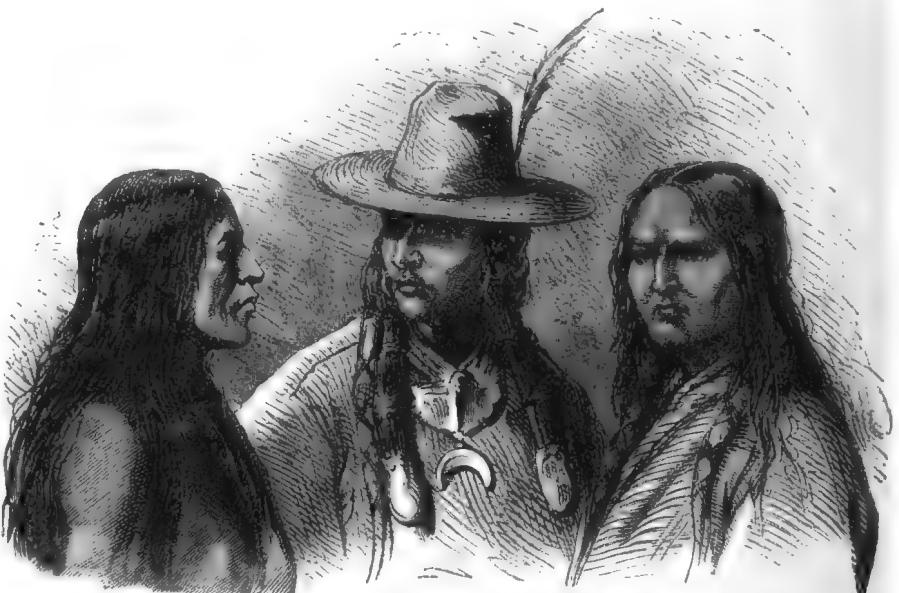
June 11th, 1878.—I have now been at this camp three months, and you will be glad to hear that I am very happy in my work. I found these Indians in a very wretched condition. The progressive colonisation up the coast, instead of advancing the Natives in the place, gives them more facilities to sin, and early death follows in many cases.

The Fort Ruperts are looked up to by the neighbouring tribes, and this seems to have made them more proud, independent, and lazy. Other tribes hunt, fish, and make grease from the seal and hoolikan, but these Indians do no work. They cannot make canoes, they have very little garden ground, few of them make grease, and, consequently, they are very poor, and live by scheming and stealing. Truly, if any part of this world requires the light of Gospel truth, it is the spot to which, in God's providence, I have been sent. It is a perfect contrast to the thriving town of Metlakahtla, and it is comforting to know that the same weapons

I wield have been mighty, through God, in subduing the same evils there that now meet me at this place.

I commenced school on April 1st, and have been very much encouraged with this part of my work. The attendance has averaged twenty-five, but I have had fifty, many of them adults. I have taught them one English hymn—“Jesus loves me, this I know”—a three simple chants in their own language, also three prayers—on the Lord's Prayer, four texts which I read from the blackboard, and a catechism arranged and taught by Mr. Duncan at Fort Simpson.

I have been able to hold two services every Sunday, and sometimes I have had eight to attend. They are



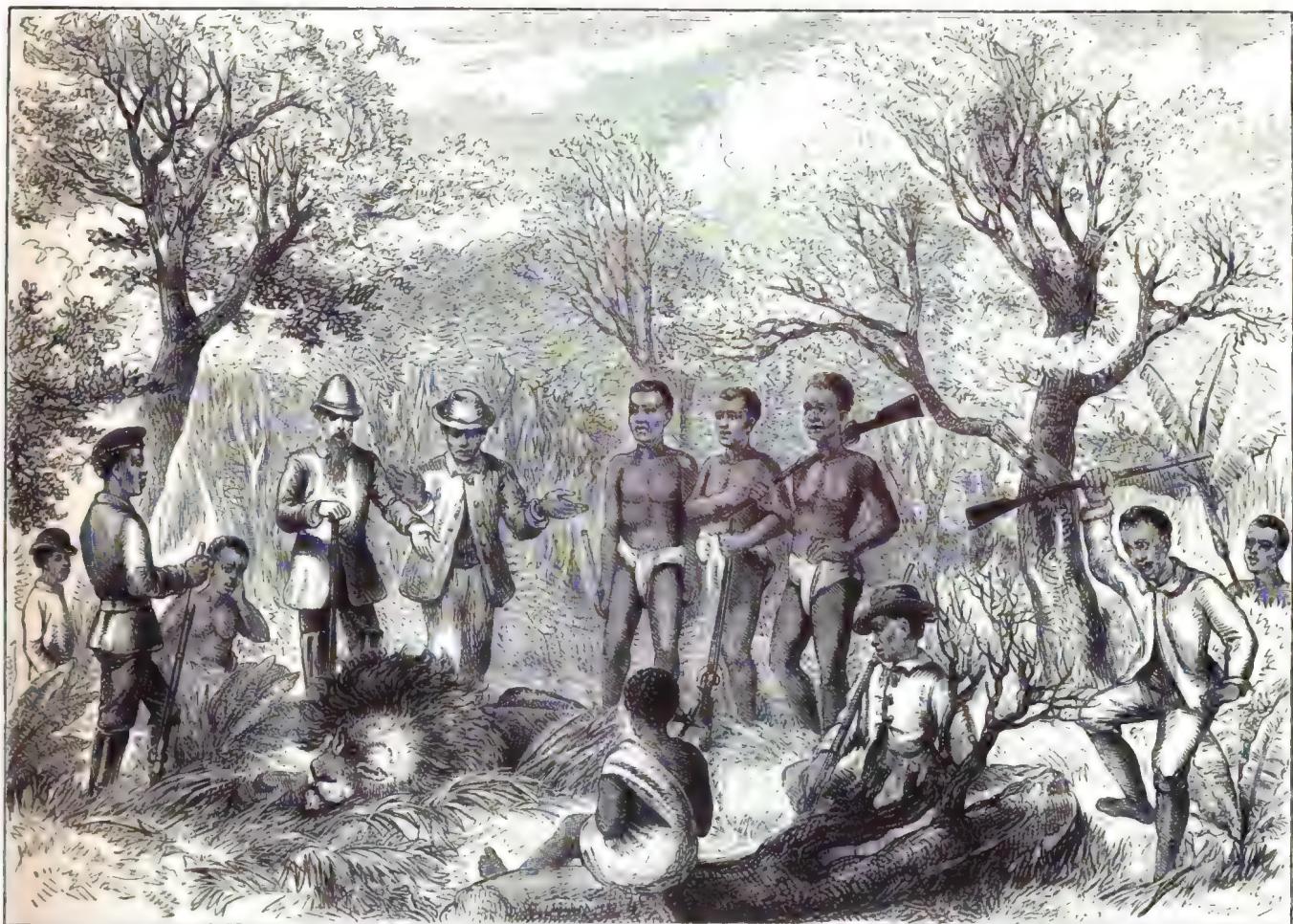
INDIANS OF THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

clothed in blankets, some of them highly ornamented with needlework and pearl buttons. When they enter the building, the men take off their bandannah handkerchiefs which are tied round their heads, and square all around me. The men sit on one side and the women on the other. At first my congregation came with painted faces, and were little inclined to stand when we sang. They are now, however, more clean in their appearance, and, with few exceptions, rise when I play the tune on my English concertina.

I have almost exclusively spoken to them from the Book of Genesis and have brought in the work of our Lord from these lessons, e.g., when speaking on sacrifices, the offering of Isaac, and the life of Joseph. These narratives in Genesis have attracted them very much.

Sept. 30th.—Last Sunday three officers of the Guards were present; they arrived the day before from England to hunt the elk, bear, & moose, which abound in the north of this island. The large house in which I hold my school and services was filled with Indians, and they all listened attentively to my addresses about the woman who washed our Saviour's feet with her tears. The wives of the chiefs came in their state dress, viz., scarlet cloth blankets, on which were devices (e.g., an eagle) worked with pearl buttons. This was in honour of the three “white chiefs.”

These people cannot be hurried, and I expect to be here two years without doing much. It will take me all this time to learn their language, and, what is also very important, to know the people themselves. I can not describe how bad they are, but I can feel it. I heard this expression in England: “the burden of souls.” I know what this is now.



A SERMON ON A DEAD LION. (From a Sketch made on the spot.)

## FIGHT WITH A LION AT FRERE TOWN.

*Letter from Mr. J. R. Streeter.*

**H**INK I mentioned in a former letter the neighbourhood was being troubled with lions, and that Bwana Dogo, close by, had sixteen out of thirty-two men carried off in a week. Soon after, one of our men came and said he had wounded a large animal in the jungle, he did not know what, and might he have some police? I said, yes, and would go myself. Our men were delighted, and began to load up. It was curious to see them. First out came their powder in one of those tall, old-fashioned, wooden lucifer match boxes. I thought it was their whole stock; judge of my surprise, when I saw them empty a full one into one barrel—could scarcely believe my eyes—but they laughed and showed me they were all alike. I did not much relish such banging charges, but we moved on.

Presently we got to dense jungle, and it was a case of crawling. They wanted me much to stop back, but I said where they could go I could, and on we went. At last they said they had lost their way, and I began to think it was a wild-goose chase, and I agreed to wait awhile. Soon after they had moved on, Ishmael said, they had found out it was a lion, and they were afraid for me to go nearer—it did not matter about their lives, but mine was too precious. I was very sorry, but there was no help for it, so three of us quietly waited.

Presently bang went a gun, and off went many more, followed by a fearful growl; it was an anxious time, remembering how four men were killed by a wounded lion here some time back. Shortly a whoop sounded, and we hurried on, and there in a little open glade about thirty yards across was a sight worth seeing. These wild fellows in different attitudes, one poor man holding his head in his hand, for his gun had kicked and knocked one of his front teeth clean out, and in their midst was a fine young lion. The slayer was slain; and as one man went and rubbed the juice of some leaves over the face of the brave fellow who had killed it, for a charm, I took the opportunity of speaking a few words from

1 Pet. v. 8, "The devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." I enclose a very rough sketch of the scene.

The news soon spread; natives came rushing wildly up, and as we neared the settlement we formed quite a procession. Never did I see such goings on—roaring, jumping, screaming, shouting; I think Dr. Johnson would have been able to compile a fresh dictionary from the epithets applied to the brute. They fell at my feet, and called me almost as many names as they did the beast, although I had little to do with it; but that did not matter, it was quite enough that I was there. There was no more work that day, my courtyard being filled till after dark. Many were the remarks I heard on the afore-mentioned verse, for, strange to say, the children had learnt that very text the previous Sunday, and during the week I had given the Church members an address on the same, and this sent the lesson home, and often since in their prayers I hear them ask to be delivered from him who goeth about as a "simba nguruma."

The next day was the Queen's Birthday, and the people all took French leave. I gave them a bullock, decorated the man with a large silver dollar, the band played, the lion was skinned, and the Wanika who came round carried off and ate the carcase. He was a formidable fellow. One can stand a leopard prowling about, but lions are too much of a good thing (his fore arm was 15 inches girt). This little affair I have much to be thankful for, for it was not without its effect on the people, and I have endeavoured to turn it to good account.

[In sending the sketch which we have reproduced above, Mr. Streeter adds the following notes upon it:—]

To my right is the poor fellow with his tooth knocked out, holding his head; then Abel, my new sergeant-major in his Scotch cap, and my boy with a little hat on I had thrown away. To my left is Ishmael, interpreting my address. Next comes Mohammed my corporal, a splendid fellow; then the brave fellow who killed the lion; and then the man who rubbed the juice over him. Sitting down is Matthew; and, on the log, the medicine-man, swinging a peculiar axe. Just appearing on the scene is quite a character, Luke, who was almost crazy with delight.

### BISHOP SARGENT'S PROCLAMATION TO THE HEATHEN OF TINNEVELLY.

**D**ERCEIVING the present stir among the heathen of Tinnevelly on the subject of Christianity, and thinking that possibly a direct personal appeal might induce some who are now halting between two opinions to make some distinct and definite movement towards our holy religion, Bishop Sargent has published in Tamil a circular letter, which is being distributed far and wide by mission agents and others in all the C.M.S. districts of Tinnevelly. The following is a translation of it:—

You have doubtless suffered great distress during the past several months. Of what avail was it that, forgetting the Lord your Creator, you continued so long to trust in demons? Certainly none. Whence came the money so charitably dispensed to many of you? Not from Government, not from native gentlemen, but from Christian philanthropists living in a distant country. Should you not understand and appreciate this benevolence at its proper value? Ponder well if to know and embrace that true religion, which a majority of those benefactors profess, is calculated to benefit you or not. It is good to follow what is good. Whatever promotes love and unity must be the best thing desirable. Now is a happy time, for the Gospel trumpet is being sounded in your country. Mind that you do not allow the opportunity to pass away. Either mild persuasion or stern admonition is the means which God employs to reclaim you. The famine period was to you a period of anxiety. It seemed as if God intended thereby to awaken you to care for your souls. Did you repent? Did you long for Jesus and for Him alone? He now tries mildly to persuade you. Some of you would say, "Christianity, no doubt, is a good religion, but nobody ever earnestly invited us to embrace it." It is for fear lest you should say so that I have ventured to address this letter to you. Do come to Jesus for the salvation of your souls. Embrace His religion without delay. I have His commands to invite you earnestly. Oh, come! all of you come! Men, women, and children! come gladly, all of you! The same Gospel is preached to the rich and the poor. It benefits alike the learned and the unlearned. This is the good *veda* common to all. Don't you therefore shut your ears to conviction, nor turn your faces aside. "Behold, now is the accepted time: behold, now is the day of salvation." I wish the people of each and every village who hear this proclamation read, would by the grace of God agree among themselves, and exhort each other with words to this effect, "A happy era has dawned upon us, let us accept this *veda*." You should next either confer with the nearest minister of the Gospel, or send a deputation to me to Palamcottah. I shall then gladly tell you what must next be done. The Lord grant His blessings in profusion to you and to all of your households! Come! Do come!

### THANK-OFFERINGS.

**D**EAR SIR,—Referring to my last letter in regard to thank-offerings (see Nov. GLEANER, p. 132), I venture now to suggest that a collecting box be specially set apart in each house for the purpose.

I am persuaded that all of us have hitherto paid far too little attention to this matter of thank-offerings; we have for the most part given them spasmodically, rather than systematically. Let us then, by God's help, begin the coming New Year on a better system. The present aspect of the mission field—the open doors set before us for proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation to the heathen—entail upon the Church of Christ, and upon every member of it individually, *fresh responsibilities*, and these responsibilities call for *fresh efforts*. Let our efforts then, in this coming year, be begun and carried on in a spirit of praise and thanksgiving; let us bring our "tithes" freely and joyfully into the Lord's treasure house, and then let us, in humble faith, wait for the fulfilment of His gracious promise, that He will pour out upon us such a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

E. D. S.

**A GOOD EXAMPLE.**—We commend to our friends in the country the following instance of a successful Anniversary and Sale of Work for our Society. At Louth, on Nov. 17, the annual sermons were preached in Holy Trinity Church by the Rev. T. P. Hughes, our well-known missionary at Peshawar. In spite of inclement weather the congregations were good, and the collections in the offertory boxes, which in this church are fixtures at the end of each aisle, were £91 16s. 6d. On Monday afternoon the juvenile meeting was addressed by the Rev. Canon Dibrowe, Rector of Bennington; the Rev. C. A. Alington, Rector of Muckton; and the Rev. W. Oldham, Curate of St. Michael's, Louth. In the evening the Holy Trinity Schoolrooms were crowded to hear from Mr. Hughes a deeply interesting address. Addresses were also given by the Vicar, the Rev. G. S. Streatfield, Mr. Disbrowe, and Mr. T. F. Allison. The collection after the meeting was £108 6s. 11d., including a cheque for £12 from W. H. Smyth, Esq., of Elkington Hall, who was prevented from being present. Within a week the lady workers at Holy Trinity were preparing for their annual sale of work in the Free Evening Schoolroom; and on the 3rd and 4th December the beautiful display of flowers, work, painting, and other articles was so well appreciated by the public that the amount realized was £174 16s. The result of these united efforts was £374 19s. 6d.

### EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The Archbishops having included "St. Andrew's Day and seven after" in their invitation to Prayer for Foreign Missions, the C.M.S. Committee observed Tuesday, December 3rd. A prayer meeting held at the C.M. House at 10 A.M., followed by a service at St. Dunstan's with a sermon by the Bishop of Huron, and the Holy Communion.

Several friends urged upon the C.M.S. the importance of resuming work in Turkey and Asia Minor, in view of the increased opening those countries which will probably result from recent political changes and also, of occupying Cyprus. Considering, however, the loud from other Mohammedan countries, as well as from the heathen world, and that the American Missions are so strongly worked in the Turkish Empire, the Committee felt constrained to continue the policy of regarding Palestine and its Arabic-speaking population as the Society's peculiar field, and not to go beyond it.

The Rev. J. G. Heisch, having accepted a living in Oxfordshire, about to retire from the Vice-Principalsip of the Church Missionary College, after more than thirty-seven years' most valuable service.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has conferred the degree of B.D. on Rev. T. P. Hughes of Peshawar, "for distinguished missionary literary services."

The Rev. A. T. Fisher, B.A., Curate of St. Matthew's, Brixton, been accepted by the Society for missionary work, and has been appointed to Umritsir, to assist the Rev. R. Clark.

The C.M.S. has lost another valued and experienced missionary, Rev. Henry Baker of Travancore. He was the son of the Rev. H. Baker, sen., one of the founders of that Mission, and was born in the Mission field. After being educated in England and ordained by Bishop Blomfield, he sailed to join his father in 1813, and he has now died at post after thirty-five years' service. Few missionaries have baptized so many of the heathen—several thousand, we believe. The interesting work among the Arrian hill-tribes was peculiarly his own.

A letter from Bishop Sargent, dated October 28th, states that "accessions" in the C.M.S. districts of Tiunnevelly during the year ending September 30th had been between 9,000 and 10,000. The greatest caution has been exercised by him and his Native clergy in receiving inquirers, as no doubt they are actuated by many various motives. Interesting letters on the subject were published in the C.M. *Intelligencer* for November and December.

Bishop Sargent held his first ordination on Sept. 22nd at Palamcottah, acting under a commission from the Bishop of Madras. Nine Natives were admitted to deacon's orders, and eight to priest's orders.

On the same day, Sept. 22nd, Bishop Stuart of Waipu held his ordination at Whakato, Poverty Bay, N.Z. Three Native Maoris, rehona, Rutene Te Aihu, and Hone Te Wainoho, were admitted to deacon's orders; and one, the Matiaha Pahewa, to priest's orders.

Mr. C. B. S. Gillings, of St. John's Hall, Highbury, has been appointed to the Yoruba Mission. The Rev. T. A. Haslam, who was designated this field, has withdrawn from the Society; and the Rev. A. Schapira, been sent to Palestine instead of to Breadfruit Church, Lagos, which is important should still have a Native pastor. Archdeacon Johnson continues in charge of Breadfruit, deferring his departure for the Niger until a successor can be found. The Rev. C. H. V. Gollmer has sailed for Lagos to take Mr. Wood's place at the Training Institution. Mr. Isaac Olum, of the Fourah Bay College, is to be Master of Lagos Grammar School.

The first examination of African students at Fourah Bay College for Durham University licence in theology, and for the B.A. degree, took place; and all the candidates (five) passed with credit.

Interesting letters have lately come to hand from the Niger. Henry Venn steamer is most useful. She has already made several voyages up and down the river, and is paying her own expenses by carrying freight for the trading firms. Bishop Crowther is about starting a new station at Shonga, eighty miles higher up the Kwoorra than Egan, present furthest station. An interesting journey has been made by the native agent at Asaba into a country hitherto unvisited, lying between the Niger and Yoruba. At Bonny the persecution has much subsided, and the Christians now assemble for worship in large numbers.

The Rev. H. C. Squires has sailed for Bombay to take the Secretary of the Western India Mission, as the Rev. T. K. Weatherhead is returning to England. The Rev. W. A. Roberts, who only came home April on sick leave, has also gone back to take charge of Sharapur, vacant by the death of the Rev. C. F. Schwarz.

The famine in Kashmir is diminishing, and the sufferings of the people have been much relieved by the energy of a new Diwan or Provincial Minister. The Maharajah has given Mr. Wade and Dr. Downes leave to remain at Srinagar through the winter.

*In addition to the new contributions begun in this number, we have a sketch of the Telugu Mission, by the Rev. J. E. Padfield. The journal of the mission party for Uganda via the Nile will also appear in pages, and the continuation of the Life of Bishop Crowther.*

## THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

FEBRUARY, 1870.

## MARCHING ORDERS.

II.

*"Go ye therefore."*—*St. Matt. xxviii. 19.*

HEN we read any general promise, faith appropriates it by saying "This is for me!" and then it becomes effectual; one receives it as surely as if it had been spoken to and for one's self alone. When we heard the Word of the Lord Jesus saying "Come unto Me, all ye!" we who believe on Him did not and do not hesitate to say "That means me!" and to act upon the gracious invitation. Now, is it fair to accept His "Come ye," and refuse His "Go ye?" Is the first, with its untold blessings, to be appropriated personally, notwithstanding its plural form, and the second to be merely read as an interesting general command to whomsoever it may concern, but certainly not to ourselves?

As we have the unspeakable privilege and comfort of knowing that "all God's promises are for all God's children," so that you and I may claim every one unless we can show cause that it *cannot* apply to our case, so also it must be that all God's commands are for all God's children, unless we can show cause that any one of them *cannot* apply to our case. Therefore it follows that, as Jesus said "Go ye," the obligation lies upon each of us to consider definitely, at least once in our life, whether the circumstances in which He has placed us do or do not definitely preclude us from literally obeying this distinct, most literal commandment. If really thus precluded, the loving loyal heart will be eager to find ways of obeying the spirit of it. But if not thus precluded, what then? To Him, your own Master, you must give account why you do not go. To Him you must "make excuse." To Him, who gave Himself for you, and who knows exactly how much it is in your heart to "keep back" from Him. To Him who knows your secret preference for some other profession, or your reluctance to be tied to an absorbing life-work; and who knows how you satisfy your conscience with offering Him the chips and shavings of your time and strength, a few odds and ends of work in the evenings and on Sundays, or a proportion of your time subtracted from "social claims," when you *might*—nobly, bravely, loyally—leave all and follow Him, responding to His "Go ye" with "Here am I, send me!"

"Lord, what wilt Thou have *me* to do? Make Thy way straight before my face!"

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

## ABOUT THE AFGHANS.

NOTES BY THE REV. T. P. HUGHES, B.D., OF PESHAWAR.

(Continued from page 8.)

Are the Afghans the Lost Tribes of Israel?

HERE is a universal tradition amongst the Afghans themselves of their Israelitish origin—a tradition supported by the remarkable Jewish physiognomy of the people, by the names of several districts and tribes, and by some of their peculiar customs. In A.D. 1609 Ni'amat Ullah, historiographer at the Court of the Emperor Jahángir, composed a history of the Afghans in the Persian language, in which he seeks to prove that they are descended from Ermia, son of Tálat (Saul) King of Israel. It is, however, remarkable that whilst so much can be said in favour of their Jewish descent, there are no traces of it in their language, for it contains no Hebraic or Chaldaic roots or words except those which have been brought from the Arabic. Whilst

all the supposed Jewish customs of the Afghans can be traced to their Mohammedan religion, the national tradition, as related in the Persian history of Ni'amat Ullah, which is very much the same as that given by Afghan authors, is as follows:—"Saul (Tálat) King of Israel married two wives, and each of them had a son, born at the same hour. The one son was named Berkia, and the other Ermia. Each of these had a son, and Berkia called his son Asif, and Ermia named his Afghána. From this Afghána the people of Afghanistan trace the genealogy of their great ancestor Kais by thirty-five generations, which are carefully recorded by their historians."

Whilst this tradition is universal amongst the people to this day, the details of their history, as given by their own historians, are very conflicting; and none of these histories, whether in Persian or Pushto, are supposed to date further back than three hundred years ago. It has, however, been laid down by the well-known Orientalist, Bochart, the author of *Geographia Sacra* and other works (A.D. 1599—1667), as an axiom, that unless cause can be shown to the contrary, every nation is to be believed in the account it gives of its own origin.

The late Syud Nur Muhammad Shah, Envoy of the Ameer of Cabul.

Syud Nur Muhammad Shah was the trusted Prime Minister and Privy Counsellor of Sher Ali Khan, the present Ameer of Cabul. He came with the Ameer to the Umballa Conference in 1869, and was present during the Ameer's private interviews with the Viceroy, Earl of Mayo. He was the special Envoy sent by the Ameer to meet Lord Northbrook in 1879, and again to meet Sir F. Goldsmid and Sir R. Pollock in the Seistan Arbitration. In 1877 he came to Peshawar as Envoy to meet Sir Lewis Pelly, and it was during that political conference that the Syud was seized with a dangerous and painful illness, which ended fatally. He died in the old mess-house of H.M. 51st Regiment, March 26th, 1877. When he was in Peshawar in 1869, I presented him with a copy of the New Testament in Pushto, and not long before his death he told me he enjoyed the perusal of the sacred volume very much, especially the writings of St. Paul, to which he applied a mystic, or Sufiastic, interpretation. He said he regretted that the pressing affairs of state to which he was entrusted by his master, the Ameer, prevented his giving that attention to spiritual matters which he really desired. During the occasions of his three visits to Peshawar (namely in 1869—73—77) I had very frequent opportunities of speaking to him upon religious subjects. He was a man of gentlemanly bearing, and very intelligent. By his death the Ameer lost one of his wisest and truest friends.

## Christianity in the City of Cabul.

Many of our readers will be surprised to know that there is a Christian Church in the city of Cabul. But in the Bálá Hissár (or walled fort), and not far from the Ameer's palace, there has been a little Armenian Church ever since the days of Nadir Shah, and this little band of Armenian Christians have been allowed to worship their God and Saviour undisturbed in that church all through the many political disturbances and administrative changes that have taken place in that city. At one time there was a considerable number of Armenian Christians in Cabul, but now there are not more than some twelve souls. Most of these have received baptism from clergymen of the Church of England, four of them by the chaplains of the British forces in 1840—42, the others by the C.M.S. missionaries at Peshawar. Indeed, on week-days, the little Christian flock have been lately worshipping according to the Persian translation of the English Book of



THE ENGLISH CHURCH AT PESHAWAR.



VIEW OF CABUL.

Common Prayer, the chief person in the congregation being a young man named Luka, who received his education in the Peshawar Mission School. The first and last sermon the Christians in Cabul ever heard in their little church in the Bāla Hissār, was one preached in Persian by the late Dr. Wolff, on the 6th of May, 1832.

#### The English Church at Peshawar.

(See Illustration on opposite page.)

The first object which strikes the eye of the traveller as he enters the Peshawar Valley from the Khyber Pass is the tower of the English Church. It is a fine Gothic building, of very graceful proportions, and is an exceedingly handsome structure. It is capable of seating about 1,200 troops. When the residents of Peshawar some years ago decided to erect the church, the spot selected was said to be the site of the celebrated Mohammedian shrine, and as the foundations of the church were being laid some of the old sages of the valley shook their heads and declared such sacrilege could never obtain the blessing of the Almighty. When the Ameer of Cabul came to Peshawar in 1869 he visited the Peshawar church, and expressed his admiration of the building. The chaplain now in charge of the church is the Rev. A. W. Rebsch, a son of the Society's venerable missionary at Kotghur, in North India.



#### NEWS FROM CENTRAL AFRICA.

Two New Year's Day letters arrived from Central Africa, conveying the welcome intelligence that Mr. Mackay and Mr. Wilson were together at last. Mr. Mackay reached Kagei, at the southern end of the Lake, at the beginning of July. On Aug. 9th Mr. Wilson arrived there, having come from Uganda in canoes. The letters are dated Aug. 15th, and they hoped to sail back to Uganda in

a day or two, Mr. Mackay having put the *Daisy* in thorough repair.

Mr. Mackay had visited Lukongeh, the King of Ukerewe, by whose men Smith and O'Neill were killed. Lukongeh sent canoes and messengers asking him to come. As his men were afraid to go, he resolved to go alone, and unarmed. He proposed to the messengers that their leader should remain at Kagei as a hostage for his safety, and although this was refused on the ground that the man was Lukongeh's principal counsellor and must attend the proposed interview, they agreed that three of them should remain instead. Whereupon Mr. Mackay said he only wanted to test their good faith, and would not enforce the condition. He took nothing with him but a strong emetic, in case of any attempt to poison him.

Lukongeh assured Mr. Mackay that he never intended to kill the white men, and that when he heard they were dead (the attack by his men upon the Arab trader having taken place some miles from his palace) he said "his country was now ruined for ever." The king further expressing a desire that white men should still come and teach his people, Mr. Mackay asked him, as a proof of good-will, to hand over Lieut. Smith's pocket-book, and the guns and revolvers belonging to both him and O'Neill, which were known to be in Lukongeh's possession. This request however was refused, and Mr. Mackay ultimately left Ukerewe with the message that the delivery of these articles was an indispensable condition of further visits.

Mr. Wilson had been getting on well in Uganda, but he does not communicate anything of special interest, except the news that Rumanika, the benign old King of Karagué (see GLEANER, May, 1876) is dead, and that Mtesa had sent an expedition to that country to prevent disturbances, and to set one of his (Rumanika's) sons on the throne.

These letters came via Zanzibar. No news from the Nile.

## OUR HOME IN THE WILDERNESS.

Recollections of North Tinnevelly.  
BY THE REV. R. B. MEADOWS.

## CHAPTER II.

*"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." — Isa. xxxv. 1.*



THE place we lived in was a wilderness, physically and morally. It was as wild and dreary as could well be imagined. The spot we fixed upon to build our house had in one corner a solitary thorn tree, which, however, soon died, and at the opposite corner a tree of another sort, and a few cactus plants. As far as the eye could reach, to the east and west, scarcely another tree or shrub could be seen. As I have watched the rising sun, I have noticed that the only shadow cast upon the plain was that of some traveller as he crossed the sun's line. On the north side there was indeed a clump of tamarind trees, about ten in number, wide-spreading, and green in the winter, but losing their leaves in the hot summer, and affording scarcely any shade. Of cultivation there was none. There were fields belonging to different owners, but it seemed as if they had not been ploughed or sown for a century; and not being divided by hedges, they presented one vast plain of red parched land, without a blade of green grass to relieve the eye.

It was about a mile from our town, a somewhat large place, of 10,000 inhabitants, and within distances of one, two, and three miles from small villages, more or less prettily embedded in trees; but such wretched hovels were the so-called houses, as scarcely to deserve the name of human habitations. The houses both in the town and in the villages were, with few exceptions, built of mud; the colour of the earth from which the walls had been formed, black if the earth were black, red if the earth happened to be red. If they were ever whitewashed outside, they never were inside. They had no windows, and were thatched with straw.

The appearance of one of these villages is that of careless neglect, and of total indifference to neatness and order. If a house is deserted, it either goes to ruin through the ravages of white ants, which will eat through the rafter-sticks in no time, or the roof is taken off, and the materials applied to some other purpose. The mud walls being allowed to stand, become, from year to year, washed and worn by the rain, till they form a rude and shapeless mound. The interior of a house is as comfortless as its exterior is uninviting. Built in the form of a square, like four verandahs facing a court-yard (though *verandah* and *court-yard* are too high-sounding words for such places), it is used as the common habitation both for the family and the live stock. The cows occupy one side, the sheep are tied in another; the fowls have the general liberty of going everywhere and of defiling every spot. Then in the yard there are unsightly round mud bins, thatched over, to stow away the year's supply of grain. If you venture into that part which they emphatically call the *house*, you will stand a great chance of being stifled, for there the cooking is carried on, on the floor, and there is no chimney or other outlet for the smoke; it has to creep through the thatched roof as best it can; and the village in the evening, when the cooking is going on, presents to an unpractised eye the appearance of being on fire, smoke coming out of the whole roof of all the houses. When your eyes have become accustomed to the partial darkness and the blinding smoke, you will discover in one corner black earthen pots of different sizes heaped up one upon another. These are the cooking utensils, or they are filled with the different ingredients necessary to make the unvarying curry, that is, rice, tamarind, turmeric, coriander seed, fenugreek, onions, &c. You will also find a ladle or two made out of the shell of the cocoa-nut, and one or two black

iron spoons, required for the oil used either for the lamp or medicine. The lamp itself is worth describing. It is a small brass or earthen one, broad at the back, and coming to a point where the wick lies. It is seldom cleaned, neither is the wick stand on which it rests; and from the habit of using a lump of soft mud, to give the necessary inclination for the oil to run down towards the wick, and the overflow falling down drop by drop upon the stand, the imagination can well picture what it must look like.

Suspended from the roof is the oil-pot, and across the bed are placed the fishing-net, the spinning-wheel, the men's and women's clothes, a few spare rafters, and the firewood for next month's consumption. The bed—where does it stand? It is only a mat, so it is rolled up and placed in a corner, or it is a bedstead they sleep on, it has been brought into the court-yard for the double purpose of making room and of being scorched in the hot sun, or it has been carried to the neighbouring pond to be immersed for a few hours.

I ought to add that in these country towns and villages sanitation is neither understood nor practised. Our town had drains in gutters each side of the street, but they were not built with reference to the slope of the ground, and were not kept free from straw and other refuse. Water, therefore, could not run along, and the drains from the houses all emptied into the street. How the people escaped cholera or typhoid fever I cannot understand. I was always speaking to them about it. Over and over again have I got the Government officials to call them together, and persuade them to subscribe to some town sanitation fund. For one year only would they subscribe, and that almost under compulsion. We had carts and sweepers daily in the streets, and things were certainly improving; but when the second year came for subscribing they held back.

We were forty miles from our doctor, and further still from our baker. Thankful we are that this did not make us anxious, and when urgent need of the doctor was felt, we either sent him or went to him. Our experiences of such times will form part of the following narrative. Our baking troubles, though seemingly great, were rather a subject for amusement than anything else. We had to send a man with an empty basket to the distant towns of Madura or Palamecottah. If the weather was fair, and the man active, three or four days would see him return with his precious burden; but often the bread was hardened by the hot sun, or in the rainy season grown mouldy from the damp. Once we were in great straits. The person we had engaged did not present himself, and the only substitute we could find was a decrepit old man. He undertook to take the empty basket to the house of a Native clergyman twenty-three miles on the road, where another man was to be engaged to carry it on. This latter had received all instructions to bring back the bread and other things, but he set down his basket at the appointed place, and returned without it. A special messenger had to be sent sixty miles to bring it to us.

## AN EYE LOST AND AN EYE SAVED.

THE Rev. W. Hooper, Principal of the Lahore Divinity College, writes:

In February, 1878, we introduced badminton among the students, and they at once took to it eagerly. They then petitioned to be allowed to play cricket, and played it with great interest until late in May, when Albert, who had lost the sight of one eye for many years, was struck by the cricket-ball in that eye. The eye had to be removed, and then was seen how wonderfully God fulfils His mercy towards them that fear Him. It was discovered that had the bad eye not been removed, the sight of the other also, which had already begun to fail, would soon have been lost. In that case Albert would have been unfitted for evangelistic work, whereas now there is every hope of his being long spared in health and strength. This incident rather frightened the students from cricket; but still the bodily exercise has no doubt contributed not a little to the general healthfulness for which we have to thank God.

## LETTERS TO MY PARISH FROM SANTALIA.

BY THE REV. W. T. STORES.

## II.—A Confirmation at Taljhari.

TALJHARI, May 6th, 1878.

T is so very lately that some of you were confirmed, or have been interested in the Confirmation of others, that as the Confirmation here took place only a little more than a week ago, I feel as if I could not do better than give you some account of it. For two or three days previously a few people kept dropping into Taljhari every day from the more distant villages, and we had to find accommodation for them, and there was rice to buy, and the many other things necessary for the feast which the Bishop had kindly promised he would give; but happily the care about such things did not fall upon me; I had plenty of willing helpers, who arranged all these things much better than I could have done, and I was able to give myself to the preparation and examination of candidates; indeed, for the last day I found this very hard work, for as some of the people came from distant villages where their preparation had been almost entirely in the hands of catechists, I had to spend a long time in their examination. Most of them answered very well. Some of them, however, answered so badly that I refused to present them to the Bishop.

The night before the Confirmation I felt tired out with talking and instructing all day, but the Bishop and his chaplain came by the mail train at half-past one in the morning, so I had to get up to go and meet them, and then went to bed again at three to lie tossing about until five, when I got up to see after all the many arrangements that had to be made. After going up to the church, to see that all was arranged properly, I came down again to give the Bishop a lesson in his part of the service, and teach him how to repeat the necessary words. At half-past seven all was ready, and I took the Bishop and his chaplain across to the school. We had a short prayer with the candidates in the school-room, and then, headed by some of the clergy, and followed by the Bishop and myself, the people wound up the hill to the church, walking two by two. Really it was a very pretty sight, for the situation of the church is most lovely, on the top of the hill among some fine trees. We entered by the west door, the people singing in Santali, "Onward, Christian Soldiers"; and the singing inside of those who were leading sounded so sweet to us who brought up the rear outside. The church was very prettily decorated with green leaves, and the enormous and exquisitely beautiful flowers of the pink water lily.

I had to read the greater part of the service, owing to the Bishop's want of acquaintance with Santali; and I had to translate the two addresses which he gave to the people. The Bishop sat just inside the chancel—just above the two steps at the entrance of the chancel—and the candidates came up and knelt before him two by two, and he repeated the words over them. I must say that this was a much more impressive way than the passing quickly down a long row of candidates, laying the hands for a mere second on the head of each. There were 120 confirmed—almost all of them quite grown-up men and women—only very few below sixteen years of age. After the Confirmation we at once had the Lord's Supper, and certainly it seemed to me most appropriate. About 225 partook of it, and it was striking to see how many more men there were than women. I wish there were something more like a just proportion between the two sexes in the number of communicants at Horton. Everything went off so quietly and decorously; there was none of the noise and unseemly staring about which I have seen at Confirmations in England.

At eleven o'clock we sat down to breakfast—about fourteen, for I had asked a few of the English people from Rajmahal to come over, and I am glad they did come, for they were greatly interested in what they saw. Really often English people in India know nothing of the mission work that is being carried on almost at their doors.

After breakfast we had our annual meeting with the chief people of the different villages, one, two, or three being chosen as representatives by the village people, the number ranging according to the size of the village. The Bishop was present and was very greatly interested; we had some very interesting and warm discussions, principally about the matter of marriage dowries. The Santals have been accustomed to sell their daughters in marriage, and the custom is a very difficult one to uproot. All the more enlightened and better Christians are opposed to the old custom, but some of the less enlightened, and especially those who have a large number of daughters, want to retain the custom in some measure; only they would make it nominally a matter of presents to the girl's parents, and not of bargaining about the price of her. The tone of the discussion was very good; and it was very pleasant to hear them speaking out and not concealing their feelings either one way or the other. Then there was a little discussion about the age at which marriage was to be permitted; and though the heathen Santals have begun

the Hindu fashion of marriages of children, the Christians determined that no girl was to be married before sixteen, and no young man before eighteen years of age; and you must recollect that in this warm climate a girl of sixteen is as much a woman as one of twenty in England. So, proportionately, are the young men. Then we had a little talk about voluntary and unpaid preaching; and after two hours' sitting, or rather more, we broke up.

The next thing was to go out in front of the Mission House and see the sports of the people. First of all they ran races and jumped, much as we do in England, and your vicar was foolish enough to run a race with a Santal about the same age as himself. But when they followed with their national games—a sort of sword dance, and then something like what the old English fighting with quarterstaves must have been; and most wonderful exhibitions in the way of rolling over one another like living wheels, and a dozen other apparently impossible sorts of contortions—we began to feel how very far away from England we were, and how very different the people were to ourselves. It was very pleasant to see the people so happily and so innocently enjoying themselves, and it was such a bright day, and all was done in so much spirit, and yet in so much kindness, that it was an unmixed delight.

Then just before sunset we had a short, but very sweet, service in church; and when it was dark, fires were lighted here and there on the grass, and by their light the people, sitting in long rows, ate their dinner, which the Bishop had provided. It was a striking sight to see hundreds by fire-light, sitting with their plates made of leaves heaped up with rice, their leaf-cups full of meat. Then at last the day was concluded with our sitting out in the starlight until nearly eleven—the boys and girls singing to us, and one of my preachers playing on a sort of native guitar. And so all came to an end—the Bishop leaving us again in the middle of the night, with a few kind words to your fatigued but happy friend and pastor.

## THE LATE LIEUT. SMITH.

A FEW friends of the late Lieut. G. Shergold Smith have put up a memorial tablet in the village church of Escot, Devon, with the following inscription. It is noteworthy that in this same parish, at the junction of three roads, stands a monument to Bishop Patteson, who had also resided in the neighbourhood.

IN MEMORY OF  
GEORGE SHERGOLD SMITH, LIEUT., R.N.,  
Eldest Son of Commander Fredk. A. Smith, R.N.,  
Born August 16, 1846. Died December, 1877.

After fourteen years honorably spent in the service of his country, ending with the Ashantee War, he obeyed a yet higher call, and gave himself wholly to the cause of Christ.

Appointed Leader of the Expedition sent out by the Church Missionary Society to Central Africa, he faithfully performed his trust, launched the First MISSIONARY VESSEL on the waters of the Victoria Nyanza, and delivered to King Mtesa in Uganda the message of peace and goodwill in the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ.

But his work was well nigh over, and God was about to take him to Himself. Having recrossed the Lake to bring up fresh supplies, he landed at Ukerewé, and there, together with his fellow-labourer Thomas O'Neill, he died by violence at the hands of those he had given up all to bless.

"What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ." This tablet is erected by many friends anxious to testify their sympathy with his parents, alike in their deep sorrow, and in their strong consolation.

## A GOOD SUGGESTION FOR A MISSIONARY BOX.

A FEW Sundays ago I was present at the tea-table of a Christian friend. Just before the meal commenced, the head of the family said, "Now for the Articles;" and then, one after another, the mother, children, and guests who were present, said in a clear voice the appointed portion. For that day the elders had learnt the seventh Article, which is fairly long, and the youngest child (who was only six, and very ambitious to hold his own with the rest) repeated the fourth. As each finished the lesson, a penny was dropped into the Jews' Box, which stood upon the table, and the meal proceeded. Of course the sixpence, less or more, thus put in each Sunday, is no great sum, but friends who approve of the plan might substitute coins of a higher value. When the Articles had been gone through, say in a year—for some of the longer ones should be divided—another course of repetition (such as choice hymns) could be taken up. As the friend I visited put the Jews' Box into a prominent place one year, probably he will put the Church Missionary Box forward another. The benefit arising from all the family making themselves thoroughly acquainted with the Articles of our Church need not be enlarged upon.

B.



TRAVELLING ON THE NILE.—THE EGYPTIAN DONKEY.

## UP THE NILE TO UGANDA.

JOURNAL OF MR. R. W. FELKIN.

## (NOTE.)



HEN, in March last, the sad news arrived of the death of Lieut. Smith and Mr. O'Neill, leaving the Rev. C. T. Wilson alone in the centre of Africa, steps were at once taken to send a reinforcement by way of the Nile, from the northward, in addition to that which was already advancing from the east coast. The party selected consisted of Mr. C. W. Pearson, formerly an officer of varied experience in the merchant service; the Rev. G. Litchfield; Mr. R. W. Felkin, a young surgeon; and Mr. J. W. Hall. They left England on May 8th, and travelled *via* Italy and Egypt to Suez, and thence by steamer to Suakin, a port

about half-way down the Red Sea, on the coast of Nubia, where they arrived June 9th. While there, an attack of heat apoplexy compelled Mr. Hall to return home; but the other three brethren started on June 25th, on camels, to cross the desert and strike the Nile at Berber, whence they would ascend the great river towards Uganda. Mr. Felkin's diary gives a most graphic account of this desert journey.

The greatest kindness has been shown to the party by Col. Gordon, the Governor of Soudan under the Khedive of Egypt, and it is owing to this that so much attention was paid to them by the officials at various points on the route.

## JOURNAL.

June 25.—The evening before our departure from Suakin, I must confess that my feelings were of a very mixed character. I was glad to leave the hot, hot town, with its flies and other inconveniences, but the

to what were we going? a long burning ride of some 300 miles, on untried steeds, the road unsettled, and the memory of several robberies within a week or two. All manner of thoughts as to the difficulties of the way and how best to meet them flashed through my mind, but I felt that I could of myself do nothing but commit my way unto the Lord.

On the morning of the 25th we got up early to finish packing and make our final preparations. At prayers I felt heavy and dull, and afterwards on trying to pack I felt it to be impossible, and I was obliged to lie down utterly prostrate. My head began to ache and burn, and then I got the clue to what it was—a first attack of fever. I was very ill all the morning, but at three o'clock was a little better, and made up my mind to go on at any cost, as I felt sure, if I stayed, I should get worse. So making a great effort—and I can assure you it was hard work—I managed to dress with some help. They were all most kind to me, and wanted to wait a day or two, but I thought it better not. Alladin Pasha and Ali Bey and Captain Colding came to see me, and were most kind in their inquiries. Captain Colding had invited us all to tea on board the *Chloe* before starting, and with some difficulty they got me on board. It was rather a sad tea as we took leave of poor Hall, who was going home in the *Chloe* next morning. Captain Colding tried to cheer us

all up, and I think he half succeeded at last, and made no end of jokes, as we saw our camels loading in the Custom House yard. A boat came off from the Pasha to say that all was ready for the start, and we saw our long line of forty camels filing through the gate, so wishing God speed to Hall, we went on shore.

We went to say good-bye and to thank the Pasha for all his kindness to us; he gave us coffee and cigarettes as usual, and told us that he had ordered donkeys to take us to our first halting-place, a few miles out of Suakim. This was very good of him, as I was almost unable to mount a camel.

At 6.30, as the sun was setting, we started, all wishing us a pleasant



TRAVELLING ON THE NILE.—THE NUBIAN CAMEL.

journey, and the soldiers presenting arms as we passed through the gate. Crowds of Arabs, men, and boys followed us out of the town.

A brisk trot soon brought us over the bridge, through the Arab town and out into the Desert, and to a large tree under which we were to spend the night. A fire had been lit, and I lay down at once; I could hold up no longer.

As I lay half-conscious on my "augaril" [see next page], I thought I had never seen such a curious sight. The camels were stalking about in the starlight like great spectres, and the black men were gliding about in the fire light; however, soon all was quiet, and I fell into a deep sleep. The dreams I had I can never describe, they were most unearthly.

June 26.—At half-past five coffee was brought to us, and we prepared for a start. The noise was confusing, but I felt better. A present of four sheep came from the Pasha to keep us on our way. At 6.30 all was ready and I was helped on to my camel; a nice beast, and which has proved to be a good one. I found the mounting not so difficult as I had been led to suppose, and we were soon on our way, my camel being led in front, the others tied one after the other by their tails.

Suakim looks very pretty from the Desert, as from the sea, and we saw the *Chloe* steaming out of the harbour, and did not lose sight of her for a long time. We rode for five hours, at about three miles an hour, in a northerly direction to *Handob*, the first station. The camels move at a swinging pace, the rider's body swaying to and fro about forty times a minute, which accounts for the back-ache one soon gets. The camels move the legs on the same side together.

There is a nice well at *Handob*, and flocks of sheep, goats, and camels were being watered as we passed the well, and I could then better understand Jacob's driving away the herdsmen and watering the flocks for Rachel. Indeed, each day some new light on the customs in the Bible narrative dawns upon me. The station at *Handob* I will describe, as whenever I mention stopping at a hut, it will be of the same sort. The huts are made of poles, over which mats are sewn. The only drawback is that the sun shines through them at times. There is a verandah in front, which is often the coolest place, unless the wind blows very hot. The hut is surrounded by a ring fence to keep off wild animals; the door of the fence is formed generally by two branches which are replaced after the traveller departs. The wells are generally some distance from the huts, and the camels have to be taken to water, and it is then that they often bolt with their drivers, or rather the drivers with them, and leave the poor traveller alone, or with too few camels to continue his journey. The fires are made as follows: three stones are taken and placed in a triangle, and then the ends of three branches are lit, and pushed on as they burn up; and often on the road you see the three stones and a few ashes—the only remnants of an Arab encampment.

I was thankful for the rest, as I was very shaky, and the quinine had made my head ache very much. Some good soup made of doves which Litchfield kindly shot for me, and a good sleep, did me much good. While half asleep our head kavass (soldier) came with an abscess on his foot, which I opened. This and a little ointment I have given him have made him most attentive; in fact, all the men have a fancy for "Hakim Pasha," as they call me [*hakim* means doctor], and a good strong pill now and then keeps them all very civil, which is a good thing, as if you have careless, sullen men with you it makes the journey very much harder. Little things go a long way with Arabs, and if you are kind and strict you get on well enough.

I will now describe our men. First, then, our kavass and three soldiers given us to take care of us. They provide their own weapons, horses, or camels, and receive certain privileges and pay from Government. Our head kavass is a short, fiery little fellow, very dark, large moustache, bright eyes, turban, embroidered waistcoat, and white coat and trousers. He carries a whip made of hippopotamus hide, and uses it, too, sometimes. The first day he cut a man over the head with it, laying open his cheek. It was dressed with coffee grounds, and well in four days. His arms consist of a pair of old, long flint-lock pistols, for which he has just three charges of powder. On the whole he is a capital fellow, and looks after us well; if one of us goes ahead for a walk, either he or the sheikh trots after us on his camel to see that we are safe. He smokes cigarettes continually. The other three soldiers have long French guns, knives, and look very warlike; their guns are slung behind the saddles. They ride with our goods, looking after them; this leaves us free to go on a little faster. The camel men are tall, well-built, handsome fellows; good features, high foreheads, and pearly-white teeth; they are always chewing some kind of stick, which gives the peculiar whiteness to the teeth. The dress is simple, consisting only of a waist cloth of white linen, wound round and draped neatly enough. One man has the end of a piece of stuff with the maker's stamp and "British manufacture" on it; of this he is very proud, and displays it to the best advantage, of course not knowing what it is. Each man carries a knife, shield of hippopotamus hide, and spear, and curved stick, which he carries with the curve up in a very jaunty manner; it is useful for defence, killing snakes and guiding the camels, though rarely used for beating them. The hair is perhaps the most curious part, being jet black, coarse, wavy, and straight up, in three divisions, one at each side and one in the middle; or else a crown of hair two or three inches long, straight up, and a sort of tail behind all dripping with oil.

In the early morning, at noon, and at night I noticed that a mark of sand was on many of the men's foreheads, chins, and noses; I found out afterwards it was from bowing the head down to the ground in prayer. The mark is never brushed off, as it is said to be an ornament to a "believer's" face. Before praying, a Moslem must wash; in the Desert he does this with sand, as sand is said to have a cleansing effect, and the Koran allows it. They wear a necklace of beads which, when they pray, they count, saying "Allah" for each bead dropped.

They have several charms, sewn up in a neat leather case, and fastened round the upper arm. These are supposed to protect from sickness, wild beasts, the evil eye, &c. They use a good deal of snuff, carrying it in a round wooden ball; they place the snuff under the upper lip.

But to go back again: the evening at *Handob* was cool, so I tried to have a stroll with my gun, but soon felt tired, and had to return after a few hundred yards. The howling of the hyenas disturbed my rest much, but next morning at five I was up and felt rather better, and we left *Handob* at 5.30, travelling about N.W., and getting a last unexpected glimpse of the sea. Shall we ever see it again, I wonder?

June 27.—We gradually ascended by an easy road into the mountains, the only drawback being the thorn bushes, which kept one constantly at the look-out. I was very thankful not to have another attack of fever, which I was expecting; I had taken a large dose of quinine. As we moved along we saw on several mountain peaks wild Arabs looking out for small or unprotected caravans, which they rob, not leaving their victims unscathed, and taking their clothes. Here is no vegetation but the thorn trees, and no green leaves to be seen except a few near the wells. We saw a few small deer, and Pearson and Litchfield tried to get a shot, but without success.

We arrived at *Wotu*, a hut as before, at 9.30, and rested there till 4.30, but to our great disgust the water was very salt and nasty. The filter cleared it of the dirt, but not of the salt or disagreeable taste.

We had an awful march of eight and a half hours without getting the camels to *Olip*, passing on the way *Hambuck*, a pretty-looking wadi around which was a small Arab encampment; it looked a very tempting place to rest at, but our kavass would not hear of stopping, he said the water was salt and there was no hut. The ride from *Hambuck* to *Olip* I can scarcely describe. It was very dark, very rough, and the camels shook me a great deal. My back hurt me much; I was very tired, my head ached very badly, and, added to all this, salt water made misery. I nearly fell asleep with fatigue several times, but the "He, hiss" of the camel-drivers, combined with the jolting, kept me awake. How I got off the camel at *Olip*, I do not know; but I fell down on a *asgaril*, a native bed which is very light and useful; it is a light, wooden frame, laced with red string, and can be slung over the luggage on the camel, and is always ready for use. There I lay, too tired to sleep, but unable to move, and though ants and beetles, and even two or three lizards crawled over me, I could do nothing. The noise of the camp was most trying; but all must end some time, and at last I fell asleep.

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### ANNIE LAMB; OR, THE LASTING MEMORIAL.



N a green knoll formed by a bend of the river Trebbia, which sweeps round it with a rapid eddying current, there nestles, half concealed amid a group of noble elms, a village church and churchyard, whose quiet beauty won the heart and inspired the strains of Kirke White, the youthful poet of the neighbouring town.

It was Sunday morning, a few weeks before Christmas, one of those cold, uninviting November days which make even the strong and healthy think twice before they leave their snug firesides. The clergyman, as he passed from the parsonage to the church, cast a wistful glance down the sheltered road which leads from the village to the house of prayer. No figure met his eye. The road looked deserted and forlorn; and his heart was sad as he thought within himself, "Alas! there will be few of my flock to meet with me in the House of God to-day." The train of desponding thoughts had been awakened within him, and he allowed them to run on perhaps too readily, but it was a morning to be gloomy and depressed. Musing thus in sadness, he drew toward the church; when, lifting up his eyes, he espied to his surprise, a well-known member of his little flock, a poor, pale, delicate-looking, and crippled girl, who was slowly making her way up the gravel path. To him in a moment that poor, crippled form proved an angel of joy. As he saw her his gloomy thoughts were put to flight, and his face brightened, and there was a cheeriness in his tone as he accosted her, saying, "Good morning, Annie: how come you to be here this cold morning? it is hardly fit for such as you to be out-of-doors." "O sir," she replied, and tears of tender emotion came into her eyes as she spoke, "I cannot help coming; I always used to like to come; but since my confirmation day, you know, sir, when I gave myself to the Lord, I have felt I could not stay away from

house, where He meets His people. O sir, I have had such happy times there." "I am glad to hear you speak so," said he ; "you can understand then what David meant when he said, 'Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth.'"

Christmas had come and passed away ; and bright, joyous Easter had come and gone also. The river had risen, swelled by the melting of the wintry snows, had overflowed its banks, and had returned again to its accustomed channel ; the meadows across the river, guarded by the weather-worn castle rock, had been clothed again in their lovely lilac robe, giving joy to hundreds of happy children, who had come and gone exulting in their flowery sports. The rooks had renewed their nests in the old elm trees, and had brought up again their yearly family.

It was a quiet summer evening. Underneath the branches of those stately, forest veterans that lined the river's bank the setting sun was pouring aslant its golden rays. A goodly number of the villagers were seen wending their way toward the village school. It was the evening of the village missionary meeting. Presently the appointed hour arrived. A hymn was sung ; an earnest prayer was offered for a blessing upon those assembled, and upon the great and blessed work for which they had met together. The minister gave his report of what had been gathered amongst them for this holy enterprise during the past year. A missionary was there, fresh from his field of labour among the Red Indians of Rupert's Land ; and hearts had been interested and stirred by the tidings of what God was doing by his servants in foreign lands. The pastor of the parish then rose again. It was expected he would give out the closing hymn ; but he paused ; every eye in the room was fixed upon him as he drew from his waistcoat pocket something wrapped in paper, and laid it on the desk before him.

" Dear friends," he began, " you have heard of many interesting gifts to night, some large, some small, yet I doubt if we have heard of one more precious in the eyes of our dear Master than this one of which I have to tell you. You all knew well dear Annie Lamb. You all remember her constant attendance at the House of God, though few knew the pain of body it often cost her to be there. A few months back she was with us ; now her spirit is with the Lord she loved, while her poor crippled body lies peacefully in our quiet churchyard, waiting the resurrection morning, when it shall be raised in the likeness of the glorious body of her redeeming Lord. Well, what I want to tell you is this—a few days before she passed away she called her mother to her bedside and said, ' Dear mother, you know you taught me to use my needle, and you know that by the work I did I was able to lay up a little sum of money which I thought might be useful at a future day. It is only £3 10s., but it is all I have, and I feel now I shall not want it, for I shall soon be in my Father's house, where I shall want for nothing. Now, when I am gone,' she added, ' take it, please, to our clergyman ; tell him that I sent it, and that I wanted thirty shillings to be given to the Bible Society, thirty shillings to the Church Missionary Society, and the remaining ten shillings to be spent in tracts that may do good to our neighbours in the village.' ' Oh,' replied her mother, ' your father and I have been talking of what should be done with that money. You have earned it yourself, it is your own, and we do not want to take a penny of it. Now let me tell you what we had thought of doing with it. We have watched you, dearest Annie, getting thinner and weaker, and we felt sure the Lord would soon be taking you from us to Himself. Well, we had thought that when your poor body is laid in our churchyard, how nice it would be to spend the money you have earned in placing a stone over your grave—it would just be about enough—so that when the neighbours come to church, they would see your name and be reminded of you. Don't you think this plan of ours would be nicer than the one you have thought

of ? ' ' O no, dear mother,' replied Annie, earnestly, ' don't speak of that ; I like my plan much the best. It won't make me a bit happier when I am in the bosom of Jesus to think that there is a stone over my grave ; but oh, dear mother, if that money should by God's blessing be used to lead some to know that Saviour who has made me so happy ; if some should by it find the way to heaven, oh, that will be a memorial far more lasting than a tombstone in the churchyard ! ' I need hardly tell you, dear friends, that the parents yielded to the wishes of their child, and here I lay upon the table to-night Annie Lamb's gift to the Church Missionary Society."

Happy, happy Annie Lamb ! Would that more had thy wisdom ! Would that more realised that the most lasting of all monuments are saved souls ! Oh ! how shall the truth of it be seen in that day when " they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever ! "

H. W.

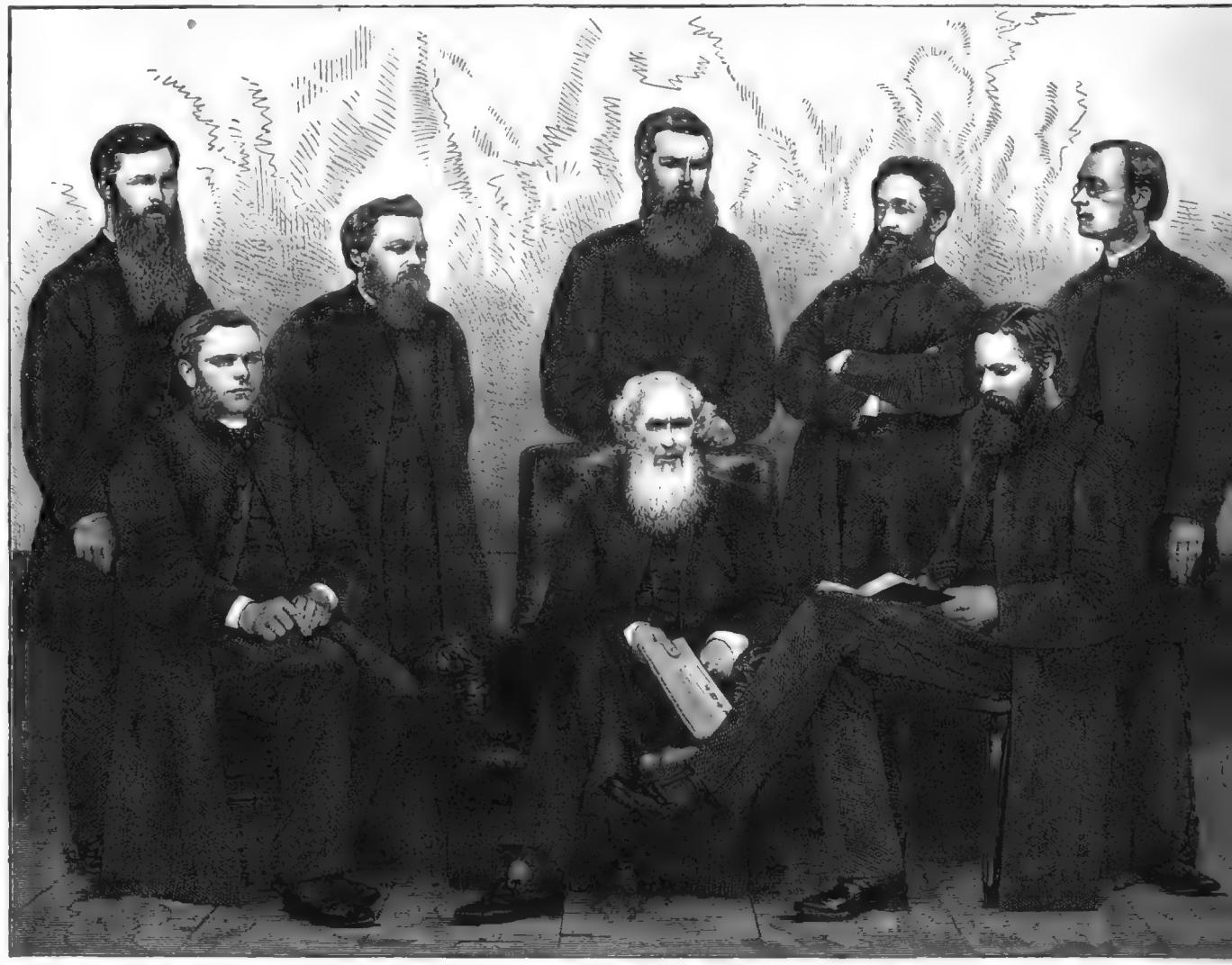
## THEIR FEET—HOW BEAUTIFUL !

*Isaiah* iii. 7.



OW beautiful !—The willing lips that bring  
Glad tidings of salvation—lips that move  
In such sweet melodies of heav'nly love  
The heart that hears them cannot choose but sing— ?  
How beautiful !—The tongue so full of zeal,  
So eloquent, so ready to proclaim  
All the surpassing glories of His Name  
Who died to ransom, and Who lives to heal— ?  
How beautiful !—The burning words that fall  
So full of power to arrest the ear— ?  
The utterances high, sublime, and clear,  
That thrill the list'ner like a trumpet-call— ?  
How beautiful !—The hand outstretched to seek  
The banished ones, far off from Gospel light— ?  
The bold right arm uplifted for the fight,  
Strong in His strength Whose armour girds the weak— ?  
How beautiful !—The eye that will not quail  
Though danger and disease confront its gaze— ?  
The face that shrinks not back with strange amaze  
When death draws near, and brightest prospects pale— ?  
Fair are all these : and yet the God of grace  
Looks further, lower, where His servants tread,  
Where thorns and snares their pathway overspread,  
Hem their straight progress, and retard their pace.  
And He hath said, " How beautiful the feet ! "  
The " feet " so weary, travel-stained, and worn—  
The " feet " that humbly, patiently have borne  
The toilsome way, the pressure, and the heat.  
The " feet," not hastening on with wingèd might,  
Nor strong to trample down the opposing foe ;  
So lowly, and so human, they must go  
By painful steps to scale the mountain height.  
Not unto all the tuneful lips are given,  
The ready tongue, the words so strong and sweet ;  
Yet all may turn, with humble, willing " feet,"  
And bear to darkened souls the light from heaven.  
And fall they, while the goal far distant lies,  
With scarce a word yet spoken for their Lord—  
His sweet approval He doth yet accord ;  
Their " feet " are beauteous in the Master's eyes.  
With weary, human " feet " He, day by day,  
Once trod this earth to work His acts of love ;  
And ev'ry step is chronicled above,  
His servants take to follow in His way.  
We serve a wondrous Master : One Who weighs  
In balances of love each service done :  
They merit nought who high rewards have won ;  
He gives the will, the power, and the praise !

SARAH GERALDINA STOCK.



REV. P. M. FYSON.

REV. C. F. WARREN.

REV. W. DENING.

REV. J. WILLIAMS.

REV. R. EVINGTON.

REV. F. MAUNDRELL.

BISHOP BURDON (VICTORIA, HONG KONG).

REV. J. PIPER.

MISSIONARIES AT THE C.M.S. CONFERENCE, TOKIO, JAPAN, MAY, 1878.

### OUR MISSIONARIES IN JAPAN.

**D**N May last a series of conferences of the missionaries in Japan was held at the capital, Tokio (or Yedo); and the opportunity was taken to photograph the C.M.S. men in a group. The result will be seen above. Some of the likenesses are strikingly good. Mr. Maundrell's is perhaps the least successful; but the engraver is not in fault, as he has most accurately copied the photograph. Bishop Burdon, of Victoria, Hong Kong, who sits in the middle, was in Japan at the time on a visitation tour. Mr. Piper is stationed at Tokio, where he acts as Secretary of the whole Mission; Mr. Maundrell at Nagasaki, the southernmost post, in the Island of Kiusin (where he has been lately joined by a new addition to the staff, the Rev. W. Andrews); Mr. Warren and Mr. Evington at Osaka, on the Inland Sea, the second city in Japan; Mr. Fyson at Niigata, on the western coast; Mr. Dening and Mr. Williams at Hakodate, the northernmost post, in the Island of Yezo. All these places will be readily found in the map on the opposite page. The returns last year gave 29 Native Christians at Nagasaki, 20 at Osaka, 19 at Hakodate, 15 at Tokio, 5 at Niigata: total, 88; but there has been a considerable increase since.



### THE MISSION CHURCH AT TOKIO.

TOGETHER with the above photograph, the Rev. Piper also sent one of the new mission church Tokio. The churches at Nagasaki and Osaka have already appeared in the GLEANER (March, 1878, and August, 1878; see also December, 1878); and we are glad now to present the one at the capital. Mr. Piper writes:—

The building is 60 feet long and 24 feet wide. The church proper 40 feet long and the chancel 8 feet; the roof is an open one. Behind the chancel is a very nice room 12 feet by 24, which serves as a meeting room for Bible-classes, prayer-meetings, and other gatherings of a kindred nature. The church will seat 150 persons comfortably, and many more might find room on special occasions.

We held the first service in it on Sunday, April 7th, when four persons were baptized, and the Holy Communion was administered. As you can well imagine, it was a day of great joy to Mrs. Piper and myself, and all our Christians, now 18 (i.e., baptized) in number. We feel very thankful that God has given us such tokens of His favour and blessing during the four years we have resided in Tokio.

On May 2nd Bishop Burdon came up from Hong Kong to be present at our C.M.S. Conference, and on Sunday (May 5th) we had a Dedication Service in English. I commenced our ordinary Japanese service at nine A.M., an hour earlier than usual; and at its close we had the Holy Communion. At eleven o'clock the English service commenced. It was

attended by the English and American residents, among whom were Sir Harry and Lady Parkes, and the American Minister and his wife. The Bishop was met at the west door by seven clergy (of whom two were American), who with the congregation read the 24th Psalm. In addition to the ordinary morning prayers the Bishop read several prayers suitable for such an occasion, and then preached an appropriate sermon, after which a collection was made amounting to 100 dollars (£20), and thirty-five persons stayed for the Holy Communion. Some of our Native Christians and other Japanese were present at this English service.

In the afternoon of the following Sunday (May 12th) we had a special service in Japanese, inviting all the members of the American Episcopate and S.P.G. to join with us. There were at least 120 Christians present, and about 100 others, mostly heathen. The church was crowded, and the whole service, which lasted three hours, was a joyous sight, and will not be easily forgotten by those who were present. The presence of Bishop Burdon and Bishop Williams (of the American Church) and fifteen clergy witnessed to the strength of the Episcopal Church now in Japan. The service was well calculated to do good, bringing the Christians all together for prayer and praise, exhibiting a oneness to outsiders, and giving solid proof that our Church is making progress in this land.

Our C.M.S. Conference meetings, and also those of the General Episcopal Conference, were held in the vestry, and thus the opening of the church and the first Episcopal Conference in Japan will be hereafter associated and remembered in connection with our work in the capital. Let me ask for the prayers of God's people for our infant congregation and the new church in which we now worship.

I ought to say that the church has been built mainly with money which I have received here, and that I shall not need half of the sum which the Committee kindly granted for the purpose. In justice to some who have sent me sums without asking, it may be said that one gentleman handed me a cheque for 100 dollars (£20), and a like sum was put into my hands by a British seaman, for some time in the service of the Japanese Government, and who was really brought to Jesus through the means of a Bible-class carried on by Mrs. Piper, and an English service which Mr. Fyson and I used to hold whilst we were studying the language. This seaman, who is now in England, and writes to Mrs. Piper, wished to show his gratitude to Almighty God, and felt that he could not do it in a better way than helping His cause in the land where his own soul had been savingly converted. 25 dollars (£5) were sent to me some time ago by an English nurse in Yokohama, through the chaplain at that port, in remembrance (as she said) of my services during the time there was no chaplain there.

I think the above facts ought not to be allowed to pass by without some public acknowledgment, and if you do not object, I will specially ask that they find a mention in some of the Society's publications.

JOHN PIPER.

TOKIO, June 4th, 1878.



## MR. SATTIANADHAN IN PARIS.

[This letter does not exactly give missionary information, but we are sure our readers will require no apology for its insertion.]

S.S. "SURAT," INDIAN OCEAN,  
16th Nov., 1878.

**W**EDNESDAY, the 16th October, was a foggy and rainy day, one which symbolised the state of mind in which we took our departure from England. I cannot describe the painful feelings with which we parted with our dear friends. . . .

We arrived at Paris at about 8 P.M. A cab took us to the house of Dr. Forbes, British Chaplain at Paris, under whose roof we enjoyed the utmost kindness and hospitality during our stay of nearly a week. An important meeting was going on at the time of our arrival. The Bishop of Sodor and Man, the Bishop of Rupert's Land, Father Hyacinthe, Canon Wilkinson of Birmingham, and several other gentlemen and ladies were present. We were at once ushered into the drawing-room, and I

was asked to give a short account of my work in Madras. This I did for a few minutes, and every one seemed interested. Canon Wilkinson mentioned an incident in connection with the C.M.S. meeting at Birmingham I took part in, which filled me with gratitude and joy.

The next morning Canon Wilkinson and I took a walk together and saw some sights of Paris. We visited the Greek Church, and then we saw the "Monument" [query, the Arc de l'Etoile ?], and all the electric lights round it, as well as the Egyptian Obelisque and the beautiful fountains playing. We next visited St. Magdalene Church [the Madeleine ?]—a fine building. In the afternoon Mrs. Forbes and her excellent daughter, Mrs. Yates, took us to the Exhibition. It is a wonderful institution, and reflects great credit upon the French Republic and nation. The conception is so grand and the execution so vast that the mind fails to grasp the whole at once. The extensive buildings, the grounds, the fountains, the waterfall, and the River Seine running through, invested the scene with peculiar attractiveness, and made one wonder whether it was not one of those fairy scenes described in the *Arabian Nights*. The wonder increases as you enter the buildings and see all the wealth, arts, manufactures, and industries of the world represented therein. . . .

Having obtained a general idea of the Exhibition, we repaired to the *Salle Evangelique* close by, to attend the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance. The Rev. Mr. Davis, Secretary to the Alliance, kindly introduced me to several French gentlemen present. M. de Pressensé presided. The hall was quite full. The meeting was conducted in French. I spoke a few words in English, which were translated into French. Then my paper on Indian Missions, rendered into French, was read. This was followed by a second paper, and by an address from the chairman. Though not able to follow the meeting from my ignorance of French, yet I was very thankful that I was thus permitted to represent the C.M. Society at this important conference in the French capital.



MISSION CHURCH AT TOKIO.

In the afternoon of the following day a Russian lady of rank took us both in her carriage to M. Bertrand's school, where English young gentlemen were learning French. Dr. Forbes has a weekly Bible-class with them. At his request I spoke a few words respecting the missionary work in India. We then visited Madame Yeatman's school for English young ladies learning French. The number present was about fifty, and I gave them a short missionary address.

The next day we paid a second visit to the Exhibition. . . . We were introduced into the Phonograph department. The gentleman in charge spoke into it in English, and it repeated the same words with the same tone. Then I spoke the first words of the Telugu lyric called "Margalone," and strangely enough the words were repeated with wonderful exactness. . . . The "Dirty Boy" was certainly very amusing. The old woman seizing the boy with the one hand, and washing him with a soap in the other, and the little fellow undergoing the operation with evident marks of reluctance, appeared life-like in the marble. Among the vast crowds of spectators we saw H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. I saluted him after the Oriental fashion, a compliment which the Prince graciously returned.

The next day being Sunday, I attended Dr. Forbes' church opposite to the British Embassy. The Bishop of London was the preacher; at noon service the Bishop of Sodor and Man preached; in the afternoon service I preached a missionary sermon. There was another service at 8 P.M. at which Dr. Forbes preached. It was with much regret that I noticed the open desecration of the Lord's day by the French people. All the shops were open, and the round of business or pleasure passed through just the same on Sunday as on other days—a contrast this to the way in which the Sabbath is observed in London.

On Monday, the 21st, our kind friend the Russian lady took us in her carriage to see some more of the sights of Paris. This being the day for the distribution of prizes to the exhibitors, Paris was dressed very gaily by the waving of flags of different colours in the streets, shops, and houses. We saw the troops and Marshal MacMahon and all the grandees of Paris in the Champs Elysées. We visited the "Panorama of the Siege of Paris," and were greatly struck with the sight. . . . The next object of interest was the tomb of Napoleon the First—a magnificent edifice, surmounted by a beautiful dome, under which lie the mortal remains of the great emperor. What is human greatness when it lies mouldering in the dust? or, as a Tamil poet represents it, "when the dust says you are no better than myself." Then we saw an extensive pile of buildings called the Tuilleries, and the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, where the signal for the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Day was rung. The bare mention of this reminds one of the page in the history of France which is stained by cruelty and crime. And then Notre Dame. Paris is doubtless a very beautiful city. The construction of its houses and streets, the avenues of trees lining all the principal roads, the grounds, the fountains, &c., were all perfect. . . .

On the evening of Tuesday we left Paris for Turin. Mrs. Forbes and her good daughter escorted us to the station, four miles distant, and saw us off. Mrs. Forbes was so kind and considerate that she secured at her own expense, without our knowledge, a ticket which put us in possession of a carriage where we enjoyed all the comforts of "balmy sleep, Nature's sweet restorer." For such acts of true kindness and hospitality we feel ourselves unable to make any return. Still we shall not fail to commend these and all our other kind friends to the blessing of Him who has graciously promised to reward even a cup of cold water given to His servants in His name.

BOMBAY, Nov. 21st.

Through God's infinite mercy and watchful care we landed here safely yesterday afternoon. We are now staying with Mr. and Mrs. Weatherhead in the C.M. House, and hope to start for Madras on the 28th.

The death of Mr. Fenn at Madras was to us a very heavy intelligence indeed. How sudden! How sad! How mysterious! To him indeed death was no loss, but an infinite gain; but to us and to the Mission it is a great loss. How it reminds us that this is not our home, and that the Master's call may come at any moment, and that we must always be ready for it with our loins girt and our lamps burning!

We have received a telegram from our dear children. Thank God they are all well. Please give our kindest remembrances to all dear friends.

W. T. SATTHIANADHAN.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY ATLAS.—The new edition (the sixth, entirely re-written and greatly enlarged) of the *C.M. Atlas* is now complete, and will be published in a volume this month. It contains thirty-one maps, nineteen of which are new, and have been specially prepared for this edition by Mr. Stanford; also a chart of Indian languages, a chronological chart of the Society's progress during the last eighty years, 140 pages of letterpress closely printed, and a complete index. It was planned and partly prepared by the late General Lake. The price of the volume bound, in bevelled boards, is 10s. 6d.

## EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

At the first meeting of the Committee in the new year, the subject Missions to Afghanistan, Beluchistan, and Kafiristan, was fully considered. The Rev. T. P. Hughes, Sir F. Goldsmid, and General Hutchinson attended, and gave valuable information; and letters were read from Sir W. Muir, Sir R. Montgomery, Sir H. Norman, and other Indian officers and statesmen. A resolution was adopted to strengthen the existing C.M.S. stations on the frontier, at Peshawar, Bunnoo, De Ismail Khan, and Dera Ghazi Khan, with a view to an advance into the three countries named as soon as the way is opened.

The Rev. G. M. Gordon, of the C.M.S. Punjab Mission, has gone up Quetta, in Beluchistan, with General Biddulph's force, "to try and see what openings for the Gospel there may be." The population there is partly Afghan and partly Beluchi. A letter from him has been received from Quetta, dated Nov. 17th, and he was hoping to go on to Candahar.

At the Bishop of London's Christmas Ordination, Mr. C. B. S. Gilling of St. John's Hall, Highbury, who has lately been appointed to the Yoruba Mission, was admitted to deacon's orders; and the Rev. G. Unwin, of the Ceylon Mission, to priest's orders.

On November 30th, at Taljehari, the Bishop of Calcutta ordained three Santal Christians, who have been trained by the Rev. W. T. Storrs, viz. Bhim Nijhasts, William Sido, and Sham Desra. These are the first Santals admitted to holy orders, the one Native pastor they had already being a Hindu. The Bishop was much pleased with their examination papers. He also visited the other stations in the C.M.S. Santal Mission and confirmed a large number of candidates.

Bishop Crowther's letters continue most encouraging. On November 3d, 1,149 persons attended two churches at Brass, and on November 24th, 503 at St. Stephen's at Bonny, in each case including the king and several chiefs. Such is the outcome of persecution, at Bonny during the last year or two, at Brass four or five years ago.

The Rev. A. E. Moule sends encouraging news of the spread of the Gospel in the Chuki and Great Valley districts, in the Province of Ching Kiang, China. (See *GLEANER* of March, June, and September, 1878.) Forty-four persons were baptized on his last visit, and there are now twelve villages containing Christians, where two years ago there were none at all. Prayer is asked on their behalf, especially that the leaders among them may "walk in wisdom towards them that are without." We hope to give a fuller account next month.

The Rev. J. Vaughan has baptized a Brahmin gentleman, a pleader in the law-courts, who was educated in the Rev. S. Hasell's school Krishnagur, twenty years ago. There he read the Bible, and learned to admire Christianity. His life has long been influenced by it, and he has been known as "the honest pleader." At length, through the influence of a Native Christian, he has come out openly on the side of Christ.

The Rev. W. Dening has made another interesting journey in the interior of Yezo to visit the Ainos. (See *GLEANER*, May, 1877.) At the Japanese Agricultural College at Satsuporo, a remote town in the island, Mr. Dening found eighteen students who had lately embraced Christianity, most of them through the influence of the late Principal, who was an American Christian gentleman. They are all intelligent educated young men, likely to occupy influential positions.

A kind of institute has been established by Mr. Streeter for the English-speaking Africans at Frere Town, to provide recreation for them in the evenings. One night in the week they play their band; another night they have readings; and on a third night a discussion. A case of books, pictures, &c., has been sent out, towards which the Religious Tract Society made a handsome grant.

A Roman Catholic priest in Ceylon lately challenged the Revs. J. Jones and S. Coles to a public controversy. It was carried on for several hours before 200 people. "Our Christians," writes Mr. Coles, "departed with a much clearer insight of the errors of Romanism than they previously had, and a firm determination to hold fast their Bibles."

A missionary tour of great interest has been made by the Rev. F. J. Alexander, of the Telugu Mission, into the extensive Native state of Hyderabad, known as the Nizam's country. He found large districts unoccupied by any society.

A census of Japan was taken in September last. The population of the empire was found to be 34,338,404, and that of Tokio the capital 1,036,771.

Gifts to the Church Missionaries' Children's Home are always welcome, and we have much pleasure in announcing, at the request of the Rev. Rooker, that the Rev. S. W. and Mrs. Morton, of Paddington, on leaving London, have presented to the Home their pianoforte, a very fine and valuable instrument.

Two large outline maps, one of Africa, and one of the Equator and Lake district, are being published for the Society, for use at lectures and meetings; and Mr. Hutchinson has prepared a pamphlet to accompany them, entitled, "Africa and the Church Missionary Society."

The latest news from Central Africa will be found at p. 15.

## THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

MARCH, 1870.

## MARCHING ORDERS.

III.

"And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore."—*Matt. xxviii. 18, 19.*

 HE Father is the source of all power. For "Thine, O Jehovah, is the greatness and the power." The Holy Spirit is the communicator of power, so that those who bring their emptiness to be filled with the Spirit, may say, "Truly I am full of power by the Spirit of the Lord." But the Lord Jesus is the Depository of the power. All power is given unto Him, our Saviour, our Master! Absolutely, unlimitedly, eternally! It is a happy thought. As love and knowledge gradually supplanted fear, how delighted, one might almost say how proud, the disciples must have been as miracle after miracle revealed the power of Jesus of Nazareth. Yet they did not know that He had *all* power. We know it, for He has told us. Do not our hearts respond—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power"?

All power is given unto Him. First, power to give eternal life to as many as His Father has given Him. Then, power on earth to forgive sins. Then, power to uphold all things. And these really include all power in heaven and in earth. *All* power; for there is no other power at all. "There is no power but of God." All else that seems power is but the impotent struggle of weakness, the unavailing spite of a vanquished foe. How quietly He disposes of it when He says, not to veteran apostles, but to His mere recruits, "Behold, I give unto you power—over all the power of the enemy!" What must the reserve be when this small delegated share is to overmatch "*all* the power of the enemy"!

All power is given unto Him. Not to us, for we could neither receive it nor use it. But to Him for us. For "all things are for your sakes." His power flows into us and rests upon us. It is not that our weakness is made a little stronger, but that His strength is made perfect in our weakness. The power of the Head energises the feeblest member.

- But, our Master makes no barren statements of unresultful positions. "All power is given unto Me"—what then? "Go ye therefore." Who will take Him at His word, and, relying upon Jesus as our great Depository of power, say, "*I will go in the strength of the Lord*?"

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

## 1858 AND 1878.

 O accustomed are we to think of the Church Missionary Society as dating from the beginning of the century, that we scarcely realise how young a large part of its work is—and not C.M.S. work only, but missionary work generally. Look back only twenty years, and compare 1858 with 1878. But, some will say, we are not in 1878 now. Not, it is true, as regards the legal year. But the Society's year closes March 31st; so our retrospect may still be fairly said to go back just twenty years.

Now the year 1858 was in several ways a remarkable missionary epoch. Probably this was not noticed at the time; but there is nothing strange in that. We can rarely measure the importance of events until we are some distance from them.

1. Look at India. The year 1858 was the year of the final quelling of the great Mutiny of 1857; the year of the transfer of the government of India from the East India Company to the British Crown; the year in which, for the first time, the Queen,

by royal proclamation, avowed herself a Christian sovereign. And that year was signalised by several interesting events in the C.M.S. India Missions. Oudh was occupied for the first time, on the invitation of the Chief Commissioner, Sir R. Montgomery; the Santal Mission was begun by the opening of schools for the children; the first convert from the Afghan race, Dilawar Khan, was baptized at Peshawar; and Ragland died at his post, leaving a bright example which has awakened a missionary spirit in many a heart since. In 1858 the C.M.S. counted about 44,000 Native Christian adherents in India; in twenty years the number has just doubled. The communicants were 6,700; they have multiplied threefold in the interval. The Native clergy were 21; they are now 106, just fivefold.

2. Look at China. The year 1858 was the year of the Treaty of Tien-tsin. Before that time, five ports only were open to British residents. That treaty opened the interior to the travelling merchant or missionary, and expressly provided that "teaching or professing the Christian religion" should "alike be entitled to the protection of the Chinese authorities." The C.M.S. had then six missionaries in China; it has now nineteen. There were then about seventy converts, almost all at Ningpo; none in Fuh-kien, none at Hong Kong, or Hang-chow, or Peking. The figures for this year will probably be nearly 4,000.

3. Look at Japan. The year 1858 was the year of Lord Elgin's visit to Yedo, and of the treaty which for the first time permitted Englishmen to set foot in the country. Missionary work, however, was still impracticable; and the Americans, who began first, could do but little. Ten years passed away before the first English missionary, Mr. Ensor, landed at Nagasaki.

4. Look at North-West America. The year 1858 was the year of Archdeacon Hunter's northward journey to the Mackenzie River, from which has sprung the whole of the work now comprised in the Diocese of Athabasca, with its 8,000 Christian Indians connected with the Society.

5. Look at the North Pacific Mission. It was in the year 1858 that Mr. Duncan, having arrived at Fort Simpson in the previous autumn, preached his first sermon in Tsimshian, and gathered the first children into school. What have we now? Not only Metlakahtla, and all that is implied in that auspicious name, but the Mission branching out in all directions.

6. Look at the Niger. In 1858, Samuel Crowther, after establishing the first mission stations at Onitsha and Gbebe in the autumn of 1857, was detained high up the river at Rabbah, unable to get back again because the one steamer had been wrecked. In 1878 we see him moving rapidly about from place to place in the *Henry Venn*. Five years passed away before the first baptisms took place; in 1878 we find 1,700 people attending Divine service at two out of ten stations.

7. Look at East and Central Africa. The year 1858 was the year of Burton and Speke's discovery of the great lakes that Rebmann had heard of: Tanganyika on Feb. 13th; the Victoria Nyanza on Aug. 1st. Rebmann was then alone at Kisulutini; now six missionary societies are at work in East Africa.

"What hath God wrought!" must surely be the exclamation of every one who takes this brief retrospect. But shall we stop with this exclamation? Let us rather ask, What are we doing to support this expanded and expanding work? In 1858 the Society's income from subscriptions, collections, &c., received through the Local Associations throughout the country, and excluding large donations and legacies paid in direct, was £115,000. Last year the corresponding figure was £143,000, and that was an advance of £15,000 on the preceding year. Is that an adequate increase in so eventful a period?



THE EUPHORBIA TREE, NUBIA.

## UP THE NILE TO UGANDA.

JOURNAL OF MR. R. W. FELKIN.

(Continued.)



JUNE 28.—The first part of the ride to-day was pretty easy, four and a half hours only to *Disalle* (?). We started at five o'clock, but the sun became hot. We marched through mountain passes still, and if I had not been so tired from the ride the night before I might have enjoyed it. We met two very long caravans of ivory. We crossed the dry bed of a river, which we found out afterwards to be the *Ariab*. It must be a large and very swift river in the rainy season, and prevents this route from being used all the year. We passed over it subsequently some eight or ten times, sometimes travelling up its course for many miles.

*Disalle* is a hut of the same course as before, situated in a little valley about 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. It was intensely hot, being for four hours  $110^{\circ}$  to  $111^{\circ}$  in the shade. The heat prevents sleeping, or, in fact, doing anything save lying on your rugs, restless, and trying to get a cool draught with your fan. We left at four o'clock, and the

ing, a glass of cold good water. Such a treat! I have never had cold water out here, though the porous leather bottles we hang on our saddle-pommels cool the water nicely. By-the-bye, water is carried in sheep-skins slung on to the camels, and the water is generally warm and tasteless of leather. The camels, too, when thirsty, have an awkward way of biting the bottles, and so, if you do not look out, you lose your water, which one drinks a great quantity, is not pleasant and might be dangerous. The tanks are really the best for safety, but they are expensive; when the water gets low in them, it shakes about and becomes very hot. Haritree was almost unbearable. I wonder what you would think of the heat at home. It is like the heat before a furnace when they are casting.

We left Haritree at four, and gradually ascended still higher: the mountains, too, were very high. The way was steep and difficult, but the camels are very sure-footed. At eight we had coffee at a place called "Water-canal." There is no hut or water there; but, two miles off road, water and a hut are to be found. The rocks here are very granite, a great deal of granite and some splendid pieces of white marble. The ride from here to *Fohr*, where we camped in a large valley, is down and most difficult, and how the men find the way, which turns and twi-

mountain scenery passed through truly splendid. road was easy, and cool breeze springing up made ride almost pleasant. got a shot at an elephant with my revolver, missed him. echo was very resounding for several minutes after had fired. The sun set, too, was magnificent, the sky going down like a great ball of fire, then the play of colours was magnificently beautiful. another long ride before us, we stopped for half-an-hour at sunset at the foot of Mount *Jedrus*, which is about 5,000 feet high. We had coffee and a rest, and noticed such curious faces made by the outline of the rocks, one just like *Puffin* from one side, and like *Louis Philippe* on the other. We reached *Edrus* after four hours' riding, thankful that another hard day's work was done. It is wonderful how well Arabs seem to lead the camels save even in the most difficult mountain passes. I dropped my tobacco-pouch at night, and thought it had gone, but took some time to make them understand what I had lost, and after a little time found it again.

June 29.—We reached *Edrus* at six o'clock and had an easy ride of four and a half hours to *Haritree*, where we found there two driers stationed. They were very pleased to have visitors, and gave us, on dismounting,

the best coffee.

I cannot imagine. The valley is surrounded by high mountains, and the camp fires looked very nice. Of course we slept in the open, and the Arabs told us we should always sleep with our heads to the wind. The advice is good: and also we ought always to have a light covering on, as, however hot it may be, a cold wind often, as on this occasion, springs up in the night. I was quite surprised on waking at about three o'clock to find a strong and really cold wind sweeping over us. I find sleeping in the open air very enjoyable, the air is so pure, so free and rare, as indeed it always is here. You have to sleep with your gun beside you and revolver under your pillow, as it does not do to let these things be ever out of your own possession. If the people see you are careful they are much less likely to seek a nearer acquaintance with your weapons; and prevention is better than cure in this as in most cases. It had been a most curious day: a dull yellow haze seemed over everything, almost like a London fog.

June 30.—We had intended to rest all to-day, but as there was no hut or shelter of any kind, and, above all, no water, we decided to continue the journey, which we did at half-past five o'clock in the morning. The first part of the way was very nice, over a plain and good road, and a refreshing breeze. I got down and had a four mile walk, which rested me much, as my back ached badly; by nine o'clock the heat of the sun was unbearable, and the wind was so strong that umbrellas could not be used; but there was no help for it, so on we went. My lips were all cracked by the heat, and I felt dried up, which feeling lasted several days.

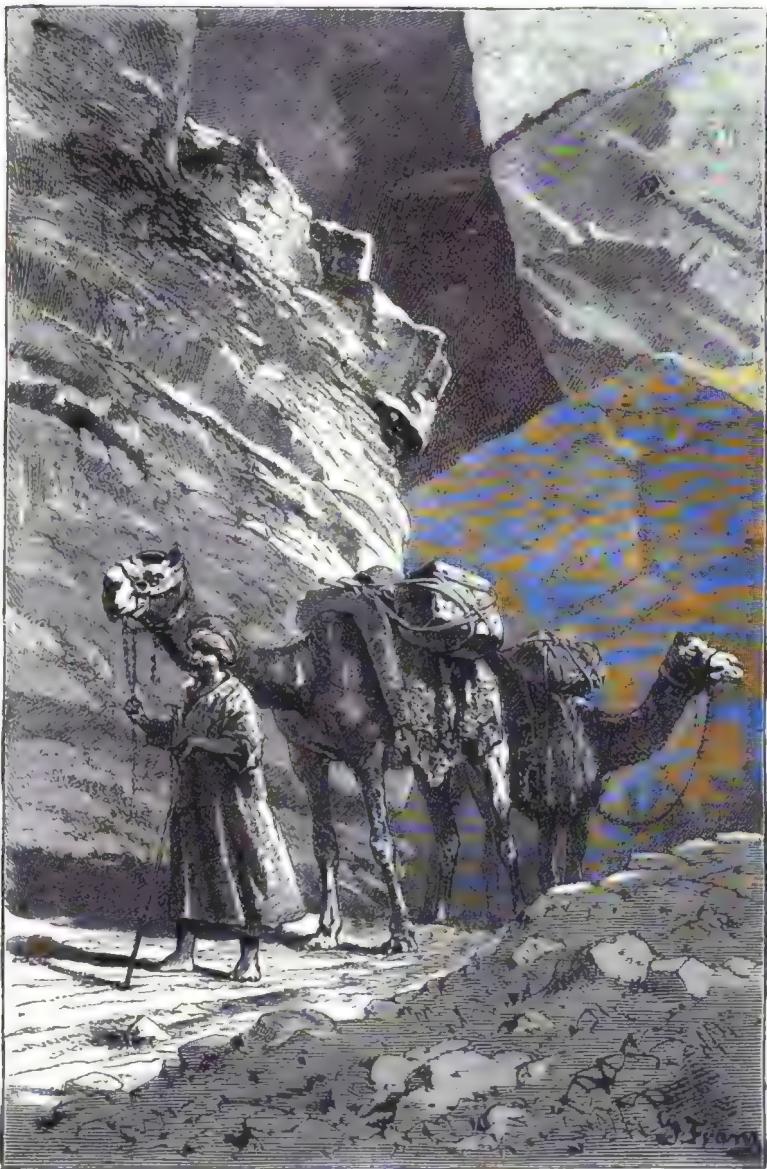
We entered the mountains again at ten, and passed Mount Beddab (?), a very high and noble-looking mountain. Through deep mountain passes, beside small precipices, the way wound up and down, until twelve o'clock, when we arrived, completely done up, at Kokrib, telling our men we would not budge an inch further that day. There were cows, sheep, goats, and camels at the well, and we got some splendid new milk—the first new milk I had tasted since leaving England, and I can assure you it was a treat. We had a nice dinner of hare soup, rice, and strawberry jam,

and then had the Morning Service, which we all much enjoyed. We saw here a small Arab encampment, and our men soon made friends. The Arabs do not take money, but sell their goods for bread. We gave our men a sheep to keep them quiet, and they soon killed it, cutting its head almost off at one stroke of a sharp knife. This is the law of the Koran, and when an Arab kills a beast he must cut the windpipe and carotids, saying the name of God. The women mostly offer up a short prayer: "O God, give this animal patience to endure the suffering Thou hast ordained for it!"

A fire was made and covered over with stones, the meat was cut from the bones and placed on the hot stones to fry, the entrails and tit-bits from the bone eaten raw. The evening was most beautiful, and repaid us for the hot day; the stars magnificent, and the background of dark mountains very grand. Truly one must wonder at the vastness of creation in this desert. I sent letters home by an Arab caravan, and hope they will get there safely.

To-day I saw the women grinding grain for the first time. They rub it between two stones, and keep on for hours together, singing a low chant—not very musical, but still not unpleasant—all the time. I did wish that some one could come and educate these people, they are so nice and sharp. Surely some good could be done with them. An old man came and paid us a visit. He was the picture of old Time, and said he was 110 years old. He was a nice old fellow, and seemed greatly amused at us and our ways.

July 1.—We started from Kokrib at six A.M., and had a pretty easy ride to Mattah, which place we reached about eleven. The sun was very hot, but a nice cool breeze made things pleasant. I did not feel the riding so much to-day, and my back-ache was better. I am getting used to packing my saddle myself and making it rather more comfortable. We saw a caravan of a merchant this morning. They were just upon starting. He is a jolly-looking man with four wives. I saw one or two of them before they pulled their veils over, and they were very good-looking—one was white enough to be English. They seem to get on well together.



IN THE NUBIAN DESERT.



A BISHAREEN SHEEP.

(The breed found between Suakin and Berber. From Schweinfurth's Heart of Africa.)

We left Mattah at 3.30, and had a splendid ride across the plain of Kokrib, about fifteen miles broad. After sundown we walked and had a race over the plain. Litchfield shot a vulture—an immense bird—the wings about five and a half feet from tip to tip. He also shot some more doves for dove soup. We joke him about his dove soup; he manages to get us some nearly every day. The doves are very small, and one could eat twenty of them easily. There is a tradition that over the plain of Kokrib a girl danced without stopping the night before her marriage. Rather a long dance, was it not? Our cavass assures us the tale is true.

We saw the mirage for the first time this afternoon: it looked like a river with trees along its banks, and I had great difficulty in bringing myself to believe my sense before my eyes, it looked so real; but when we got nearer it vanished away. After leaving the plain we entered a dark mountain gorge, and it was just like going into a fiery furnace, the wind was so hot it dried one up completely. At 10.30 reached Yungub.

Half our journey is over, but the worst half has to come; scarcely any water; long and very hot stages being promised us.

### MR. SATTIANADHAN IN ITALY.

[We are sure that our readers will be glad to have this interesting narrative continued, though we have not space for Mr. Sattianadhan's descriptions of the various sights he saw.]

CHINTADREPETTAH, MADRAS, 13th December, 1878.

S has already been mentioned, we left Paris on the 23rd of October. Having passed, under cover of night, through the uninteresting portion of our journey, we found ourselves the next day in a part of South France full of mountain scenery and romantic interest. As we proceeded southwards, the aspect of things became more and more Oriental. The French plough, for example, greatly resembled the Indian, drawn, not by horses, as in England, but by bullocks. Even the climate was very much like our own, warm and bright. The landscape in the neighbourhood of Mont Cenis was magnificent. The tunnel, a wonder in itself, cut through solid rock in the Alps, about five miles in extent, the largest-tunnel in the world, was passed by us in about twenty-five minutes. We had hardly done this when sublime scenery burst into view. The noble Alps, covered with snow, and reflecting beauty and brightness under the golden rays of the setting sun, and streams of water running in all directions, spreading fertility and fragrance, could not but fill the mind with awe and admiration. What are works of human art and skill compared with the magnificence of those of the great Creator?

After a railway journey of twenty-two hours from Paris, we reached Turin, in full view of the Alps, and passed the night in the Grand Hotel d'Angleterre. Next morning we left Turin for Florence, and passed through some beautiful scenery near Asti and Alessandria. In the carriage in which we travelled there were passengers representing several nationalities, viz., the English, the French, the Russians, the Italians, and the Hindus. We found them all exceedingly civil and agreeable, particularly two English ladies, sisters, from Northumberland, bound for Australia, with whom we had very pleasant conversation for a few hours. They got out at Bologna, as they were going direct to Brindisi to catch the P. and O. steamer. Bologna is an important railway junction, where the French and German lines meet. I believe this town has given six popes to Rome.

After a journey of twelve hours, we arrived at Florence, at about 10 P.M., and were kindly met at the station by the Rev. James Long, for thirty years missionary of the C.M.S. at Calcutta. He visited Florence for the purpose of attending the Oriental Congress held here some days ago. We stayed at the Hotel de l'Europe, but did not find it so comfortable as we expected.

The next day (Friday) we had some sight-seeing in this "city of flowers and the flower of cities," beautifully situated in the valley of the Arno. In company with Mr. Long, we drove to the house which witnessed the birth of Michael Angelo, a name which shines with unrivalled lustre in the history of art. This building is now used as a museum, especially for the pictures, sculptures, and autographs of the celebrated artist. Then we visited the church of Santa Cruce, one of the principal churches here, and the marble statue of Dante, author of the immortal *Divina Comedia*. This figure was a marvellous expression of silent beauty and intelligence. We next saw the baptistry near the cathedral, with its bronze gates full of Scripture scenes . . .

We then took a long drive out of the city, and found it encircled by sloping hills, and studded with picturesque villas and fruitful vineyards and gardens. On a lovely spot, resembling the delta of the Arno, we noticed the bust of an Indian prince, and were attracted at once by the strange sight. On approaching it we found it was the tomb of Rajah Ram Chuttrapatti, Maharajah of Kolapoor. It was a fine tomb, with a bust in exact likeness, colour, and costume of the prince, railed all round. There was an inscription put on it in Italian, English, and Hindu, which

was as follows:—"This monument is for the memory of an Indian prince Rajah Ram Chuttrapatti, Maharajah of Kolapoor, who died in his 21st year, in Florence, 30th November, 1870, when he was on his return from England to his country of India." Thus died an Indian prince in a strange country, far away from his own, in the prime of life and zenith of glory, and his remains were burnt on this very spot, and the ashes carried to India, and were probably thrown into the sacred waters of the Ganges, from a superstitious notion that the spirit inhabiting the earth-tenement of which the ashes formed a part would be admitted into the bliss of *Kylasa*, the heaven of the Hindu god Siva. How true are the sentiments of a Hindu poet: "Youth is like a bubble on the water, wealth is like a wave of the sea, and the human body is like writing on the water!"

After dinner Mr. Long called, and we both strolled a little in the street and went to a coffee-house, where we saw a great many Florentines taking coffee or light Italian wines. Among the gentlemen present there was a Roman Catholic priest from Ireland, with whom I had a conversation on missionary subjects. He asserted that with comparatively small means the Propaganda of Rome had obtained large results in the missionary field, while England, with £5,000,000 devoted to missionary enterprise, could not point to fruit half so large. I replied that if the result was measured simply by quantity, his Church might take credit to itself; but if it were measured by quality, which was the best test of all, England had every reason to thank God and take courage. With this answer he did not seem satisfied. He could not, as the principle of his Church was to call that success which secured the greatest number of nominal professors without the least regard to moral worth and excellence.

W. T. SATTIANADHAN

### OUR HOME IN THE WILDERNESS.

Recollections of North Tinnevelly.

BY THE REV. R. R. MEADOWS.

#### CHAPTER III.



WILL now give some account of the moral condition of this physically uninviting locality.

A class of people, called Maravars, live in many of the villages of our neighbourhood. Under the strong hand of the English government they have been, as a body, compelled to give up their proper trade of robbery and plunder; and many of them have learned to be as peaceable as the rest of the inhabitants. But still their love of plunder remains. He would have been a bold man who would have ventured, before we came, to cross our plain after dark. The clump of tamarind trees was their place of meeting. From thence they would go to the house or village they intended to rob, by the light of torches; and "torch-light" robbers is the name they are known by. The head of this gang, a tall, fine-looking man, lives about a mile from our house. He has been more than once tried for murder, and the tradition of the neighbourhood makes him the murderer of thirteen persons. In his last trial he barely escaped with his life. He was, indeed, condemned to death; but he made an appeal to the High Court at Madras, and got off. I have seen him many times, and have preached the Gospel often and often to him. He has a suspicious, restless look about his eyes, which seems to show how much he dreads the approach of strangers.

Some of the villages are inhabited by a caste called Pallars. They are generally the cultivators, for the Brahmins, of their rice-fields. They were formerly their slaves. From time immemorial their women, in token of slavery, had not been allowed to cover the upper part of their person; and even now, from habit, they go about in the same way. My wife and I rode one day to one of their villages. They have often seen me, but they had never seen a lady. They came together in a great crowd. They really did not know whether my wife was a man or a woman. They thought that her hat was hair, and would not be persuaded till she took it off. Then she had to take off her glove to show her hand. They seemed too degraded to take in any idea beyond what was connected with their daily labour.

On our way back we were met by some of our school-girls

who observed our horses coming up. The contrast between the uncombed, stolid women we had just left and the clean, bright, intelligent faces of these happy Christian children was quite a sermon. They would have been in no better condition of mind or body if they had not had the advantages of Christian training. The worst of it is, that this very neatness and intelligence is sometimes mistaken. Mrs. Sathianadhan had, when her husband was stationed at Srivilliputtur, a few girls in her house. On Sundays they had to walk through the streets to the church, which was about half a mile off. Mr. Sathianadhan told me that the heathen thought they were being trained to become dancing-girls! Even now, in many villages, not a single person is able to read. The women purposely keep themselves uncombed lest they should be taken for the disreputable dancing women!

The children in the heathen schools cannot be said to be taught to tell lies: some few of the moral sentences in their books are in favour of truth. For instance—

“Do not speak deceitfully.”

“Although you die, do not tell a lie.”

“What will not stand of itself, need not be bolstered up by a lie.”

But practically they are being taught every day by the example of their schoolmasters, their neighbours, and their parents, to tell lies. No one believes that truth and honesty will answer better than lies and deceit. The labouring man's maxim is, “Thirty-two lies or an empty stomach.” The merchant deceives by his false balance, false measure, false weights, false statement of prices. A parent thinks his son clever if he can tell lies well.

The marriage tie seems as easily broken as is the string which is put round the neck of the bride, as an emblem of it. One of our servants had put away two wives and was married to a third. The relatives are called together, the purchase-money (for the wife is literally *bought* of her parents) is given back, a writing of divorce is drawn up, and the marriage is dissolved. I remember a painful example of this. A woman suffering from rheumatism came to me for medicine. She was between twenty-five and thirty. She had been sent back to her parents “because she was an invalid.” I said, “This is the very reason why her husband should love and cherish her.” I received for my answer the following: “What does he want this donkey for? Another donkey can easily be got.”

Compulsory widowhood is another evil we often witnessed. Once I was urging the relatives to give a widow a few of her jewels. They said, “It is against our custom. Besides, what is the use? What is she now? A log of wood—a lump of earth.”

The people are a prey to all kinds of foolish superstitions and fears. They have good and bad days for commencing a journey, and that which is a good day for travelling north is a bad day for going south, and so on. This superstition is not confined to the lower classes. All, high and low, religiously act it out. The Mohammedans are not better than the Hindus. The principal Mohammedan of the town, once hearing that I was going to start on a long journey, came to take leave of me. Before saying “salaam,” he took me aside, and tried to persuade me to start at twelve o'clock instead of three, for he feared the consequences of the unlucky hour.

They fear the evil eye exceedingly. A good crop of corn will perish if the eye of envy falls upon it; and consequently something must be put up in the field to arrest the attention. It usually is a red earthen pot, dotted with white, and put on a pole. I asked a man once why a crop, which promised so well, was beginning to fall off. He said, “Don't you see how near it is to the road? The passers-by have looked on it and coveted it, and it has begun to perish.” Two English ladies were once comparing their babies, and laughingly measured them round the waist, to the horror of the nurse of that child which happened to be the stoutest. She expected from that day forth to see the bonny child waste away.

## LETTERS TO MY PARISH FROM SANTALIA.

BY THE REV. W. T. STORRS.

### III.—Three Santal Divinity Students.

[*These three students are the men ordained by the Bishop of Calcutta on November 30th, as mentioned in our last.*]

TALJHARI, June 2nd, 1873.

HAVE thought of you so very much to-day, that, though I am very tired, I am going to try and write a short letter. I had the Holy Communion with the Hindi-speaking Christians at seven o'clock this morning, and gave them a long address; but I do not think they thought it was too long. At half-past nine I had Santali service, and again at three; and then at half-past four I mounted my horse and galloped into Rajmahal (eight miles) and had English service with the few English people who reside there; and I reached home about eight o'clock. It has been a very hot day, and the four services (I took them nearly altogether myself) and the long ride have left me as tired as every servant of God should be glad to feel himself on Sunday night. It is not often that any one will preach in three different languages in one day as I have done to-day; and it certainly is a little confusing, and not a little difficult to keep the Santali from coming into the Hindi, and the Hindi into the Santali, and them both into the English.

My daily work now is with my little ordination class. Four were to have read with me for Orders, but one, owing to the illness of his wife, has been unable to come, so I have only three; but two of the younger catechists join my class every morning, and this gives me five students. One of the three is the first Santal ever baptized in this district—Bhim; just fourteen years ago I received him into the Church. He was then about nineteen, so that now he must be thirty-three; but he looks still not more than twenty-five. He is a good type of a Santal, with broad features, but a very pleasant, cheerful face; not handsome, and yet no one would call him ugly, because of his agreeable smile. He has suffered very much in health the last few years, and I sometimes feel doubtful whether he will live long. He is a thoroughly earnest Christian, but sometimes a little timid in speaking; though when he does speak it is with a reality and outspokenness that carries all before him. He is very tender-hearted, and a cross word to him cuts him like a sword, so I have to be very gentle in the reproofs that I give. I do not think that he will ever be able to stand alone, but he will make a very wise and willing curate for any one who will lead him with a firm but gentle hand. He has made the mistake of marrying a Hindu Christian, instead of one of his own race, and I think this takes away a little from his influence among the heathen, as they are greatly against such inter-marriages. His youngest little girl is named Sarah, after some one in Horton; a dear little lively brown girl, and she is so fond of me that sometimes I can scarcely get rid of her.

Then comes William Sido, named after another Horton person; I baptized him too nearly fourteen years ago. He is a very fine character; so thoroughly straightforward, so decided, so uncompromising as regards everything that he thinks evil. He is slow in utterance, but most quick in thought, catching up a new idea at once, and making it his own directly. He has naturally an irritable temper, and once, under great provocation, did what few Santals would have dared to do—struck a European; but now he has his temper wonderfully in check, though at once, if he thinks he sees anything unfair or unreasonable, a dark cloud passes over his face. If God spares him he will make a most valuable minister. His wife was one of Mrs. Storrs' first school-girls, and is a pattern wife and mother; so modest, so industrious, so clean, and yet never absent from a service, though she has a baby at the breast.

Then comes Sham, naturally rather rough and uncouth, and not very clever—but he is a diamond in the rough. He too was one of my first pupils, and I was his pupil too, for he helped me very much in learning Santali. He is a powerful preacher, has such command of language, his way of putting things is so forcible and trenchant. I like to hear him preach; he spares no one, and I am sure if he thought I was doing wrong he would not hesitate to give me a rap in his sermons. He does not learn so quickly as the other two, but what he does learn he digests and turns it all to use; he has a capital voice, and an authoritative manner, and these are qualifications not to be despised. His wife used to be a very ignorant and awkward girl, and his eldest daughter, who rejoices in the name of Manki (pronounced very nearly like monkey, but meaning attractive), was really scarcely human in her ugliness and impish mischievousness. But they have both so wonderfully improved; the wife now has become a very pleasant, quiet, and self-possessed matron, and the girl promises to make a good wife for some young Santal teacher.

With these three I spend a great deal of my time, and I hope they will do a work in the Santal Church which may last when I have ceased to work, and know some of the secrets and the glories of that heavenly home, to which may the Lord bring both you and me!



## INSIDE AN UMRITSUR ZENANA.

 HE question was once asked of a lady who said she was "a zenana missionary," *Where is Zenana?* We hope all the readers of the GLEANER understand that the word means, not a country or a town, but the women's apartments in the houses of the upper classes in India. In the picture on the opposite page we get a glimpse of a zenana in Umrtsur. The women's apartments form the upper story, to which access is obtained by a staircase from the court-yard, around which the more public rooms are built. Our picture shows one of the ladies sent out by the Indian Female Instruction Society to work with the C.M.S. Mission reading the Bible to the women. Mrs. Elmslie has kindly sent us the following notes on this picture:—

The *chikis*, or cane blinds, are tied up that those who are within may hear and see all that passes in the verandah. As the luxury of a chair is unknown in such a house, a charpey, or bed, is drawn out and spread with a sheet that the missionary lady may sit down, the hookah is placed within reach, a *surahi* of water is also at hand, and the pupils seat themselves on little straw mats round their teacher. One of the women occupies herself with her spinning-wheel, while another plaits her sister's hair, and the boys regale themselves with sugar-cane, all listening in a way to the lesson which the lady reads from the "Injeel," i.e., New Testament. She tries to impress the story and its precious moral on the minds of her little audience, but that is not an easy task where the mind has long lain fallow. When she pauses in hope of hearing some appreciative remark, very generally the words which burst from one and another are merely some inquisitive question about herself or our English customs: "Why don't you wear jewels like us, Mem Sahib?" or, "Is it true that you Christians are baptized with the blood of swine?" or, "We never leave our families as you have done: why do you come so far to see us? is it for honour or money?" Very patiently we must work on, content to sow here a little and there a little, not letting ourselves be cast down if at first the seed seems to find only the wayside or stony ground.

It was in just such a home as this that I first met Begum S., a widow lady, whose sons had for some time attended the mission school at Lodianna. News had reached her of the baptism of her eldest son, and she was mourning over it as if he were dead. "Ah," she said, "would God he had died rather than have brought this shame and disgrace on his father's name and family!" A. D. was kind and forbearing towards his mother. We were asked to visit and teach her, and she received us willingly. Slowly but surely the light dawned on her heart, and when her second son also came to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus she did not mourn, but rather rejoiced. She came, clad in her long *boorka*, or veil, to his baptism, and said to him afterwards, "My son, this is the most blessed day of your life." Next day I made some remark about the amulet which she wore, and asked if she still believed that the prayer to Mohammed which was graven on it would be answered by him. She said, "Ah, Mem Sahib, I have worn that charm thirty years, and should certainly become ill if I discarded it now"; but a few days later she slipped it off her neck and laid it on my lap, saying, "Now I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and I know He is able to keep me through time and eternity, so I shall not wear this prayer to Mohammed Sahib any longer." A few weeks after that we had the joy of seeing her baptized along with her young daughter; and although she was not long spared to serve the Lord on earth, I believe she is now among the rejoicing ones who praise Him day and night in His temple.

## THE LATE GENERAL LAKE.



EARLY two years have passed away since the mortal remains of EDWARD LAKE, Major-General, R.E., C.S.I., formerly Financial Commissioner of the Punjab, and for six years Honorary Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, were laid in the quiet churchyard of Long Ashton, near Bristol. His noble character and bright example ought before this to have been noticed in the GLEANER, in the establishment of which he took so much interest; yet the present is a most appropriate time for his portrait to appear, when the new edition of the CHURCH MISSIONARY ATLAS, which was planned and much of it prepared by him, has just issued from the press.

General Lake was born at Madras in 1823. Among his

ancestors was the Edward Lake who fought so gallantly at the Battle of Edgehill—grasping his horse's bridle with his teeth when his left arm was shot through—that King Charles conferred on him a baronetcy, with the privilege of wearing on his coat-of-arms one of the royal lions of England, with sixteen points, emblematic of the sixteen wounds he had received in his sovereign's service. The Edward Lake of our own day was left an orphan at the age of six, his parents being lost at sea, with four of their children, on their voyage home from India, where his father had served with some distinction in the Madras Army. After being educated for the Royal Engineers at Addiscombe and Chatham, he sailed for India at the age of nineteen, and was stationed at Delhi, where he was soon noticed by Henry and John Lawrence, and other distinguished officers.

In the Sikh wars of 1845-6 and 1848-9 he was actively engaged. When the first war broke out suddenly, and every officer was ordered instantly to the front, he rode forty miles to join the army at the Battle of Moodkee, and was in time to take part in the famous cavalry charge which decided the day. He was severely wounded in the hand in a desperate encounter with a Sikh, and, his horse being killed under him, he only escaped by running at the stirrup of a dragoon for more

than a mile. Almost all the staff were killed or wounded, and Lieutenant Lake and Mr. R. Cust (now a member of the C.M.S. Committee) made a coffin for their immediate superior with their own hands out of the wood of packing-cases. When the second war began, Lake was appointed to the virtual command of an auxiliary Native force supplied by the Nawab of Bahawulpore, on account, wrote John (now Lord) Lawrence, who was at the head of affairs, of his "great knowledge of the natives, and peculiar tact in managing them and gaining their regard." In the operations that followed, he co-operated with Lieutenant (afterwards Sir Herbert) Edwardes, and after two successful battles, they both received the special thanks of the Governor-General for the "gallantry, energy, determination, and skill"



*James W. A. M.  
Edward Lake*

they had displayed. At the siege of Multan, Lake was wounded in the thigh. He was present also at the decisive victory of Goojerat, and pursued the Afghan allies of the Sikhs to the mouth of the Khyber Pass.

Between these two wars, and after the final conquest of the Punjab, Lake was employed in the civil administration of the district of Kangra (see a picture in the GLEANER of Jan., 1875). "To rule over a district," writes an old comrade of his, "giving justice to the people, righting the oppressed, improving the face of the country, digging wells, planting trees, bringing roads through the desolate places—such was the field to which he devoted himself for twenty years, and on which he equally bestowed all the energies of his ardent and generous nature." About 1854, the great and blessed change took place which raised the chivalrous and high-minded officer to a yet higher level as a good soldier of Jesus Christ; and from that time his influence as the recognised head of society in the district under his government was exerted with fearless devotion in the cause of his Heavenly Master. Especially after his marriage, in 1861, his house at the hill-station of Dharamsala became the centre, not only of generous courtesy and hospitality, but of Christian life and energy. "Not a few," writes one who knew it, "who came within the influence of that happy Christian home had afterwards reason to bless God for the change it had brought about in all their views and feelings about Divine things: the effect of such a life was almost irresistible." In Bible-readings, addresses to soldiers in hospital, active support of missionary work, Major Lake's efforts were untiring. When the great crisis of our Indian Empire arose in 1857, his energetic measures at Kangra saved the station; and throughout the Mutiny, wrote Sir Robert Montgomery, "Lake, with his calmness and thoughtfulness and resource, was a tower of strength to us, ever ready to act, and thoroughly reliable."

In 1866 he became Financial Commissioner of the Punjab—the second post in the province—and was made a Companion of the Star of India; but his official career was speedily ended by the failure of health of both himself and his wife, and their enforced return to England; and shortly afterwards he formally retired from the service with the rank of Major-General. Lord Lawrence says that, had his health allowed of his remaining in India, "he might have become Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and," he adds, "I would have rejoiced to have seen him in that post. . . . He was beloved and esteemed by all with whom he came in contact. . . . Whether Mohammedans or Hindus, Sikhs or Pathans, 'Lake Sahib' was the man who identified himself with the feelings of all the Native population."

His strength soon returned in our cooler climate, and he at once threw himself energetically into Christian labours of different kinds. In 1870 he became an Honorary Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, and for the next six years devoted time, labour, and thought, without stint, to the administration of its affairs. He took especial charge of the North India and Palestine Missions, and the Persia Mission was adopted under his auspices; but he mastered the details of the work in all parts of the world, and for three years he edited the *Church Missionary Record*. He also brought out the 1873 edition of the *C.M. Atlas*, and devoted the last months of his life to the preparation of the enlarged edition now just published. "He loved the Society," writes one of his colleagues, "because the principles on which it was founded were those on which he himself rested for time and eternity; he loved its work, because the object was that on which his own heart was set—the advancement of his Redeemer's kingdom; he loved its missionaries, for he had seen and known them in the field, and found them devoted to his Master and theirs."—"No one," adds the same friend, "could be associated with him without being impressed with his broad statesmanlike views, his indefatigable industry, his tender con-

sideration for the feelings of others, and above all, his human spirit towards God."

His humble spirit towards God—yes, humble it was indeed. On his dying bed perfect peace reigned within him; when asked by a friend how he was, he said, "Getting lower and lower, higher and higher in Christ"; and yet his one only plea that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," these words he desired should be inscribed upon his tombstone. He passed away, on June 7th, 1877, with a smile upon his face and the word "JESUS!" on his lips.

[The above particulars are chiefly gathered from a most interesting little book entitled "In Memoriam—Edward Lake," written by the John Barton and General MacLagan, and published by Hatchards.]

### A ROYAL BAPTISM AT LAGOS.

[This letter appears in the *African Times*, from a Lagos Correspondent.]



LAGOS, September 19, 1877.

N view of your continued efforts in the cause of Africa, right you should know of the progress made here through Protestant missionary teaching. The Native Pastorate Church, a fruit of the labours of the Church Missionary Society, is making progress—slowly, it may be, yet surely.

Ebute Ero Church, the first church of the Native Pastorate, under Rev. William Morgan, Native pastor, is composed entirely of the Native of Lagos, &c., as members, and its services are all in the Native language. The principal member at one time was Chief Ogubiyi; gradually others came in, and among these lately King Tiwo, of Isheri, who resided in Lagos. He is a great friend of Chief Jacob Ogubiyi (who was converted by the Rev. James White, Native missionary) and Ebute Ero, whose idols were sent by this missionary to Salisbury Square, London, and according to Native custom, Tiwo used to go early in the morning to see him. Ogubiyi attended morning prayers at Ebute Ero; usually remained until his return, but on several occasions waited him at the entrance of the church, and thus heard some of Mr. Morgan's exhortation, which took root in his mind. Finally, he went with Ogubiyi to church, and after some two or three years, he became impressed and resolved to embrace the religion of Jesus Christ. He was placed on the list as a candidate for baptism; and on Sunday, the 8th instant, at the morning service, the following interesting scene was witnessed.

Ebute Ero Church was not only crowded within, but the church premises were densely thronged. Among the crowd were several heathens and Mohammedans who came to witness the ceremony. After the prayers the choir was singing a special hymn, when the Rev. William Morgan entered the communion rail, and King Tiwo came forward suitably attired, and stood in front of the communion rail, with Mr. Registrar Payne as proctor, and the Rev. J. A. Maser and Mrs. M. Raban as sponsors. Mr. Morgan then read the Baptismal Service, such as are of Riper Years, &c.; and it gladdened the hearts of all to hear Tiwo's responses, and Chief Ogubiyi, Chiefs Ashogbon, and P. Attin, son of the late King Adele of Lagos, and Oso, Oduntan, Esigbemi, with such influential Mohammedan priests as Brimah, Apa, Bada alias Arch Kakanfo, and others joining in the "Amin." After answering the usual questions, Tiwo knelt down. It was a solemn, impressive scene, and instructive to all, including our brethren heathens and Mohammedans, when Mr. Morgan, in the native tongue, said, "Name this person," and Mr. Maser gave the name, "Daniel Conrad Tiwo," and he was baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity. When the water was poured upon his head and the sign of the cross made upon his forehead, the heathens outside looking on, exclaimed Yoruba, "Olorun" (i.e., God), and the Mohammedans, "Allah (i.e., God) is great." The sermon was preached by Mr. Morgan.

Mrs. Raban became sponsor because, about ten years ago, when she was preparing to visit his town Isheri, he went to see some relatives of his, who were then staying at this woman's house, Olowogbowa, Lagos; and Raban said, "Are you the gentleman people call Tiwo Olowo? (Tiwo the rich.) He said, "Yes." She told him that she dreamt one night she saw Tiwo baptized in a church with the name of "Daniel." He laughed at her, and said, "Nonsense! that is the fashion of you Christian people." She replied, "You may laugh now, but I hope to see you here again." Nearly ten years had rolled away, and it had pleased God to spare old lady's life to witness it. She is a Sierra Leone emigrant, a member of Saint Paul's Church, Breadfruit Station. On asking her if she had become one of his sponsors, she said, "Thanks be to God!" and that was quite willing to be so; and at church, on the occasion, she was greatly affected at the realisation of her dream. She is a poor Christian woman.

Two soon gave evidence of his change of heart by obeying the command of Christ.

command, "Freely ye have received, freely give." He knew that as Christians we are bound to do it by the examples of believers, both in the Jewish and Christian Churches. Besides other contributions, he freely gave £100 to the Ebute Ero Church Fund, and £25 to the building of the Parsonage House, and it was announced at the Bible meeting on the 9th instant that he gave £2 2s. as a thank-offering. On hearing of his admission to the visible Church of Christ by baptism, his subjects and friends from Isheri, Otta, and districts about Lagos came to see him, and he told them of the blessings of God; and on Sunday, the 15th instant, no less than 560 persons, male and female, including heathens and Mohammedans, went with him to church "and offered thanksgivings for late mercies vouchsafed unto him." It is said that King Docemo and his remaining chiefs were much moved by this event, and favourable remarks were made at a private interview between him and his chiefs at his residence.

### DAVID FENN—IN MEMORIAM.

ONCE more the Holy City's pearly portals  
Have opened wide to let a pilgrim in;  
Another of the Master's ransomed children  
Is called away from this sad world of sin.  
"Go, call the labourers"—thus the Master's summons  
Has sounded through the ages day by day;  
And thus from midst of toil, to rest unending,  
The weary workers gladly hasten away.  
The Master's mandate—Oh! so sweet and tender—  
"Gather My saints together unto Me,"  
Was swiftly answered, and the Angel Reaper  
Gathered the sheaf for Immortality.  
A moment's anguish; then the Light Eternal  
Burst on his wondering gaze—so passing bright!  
Out of Earth's darkness, with his pale lamp burning,  
He entered into God's own "marvellous Light."  
"He shall receive me"—this the glad assurance  
That stayed the passing soul in Death's dark vale;  
He feared "no evil," for the Lord was with him,  
And His Almighty Strength would never fail.  
The King's own seal upon that pale brow resteth,  
As here we lay him in his narrow bed;  
While there the cross of age is left behind him,  
A "weight of glory" laid on him instead.  
Softly we name his name, as if its mention  
Brought us to holy ground, where Angels veil  
Their faces, and cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy":  
And e'en their Light must at that Glory pale.  
Yet got they not the land in their possession;  
Their feeble strength could not the Jordan stem;  
But THY right hand, and THY right arm Almighty,  
"Because Thou hadst a favour unto them."

A. T.

### ANSWERING THREE QUESTIONS BY A CLOD.

A Hindu Story.

COMMUNICATED BY THE REV. C. B. LEUPOLT.

In the North-West Provinces of India there lived a Faqir, or Dervesh, who was never guilty of using his tongue too freely in conversation. If a nod or sign would do, he would spare his words. He was considered a quiet, inoffensive, but shrewd man. He went by the name of "the holy Dervesh."

In the same place there lived a rich native gentleman, good-natured, but given now and then to frolics. Having one day partaken, in company with a few of his friends, of a comfortable dinner, and not spared some delicious sherbert, the whole company became rather exhilarated. The composition of the sherbert was not examined into, but being all good Mohammedans, it would of course not contain any spirits, seeing that these were forbidden by the Koran.

Whilst they were all merry, and in an unusual good humour, the gentleman proposed to his friends to go together and pay the holy Dervesh a visit. "I wish," the gentleman said, "to puzzle him with three questions which he will never be able to answer." The company set out together for the Dervesh's hut, and found the holy man sitting near it in a newly-ploughed field.

The Mohammedan gentleman walked up to him, and with great mock humility said unto him, "Holy father, I am troubled with three questions, will you kindly answer them to me?" The Dervesh gave an affirmative nod.

The gentleman began: "The first question, holy father, is about God. People say that there is a God; but I cannot see Him, and no one can show Him to me, and therefore I cannot believe that there is a God. Will you answer this question?" A nod was the answer of the Dervesh.

"My second question," the gentleman continued, "is about Satan. The Koran says that Satan is created of fire. Now if Satan be created of fire, how can hell-fire hurt him? Will you explain that too?" A nod.

"The third question refers to myself. It is said in the Koran that every action of man is decreed; now if it be decreed that I must commit a certain action, how can God bring me into judgment for that action, Himself having decreed it? Please, holy father, answer me."

A nod was given by the Dervesh, and whilst the party were standing and gazing at him, he quietly seized a clod from the newly-ploughed field, and sent it with all his might at the gentleman's face. The gentleman became furious, and had the Dervesh carried before the judge.

Arriving in court the gentleman stated his complaint, saying the pain in his head was so severe that he hardly knew how to bear it.

The judge looked at the Dervesh, and asked, whether these things were so? A nod was the reply; but the judge said, "Please explain yourself, for nods will not do in my court."

The Dervesh replied, "This gentleman came to me with his companions, and asked three questions, which I carefully answered."

"He did no such thing," the gentleman exclaimed; "a clod of earth he threw into my face—and oh, how it pains me!"

The judge looked at the Dervesh, and said, "Explain yourself."

"I will," was the answer. "Please your honour, this gentleman said to me that people maintained that there was a God, but he could not see Him, nor could any one show him God, and therefore he could not believe that there was a God. Now he says he has pain in his face from the clod I threw at him, but I cannot see his pain. Will your honour kindly ask him to show us his pain, for how can I believe that he has any if I cannot see it?"

The judge looked at the gentleman, and both smiled.

"Again, this gentleman asked, that if Satan was created of fire, how could hell-fire hurt him? Now, the gentleman will admit that Father Adam was created of earth, and that himself also is earth. Now, if he be earth, how could a clod of earth hurt him?"

The judge looked again at the gentleman, and smiled.

And as to the third question, the Dervesh drew himself up and said with great dignity, "Sir, if it be written in my fate to throw a clod at this gentleman's face, how can and dare he bring me before the judge?"

The judge allowed that the Dervesh had answered the three questions with his clod, but admonished him to answer questions in future in a more becoming way, as he might not be able to let him off so easily another time.

### A DAY WITH CHRISTIAN CHILDREN AT AGRA.

BY THE REV. J. A. LLOYD.



ILL you come and spend a day with the children in the Native Christian Girls' Boarding School in Agra? It is the hot weather, so you must get up at four o'clock. First we go out for half-an-hour's walk. It is the only cool time of day. It is a very quiet walk, for the hot weather takes every one's energy away. Then we come back and have *choti hazari*, or "little breakfast," at 5.30 A.M. This consists of milk and rice, or milk and *daliya* (a kind of oatmeal). Then we go into school until 10.30 A.M. At eleven o'clock, the children have breakfast, consisting of *daliya* (a kind of porridge), and *chapati* (a thin cake of unleavened bread), with the matron. She is a stout, good-humoured Native Christian woman, and is quite an institution. You could hardly imagine the school without Kitty ki Ma (Kitty's mother), as she is called, after her child, according to Native fashion. From twelve till two o'clock they lie down and sleep, and then take their bath. From two till three o'clock is the silent hour, when they learn their lessons for the next day. From three till five o'clock they do needlework, and at five o'clock they have dinner.

You know we always encourage the Christians to keep to their own mode of living and dress, which are much more suited to the country than our customs. Till lately they all sat on the ground and ate out of their *bartans* (a basin or plate) with their fingers; but owing to the express wish of the parents, they now sit round a table on benches, and eat with spoons. I think no one can object to their adopting this more cleanly habit,

though we should be very sorry to see their cool, pretty native costume exchanged for an English dress.

You know by far the most healthy way of living in this country is to take much less meat than people do in England, and to eat more fruit, vegetables, and grain. So these children get meat three times a week for their dinner, and vegetables on the other days. The meat and vegetables are always curried, and with them they eat either rice or chapatis. The cook-house is a very old one, and often while the food was being prepared, a scorpion would drop from the ceiling and get cooked too. The girls used to protest a little against this addition to their dinner, and no wonder. Now the roof has been repaired, and they hope by-and-bye to get a new cook-house.

After dinner is their play time. One of their favourite amusements when by themselves is to play at "school." They carefully sweep the compound in front of the school-house, bring stones to sit upon, and with the greatest gravity arrange their classes. Miss Eyre, and also Miss Woods when she was with them, taught them many games to play, and when Miss Eyre joins the game they enter with great spirit into blind man's buff, thread the needle, hen and chickens, &c., &c.; but I am sorry to say that unless their teacher joins them they often only sit down quietly on the school steps and chat, instead of getting healthy exercise. If you go and sit there too they will ask for and listen with eager attention to a story. At seven or half-past seven o'clock they have prayers, and then the little ones go to bed. The older ones sit up till nine or half-past nine o'clock. At night their beds are taken out into the compound to sleep on, that it may be a little cooler for them.

But I must tell you something about the children themselves. Whom shall I begin with? Little quiet Emilia, whose parents are dead, and who is nearly blind? Or little Jemmy, seven years old, but so small for his age, who was one of the first three pupils? He was thin and miserable when he came, but is now quite plump, and always meets you with a beaming smile. He and his little sister are orphans: their father was a teacher in St. John's College. There is Bessie with her roguish face, always up to mischief; and Sarah among the very little ones, such a fat little body, and a perfect chatterbox, though she is so solid-looking. The girls have christened her Matka, which is the name for a kind of earthenware vessel to hold water. I suppose her round appearance suggested the name. Then there is Annie, one of the big girls, with a bright intelligent face. She is married now, and teaches in the school as monitor. I think I will tell you about the two Jäukis and little Gyaju.

Little Jäuki has been two years in the school. When she was first brought it was not thought she could live, she was always having fever. Now she is a healthy-looking little girl. Her father is a Hindu. She is the only child in the school who is a heathen; but her father allows her to be taught in every way like the other children. She is about four years old and is

everyone's pet—a little quiet thing with big black eyes. Her mother is dead and her father is very fond of her, and comes often to see her, bringing her sweetmeats. He has lately married again, and the other day brought his wife to see Jäuki. big Jäuki is about twelve years old. She was picked up in the streets alone by the servant of a friend, and a wild little obnoxious girl she was to look upon. Both parents were dead, and she lived by begging. The first operation was for the ayah to give her a bath; then the scissors were taken in hand, and her matted hair was cut off. Before the *darzi* (tailor) had made clothes for her she was wrapped in a sheet until a dress was hastily made for her. She had one or two coins with her, amounting in value to about one penny. These she made over to the ayah in return for her bathing her. The ayah, however, would not take them, but she insisted upon leaving them on the table for her, saying, "Now I shall have food given me I shall not want them." This is a merry little thing, and soon made herself at home.

would have been sent to the Cundra Orphanage, where they take children free, but the lady feeling interested in her wished to adopt her, and paid her fees at the school.

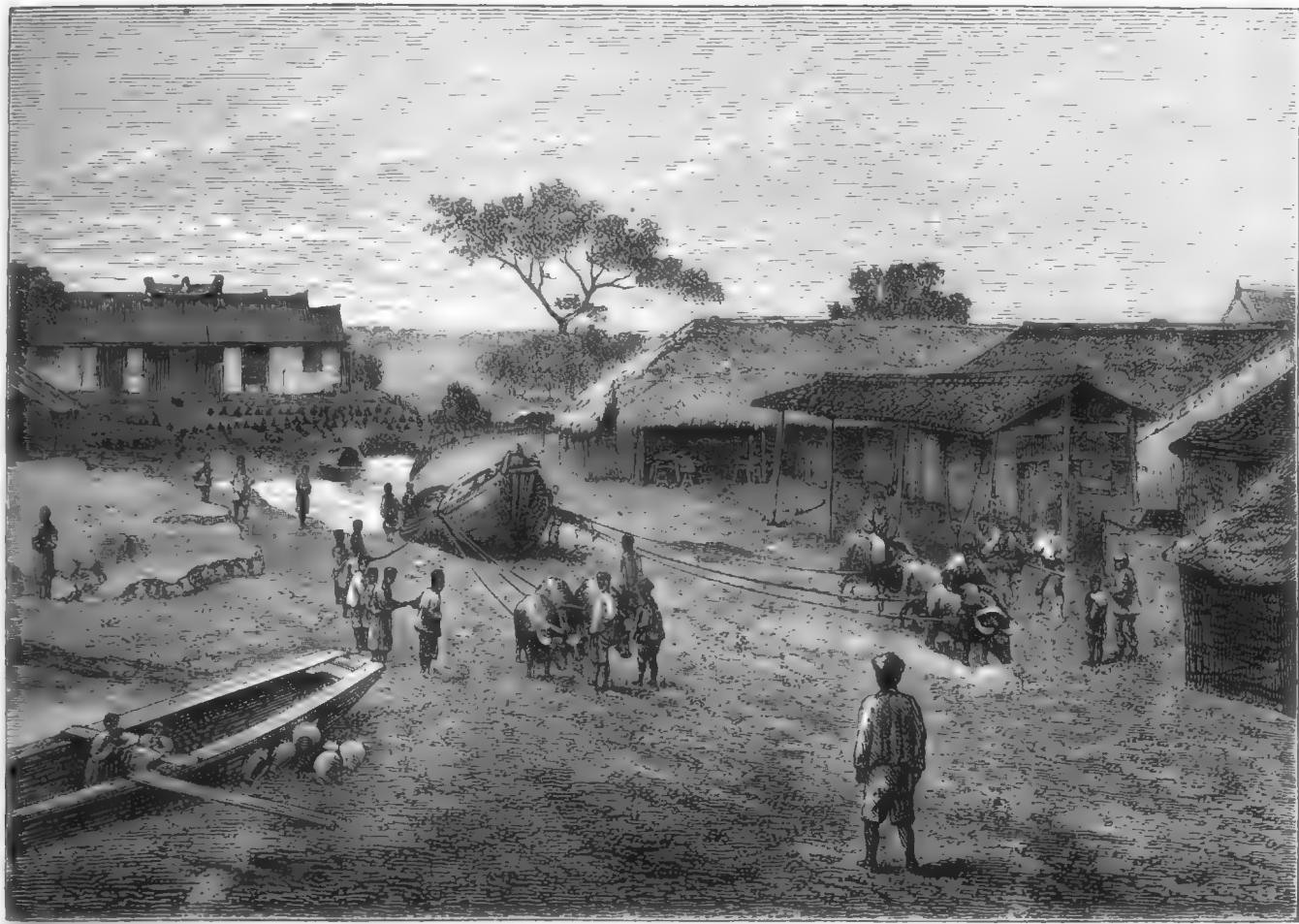
One of the last new-comers is Gyaju, a little body of three or four years old—a waif from famine. She was found lying in an archway by some of the girls belonging to Miss Ellwanger's Hindu school. She was nearly naked, and up to her neck in dust and rubbish. She said her mother had put her there, giving her a kick in the back, and said, "I have no more food to give you." By her way of living she must be of a tolerable good caste. She also soon got a home, and shows sometimes that she has a regular little home of her own. She did not seem very starved when she came, and it is supposed that her own mother is dead, and that her stepmother, not wishing to be burdened with her in these times of high prices, put her where she was likely to be found. A lady also pays the fees for Gyaju.



LITTLE JÄUKI. JEMMY. BIG JÄUKI.  
MATKA. GYAJU.  
CHILDREN IN THE AGRA CHRISTIAN GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL.

The children all pay fees for coming, the highest of which is five rupees a month. Before the high prices of food the school was nearly self-supporting; now, however, extraneous help is needed. During the last year and a half this school has increased from nine boarders to thirty, and though the building has been enlarged lately, yet it is quite full now. If it goes on increasing at this rate, more rooms will be needed in the school-house, and for this purpose funds are needed. Would it not be a pity to have a work like this cramped for want of funds? Dear friends, if you have the means to give, and God inclines your hearts to do so, remember there is no more important work than the training the young, and that it must influence greatly the future of India. We would ask all, whether they are able to give, not to remember us in their prayers.

I send a photograph of five of the children, as I think you might like to see them—Big and Little Jäuki, Jemmy, "Matka," and Gyaju.



A PA ON THE TSAOU-NGO RIVER, PROVINCE OF CHE-KIANG, CHINA.

## MORE ABOUT GREAT VALLEY.

UR readers will not have forgotten Mr. Arthur Moule's interesting letters about the "Great Valley" district, in the province of Che-Kiang, in the GLEANER of March and June last year, and they will be glad to have further news of the work there. The Rev. G. E. Moule sends us some extracts from a private letter of his brother's, from which we take the following:—\*

On Monday, October 14th, I started on a visit to Great Valley, and the other places in the Chuki district where there are Christians and inquirers. Matthew Tai and James Chow, the latter now studying with me, were my companions. . . . Luke Chow and an inquirer met us at Maple Bridge, and we started at once for *Wang-do-fan*, the village where, last February, the constable beat the Christians whilst at prayers with his heavy tobacco pipe. The leader of this little Christian band, who afterwards interceded for the constable when he was sentenced to be flogged, met us also, and helped carry our things.

I was much interested by falling in with five persons in a short time, returning from the fair, who were either Christians or inquirers, and not afraid to avow themselves such. Luke presently pointed out a small village, saying, "There, too, are seven Christians, a whole family who

\* On his journey from Hang-chow to Great Valley, Mr. Arthur Moule ascended the Ts'ien-t'ang River. Our engraving above is from a photograph of a *Pa*, or portage, connecting the canals of the Shao-hing plain with the River Tsao-ngo, which falls into Hang-chow Bay, south-east of that river. Chinese canals have no locks. When a boat has to pass from one level to another—e.g., from a canal to a river—it is usually hauled with capstans, or by buffaloes, over part of the bank, sloped for the purpose by masonry or earthwork, and covered with moistened and slippery clay. The hawsers, of bamboo split and twisted, are fastened either round the stern of the boat, or to a strong beam crossing it near the prow.

have given up their idols and worship the true God, and wish to be baptized."

It was now dark, and the question was where to pass the night, so as to economise my short time. Luke had mentioned a village named *Sz-kia-wu*, where several persons were wishing for baptism. I now asked him whether it was possible to spend a night at this village. "O yes," he said, "an excellent plan." So we all had our evening meal; and after arranging for the more decent fitting up of the chapel, and the collection of church money at *Wang-do-fan*, we started at half-past seven. We had seven miles to travel, in pitch-darkness, by a lonely hill road. I suggested to Luke that it would be awkward if we arrived at midnight, and found every one in bed. "Never fear," said he, "they are Christians, and will let us in at any hour." When we drew near the village, Luke ran forward, and presently appeared flaming torches carried by three of the candidates, who came running out to meet us. "Hail, sir!" they said, and so we passed in. We met here Levi, a Christian from Great Valley, a voluntary and very zealous unpaid agent, who spreads the Gospel as he goes amongst the hills on business. To him, under God, the movement at *Sz-kia-wu* is chiefly to be ascribed. Luke presently said to me, "By the mercy of God I found them all reading the Bible when I knocked and went in."

It was now past ten. I felt very poorly, but tea revived me; and, as I had much to get through on the morrow, I resolved to examine the men at once, and the women as early as possible in the morning. I was busy thus till past midnight. Some of the candidates had learnt the whole Catechism. All could say the Creed, Lord's Prayer, and Ten Commandments, besides the General Confession, a short form of daily prayer, and a rhymed grace before meals. They expressed their personal faith and hope and love very clearly. It was indeed a moving sound to hear again and again from these people, far in the heart of these beautiful hills, the sweet words, "our Saviour Jesus."

At last I went to bed, but not to sleep, headache and the mosquitoes keeping me awake. At five Luke called me. "It is getting light, sir. Will you rise?" So I rose and had breakfast; and then the women,

seven in number, came for examination. Four, the wives of four of the candidates, were well-instructed and satisfactory. Two were not so intelligent; and I decided to defer their baptism. But at Matthew and Luke's earnest request, I afterwards admitted one of them,—the other, as I was told, weeping much at being shut out for a time. [Number 7 is not accounted for in the hurry of my brother's unstudied letter.—G. E. M.]

As I was getting ready the door opened, and an old man stood there smiling. "What is your honourable age, grandfather?" said I. "Eighty-eight," he replied. His eyes and hearing were wonderfully good. He is the family patriarch of the Christians, and himself "not far from the Kingdom of God," as I trust, but still unable to give up his favourite idol. I held service at nine o'clock. Eighteen persons, including children, were baptized, the same number as at Great Valley a year ago.

We reached Great Valley soon after noon, passing a village in which five new Christians live. (There are now about twelve villages in the Chuki district in which Christians or inquirers are found.) I found, almost to my dismay, the Great Valley chapel nearly full of inquirers, and with Matthew's help I spent about two hours in examining them. At three o'clock twenty-one men, women, and children were baptized. I then administered the Lord's Supper to twenty-two Christians who had been confirmed in May. The offertory collections here and at Wang-do-fan together amounted to about 1,000 copper coins, value four shillings. . . .

We got back to Hang-chow in good time on Friday. The new converts were so much upon my mind that I determined to hurry down all our available forces to follow up the work. . . . Yesterday, Matthew and his wife May, with their son John, and Stephen Dzing's son Kyidoh, started for the district, hoping to spend three or four days each at about six chief centres, cheering the people, giving the women a start in learning to read the Hang-chow dialect printed in Roman type, and working amongst the heathen as they can. We are praying much for them. There are many causes for anxiety. But I desire and strive to "roll" their burdens on the Lord.

### WORK AT COTTA.

**C**OTTA is a C.M.S. station in Ceylon, six miles from Colombo, the capital. Pictures of Cotta, and accounts of the Mission, have appeared in the *GLEANER* of Feb. and July, 1875; May, Sept., and Nov., 1876; Sept., 1877; and July, 1878. The following is from the Rev. R. T. Dowbiggin's Annual Letter just received:—

The total number of schools under my management is forty-nine; of which forty-five are in the Cotta district, and four are in Colombo. The total number of scholars in all classes of schools is 2,502, and are distributed over an area of some 250 square miles.

Seven young people from our schools received baptism last year. I am glad to say that there are a good many inquirers and candidates for baptism. Of the latter there are twenty-four in the boys' English school, and three or four in the girls' boarding-school. One young lad of about thirteen or fourteen appears to have made up his mind to become a Christian, and is a candidate for baptism. On one occasion his Buddhist friends and relations endeavoured to persuade, if they did not actually use force to compel, him to go to the temple and make offerings to the image of Buddha; but all in vain. The youth firmly resisted, and has continued steadfastly to express his earnest wish to be a Christian.

Some of the embroidery sent from Ceylon to the Paris Exhibition was made in our girls' schools.

During the Christmas holidays I went to a church for service, about ninety miles from Cotta, and there I found three of our boarding-school girls leading the singing, and one of them playing the harmonium, to the evident delight of the congregation. Our hope is that, in course of time, the influence of the boarding-school in this, as well as in other respects, will be felt all through the Mission. A brother of one of the girls writes of his sister, "She is a pearl in our family, owing to her education and training in the girls' boarding-school."

It has been very interesting to us to watch the gradual changes for good in the character and disposition of the girls. In some it has been most marked, and we cannot help feeling that such improvement is owing to the blessed influences of God's Holy Spirit. During the past year, two young women who had been in the schools, and married after leaving, have died rejoicing in the assurance of everlasting life.

At Liyanwela I have established an early morning prayer-meeting at six a.m. I found that there was a great difficulty in finding a time and place in their own houses for morning devotions, and so we have opened this early service for reading of God's Word and prayer.

One of our Christians was suffering from dysentery, and, though unable to read, took his wife's Testament and Prayer-book, put them on his breast, and declared his faith in, and love for, the Lord Jesus Christ.

There has been good work done in Colombo, in the streets, gaols, hospitals, and at the police-courts, where we have preached to thousands of people during the year.

### EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

It is hoped that arrangements may ere long be made for the appointment of Missionary Bishops for Travancore, Japan, and the C.M.S. Missions in East Africa.

The Bishop of British Columbia, acting on the resolution of Diocesan Synod, is taking steps for the division of his Diocese into two dioceses, the northernmost of which will embrace the greater part of C.M.S. North Pacific Mission.

A project has been set on foot by the African Exploration Committee of the Royal Geographical Society for constructing a line of telegraphs from the north to the south of Africa, thus putting the Victoria Nyasaland, Unyanyembe, Ujiji, Mpwapwa, Zanzibar, Lake Nyassa, and Cape Colony in direct telegraphic communication with London. The length to be constructed, in order to unite the lines now working in Egypt and Cape Colony, would be 4,000 miles. The scheme could be carried out, it is believed, without serious difficulty, and at moderate expense.

Mr. W. E. Taylor, of Hertford College, Oxford, has offered himself to the Society for missionary work in Africa, and has been accepted.

Mr. G. H. Pole, of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, who was three years in Japan as an engineer, and knows the C.M.S. Mission there well, has offered himself to the Society with a view to joining the Mission after his ordination, and has been thankfully accepted by Committee.

On December 22nd the Rev. H. Williams, of the Krishnagur Mission, was admitted to priest's orders by the Bishop of Calcutta; also the Rev. Jani Alli, on the same day, by the Bishop of Bombay.

We much regret to say that another agent of the Nyanza Mission has fallen. Mr. Penrose, who was engaged as an engine-fitter, was following Messrs. Stokes and Copplestone with a separate caravan from Mpwapwa towards the Lake, when, on December 18th, he was attacked by Runga-robbers, he and some of his men killed, and the goods plundered. Messrs. Stokes and Copplestone at Uyui, and Dr. Baxter and Mr. L. Mpwapwa, were well.

The Rev. F. Bellamy is about to return to Palestine to take charge of the work in the Hauran (the ancient Bashan), where a promising field is open among the Druzes and Arabs.

Another missionary for the North Pacific being urgently needed to reside permanently in Queen Charlotte's Islands, Mr. G. Sleath, of the Nyanza Mission, who returned invalided from Zanzibar, has been appointed to that post.

A memorial to the late Rev. David Fenn is proposed in Madras to take the form of a hostel or home for young Native Christians, who can come from all parts of South India to study at the Madras University. A sum of £2,000 is required.

We regret to hear that the excellent Native clergyman at Aurungabad, the Rev. Ruttonji Nowroji, has met with a serious accident, breaking one of the bones of his foot. He was, however, progressing satisfactorily.

The Alexandra Girls' Boarding School at Umritsur, the buildings which have been raised and paid for (but £500 is still needed) through the energetic labours of the Rev. Robert Clark, was publicly inaugurated on December 27th. Bishop French, General MacLagan, and a large number of English and Native friends were present. An anthem, "Send little children to come unto Me," and the 127th Psalm, were sung, and the Bishop offered up prayer for a blessing on the institution. On the walls was a large scroll in English and Hindustani, "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord."

The University of Durham has conferred the degree of B.A. on N. S. Davis, and that of Licentiate in Theology upon Messrs. N. Boston, David Brown, Samuel Hughes, Samuel Taylor, and W. C. Morris, all African students in the C.M.S. Four Bay College, Sierra Leone. The Sub-dean, Dr. A. S. Farrar, in submitting the "grace" to the University for adoption, said that the students had "passed an examination of the most remarkable excellence."

Further particulars have come to hand respecting Bishop Sargent's ordination of nine Native deacons and eight Native presbyters at Puducherry on September 23rd. The candidates for deacon's orders, all of whom were tried and faithful agents of the C.M.S., and most of them between thirty and forty years of age, were prepared, under the Bishop's supervision, by the Rev. Joseph David, one of the Native clergy of Mengnanapuram, and their examination was conducted by the Revs. Vedhanayagam and D. Gnanamuttu. The week before the ordination was devoted to a series of services, at which addresses were given by experienced Native clergymen. At the ordination service 1,450 persons were present, including thirty-five Native clergy besides the candidates. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Devanagayam Viravagu, 1 Tim. iv. 14, 15. The names of the newly ordained deacons are—L. Gurubadham, Muttusami Devaprasadham, Thomas Hastings, S. P. manandham, John Pakianadhan, Tucker Yesadian, Pakianadhan, Harries, Samuel Samuel, and Manuel H. Cooksley. The first of these appointed domestic chaplain to Bishop Sargent; the last-named is de- nated "Medical Pastor, Mengnanapuram."

## THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

APRIL, 1879.

## A TEXT FOR APRIL 12th.

THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY OF THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

*The Lord thy God hath blessed thee in all the works of thy hand : He knoweth thy walking through this great wilderness : these [eighty] years the Lord thy God hath been with thee ; thou hast lacked nothing.—Deut. ii. 7.*

## FOUR-SCORE YEARS OLD.

## The Eightieth Birthday of the Church Missionary Society.



HANGING the original word "forty," in the verse above, to "eighty," the text becomes the very motto for a day just approaching, April 12th.

On the 12th of April, 1799, sixteen clergymen met at the Castle and Falcon in Aldersgate Street, and formed the CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY. The 12th of April, 1879, is, therefore, the Society's eightieth birthday. Let us look back for a moment over these four-score years.

Why did those sixteen clergymen form this Society? Because (1) they felt laid upon them the Lord's parting command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Because (2) they desired to obey this command as members of the Church of England rather than join the undenominational London Missionary Society, then lately established. Because (3) although the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had been founded ninety-eight years before, it was then doing nothing for the heathen, and its income was under £800. Because (4) they could not join that Society and infuse a new spirit into it, for no one known to preach the evangelical doctrines of "ruin, redemption, and regeneration"—the guilt and helplessness of man, salvation by faith in Christ, and the work of the Holy Spirit in the soul—would at that time have had a chance of being admitted a member.

How did the young Society set about its work? First, letters were written to the few godly clergymen and others scattered over the country, asking them (1) to pray for the undertaking, (2) to interest friends in it, (3) to seek for persons willing to carry the Gospel to the heathen. Of these requests, the first was responded to by many; and Thomas Scott, the Commentator, in the first Annual Sermon, preached at St. Ann's, Blackfriars, said, "It is our decided opinion that they who most pray for us are the best benefactors to this Institution, and take the most effectual means of rendering it successful." The second request produced in the first year an income of £911. To the third there was no response: not a single offer for service as a missionary was received; and at length the Committee had to look to Protestant Germany to supply men for the work. Of the first twenty-seven missionaries sent out by the C.M.S., twenty were Germans. But, let it never be forgotten, most of them took English wives with them. The women of England led the way into heathendom.

Meanwhile, the Committee had been surveying the world, and as they had no living men to send out they resolved to prepare

the way by using the printing-press. The first Annual Report mentions plans formed for promoting the study of three languages, Susu, Arabic, and Chinese; and the second Report adds to these Persian. It was in the first of these tongues that the earliest effort was at length made to preach the Gospel. The first two missionaries of the Society sailed in 1804 to work among the Susu tribes on the West Coast of Africa.

Some years elapsed before any other Mission was begun, although active inquiries were made in many parts of the world, and preliminary steps taken. Thus, in 1809, two or three men were sent to Australia (then called New Holland), with instructions to get to New Zealand when they could; but it was not till five years after that they landed on that savage and much-dreaded shore. And in India, Daniel Corrie, who was a Government chaplain, engaged Abdul Masih, Henry Martyn's convert from Mohammedanism, as an agent of the Society, before English missionaries were allowed to enter the country. But the years 1814-16 saw several important Missions begun—Sierra Leone, Mediterranean, Calcutta, Madras, Travancore, New Zealand; and the years 1818-22 added Bombay, Tinnevelly, Ceylon, and Rupert's Land to the list. The other C.M.S. Missions were taken up as follows:—The Telugu Mission in 1841; East Africa and China in 1844; Yoruba in 1845; Sindh and Fuh-kien in 1850; Palestine and Hudson's Bay in 1851; the Punjab in 1852; Mauritius in 1856; the Niger and the North Pacific in 1857; Oudh, the Santal Mission, and Athabasca in 1858; Madagascar in 1860; Japan in 1869; Persia in 1875; the Nyanza Mission in 1876.

Up to the end of last year the Society had sent out more than 800 missionaries, not reckoning the wives, nor some 70 other female teachers. Of these, 430 were trained at the college at Islington, and 126 were University men. Fourteen have been raised to the Episcopate, and eighteen to the office of Archdeacon. The Native and country-born clergy ordained in connexion with the Society number altogether 293, and of these 196 are still labouring in its service, of whom 185 are pure Natives. For twenty years after the Society was founded the Annual Reports reckoned no converts; now there are nearly 150,000 adherents, of whom one-fifth are communicants. During those twenty years no baptisms were reported; in 1877 no less than 2,355 adults and 4,618 children were baptized by the C.M.S. clergy.

Great works often have very humble beginnings. No Church authorities patronised the sixteen clergymen. The then Archbishop of Canterbury, on being consulted, would only promise to "look upon their proceedings with candour." Not till fifteen years had elapsed did any Bishops join the Society, and then only two. Not till 1841, when the Society had more than 100 missionaries and an income of £80,000, did the two Archbishops give their sanction. The list of patrons, &c., now comprises the four Archbishops and seventy Bishops.

All these are outside results. But what shall we say of the fruits of the eighty years as God sees them? What of the savages reclaimed—the cannibals sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind—the Negro slave raised to a life of usefulness and honour—the proud Brahmin and the bigoted Moslem brought in penitence to the Cross—the restless philosopher at rest—the weary and heavy-laden animated by a hope of immortality? Above all, what shall we say of the many in that great multitude which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, standing before the Throne and before the Lamb, whom it pleased God to save by the instrumentality of the Church Missionary Society?

Is not the motto true? "The Lord hath blessed thee in all the

*works of thy hand*"—where is the work of our hand which the Lord has not blessed? "He knoweth thy walking through this great wilderness"—a wilderness it has been—difficult the way—wary the steps required—great the faith and patience needed; but the Society may say, like the Psalmist, "Thou knowest my path." "These [eighty] years the Lord thy God hath been with thee"—this alone it is that has supported the labourers abroad and the labourers at home. "Thou hast lacked nothing"—is that really so? We have often thought we lacked much—men, means, success; but it was only our short-sightedness and want of faith at the time. Looking back over the eighty years, we can now see how true it is that when the need arose the supply soon came. The Lord has given us far more than either we have desired or deserved.

Will not, then, all our readers join in the heartfelt exclamation, "Now therefore, our God, we thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious name"?

## OUR PALESTINE MISSION.

LAST month the C.M.S. Committee took leave of two missionaries about to sail for the Holy Land. The Rev. Canon Hoare, in addressing them, expressed his deep conviction that Palestine was the most important country in the world, and would become more and more so, and dwelt on the high interest attaching to an effort to preach the pure Gospel of Christ in the land of His birth, and life, and death. But the work is a very difficult one. There are representatives of the different corrupt Eastern Christian Churches—the Greek, the Latin, the Maronite, &c.; there are Jews; there are Mohammedans; there are Druses, a strange people with a religion which is still a mystery; and there are the old "Fellahin," the lowest rural population, who are supposed to be descended from the remnant of the ancient Canaanites, and who, though nominally Mohammedans, retain much heathen superstition. The general language is Arabic. The congregations formed in connexion with the C.M.S. Mission consist mostly of Greek and other Christians who have been led to embrace the purer faith and simpler worship of the Church of England; but it is earnestly hoped that the efforts now being made to reach the Druses and Mohammedans will be blessed of God.

It was in 1851 that Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem invited the C.M.S. to begin a Mission in Palestine. Two of the missionaries who have laboured for many years, the Rev. F. A. Klein and the Rev. John Zeller, are well known. The present European staff comprises the Revs. John Zeller and T. F. Wolters at Jerusalem; the Rev. J. Huber at Nazareth; the Rev. J. R. L.

Hall at Jaffa (Joppa); the Rev. C. Fallscheer at Nabro (Shechem); Mr. G. Nyland at Ramallah (a village between the sites of Gibeon and Bethel); and the Rev. A. Schapira, who has been lately sent out to occupy Gaza. The two missionaries now added are the Rev. F. Bellamy and the Rev. W. T. Pilter. Mr. Bellamy, as will be remembered, has been out twice before temporarily. He is to go right away into the Hauran, east of the Lake of Galilee, where the Society already has some schools in the country of Og, the King of Bashan.

There are also three Native clergymen in the Mission, viz. the Rev. Seraphim Boutagy, at Nazareth; the Rev. Michael Kawar, at Jerusalem; and the Rev. Khalil Jamal, at Sa (Ramoth-Gilead). Of these three good men we give the likenesses, which were taken when they were admitted to priestly orders on September 23rd, 1877.

Bishop Gobat wrote on the occasion, "I have known few clergymen who have a clear views of the evangelical doctrines"; and he speaks highly of their preaching powers, particularly of Mr. S. Boutagy. Mr. Boutagy is a native of Akka (Acre) where his father was a prosperous merchant belonging to the Latin Church. He was educated at a Jesuit school in the Lebanon, and speaks French and English. The interesting station of Shefamer, near Akka, at which we gave a picture in July, 1877, and where he laboured until recently, is now in charge of a Native layman, Mr. Nicola Dabbah. Mr. Kawar belongs to a good family of the Greek Church. Mr. Jamal's family belong to the Protestant congregation at Jerusalem, and he was brought up in Bishop Gobat's Diocesan School. Another Native of Palestine, from Taiyib (Ophrah), Mr. Nasr Ode, is now in the Islington College and is to be ordained shortly. May great grace be upon them all!



REV. SERAPHIM BOUTAGY. REV. MICHAEL KAWAR. REV. KHALIL JAMAL.  
THE C.M.S. CLERGY IN PALESTINE.

## OUR HOME IN THE WILDERNESS.

Recollections of North Tinnevelly.  
BY THE REV. R. R. MEADOWS.

### CHAPTER IV.

"Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. . . . They that make them are like unto them."—Ps. cxv. 4, 8.

HE recognised idolatry in South India is principally that of Siva, or Shiva, or Shīv (as it is sometimes written), or of his sons, Supramanian and Pilleiar. But while the villagers are special lovers of Pilleiar, they have also their own particular deity, male or female, to which they make their offerings. Pilleiar is represented with the head and trunk of an elephant, and his temple, or often his idol without the temple, is seen under a green tree.



and facing the east. The temple, where there is one, is intended more as a house for the god to be put in, than as a place for people to assemble for worship. It is too small for that, and the worship is performed outside. It is not congregational,\* but individual, and consists of putting garlands about the neck of the idol, anointing it with oil, walking round and round, prostrations in front, a meaningless knocking of the temples with the knuckles. Pilleiar is supposed to be the god of learning, and school-books usually begin with an ascription of praise to him. Here is one of them—

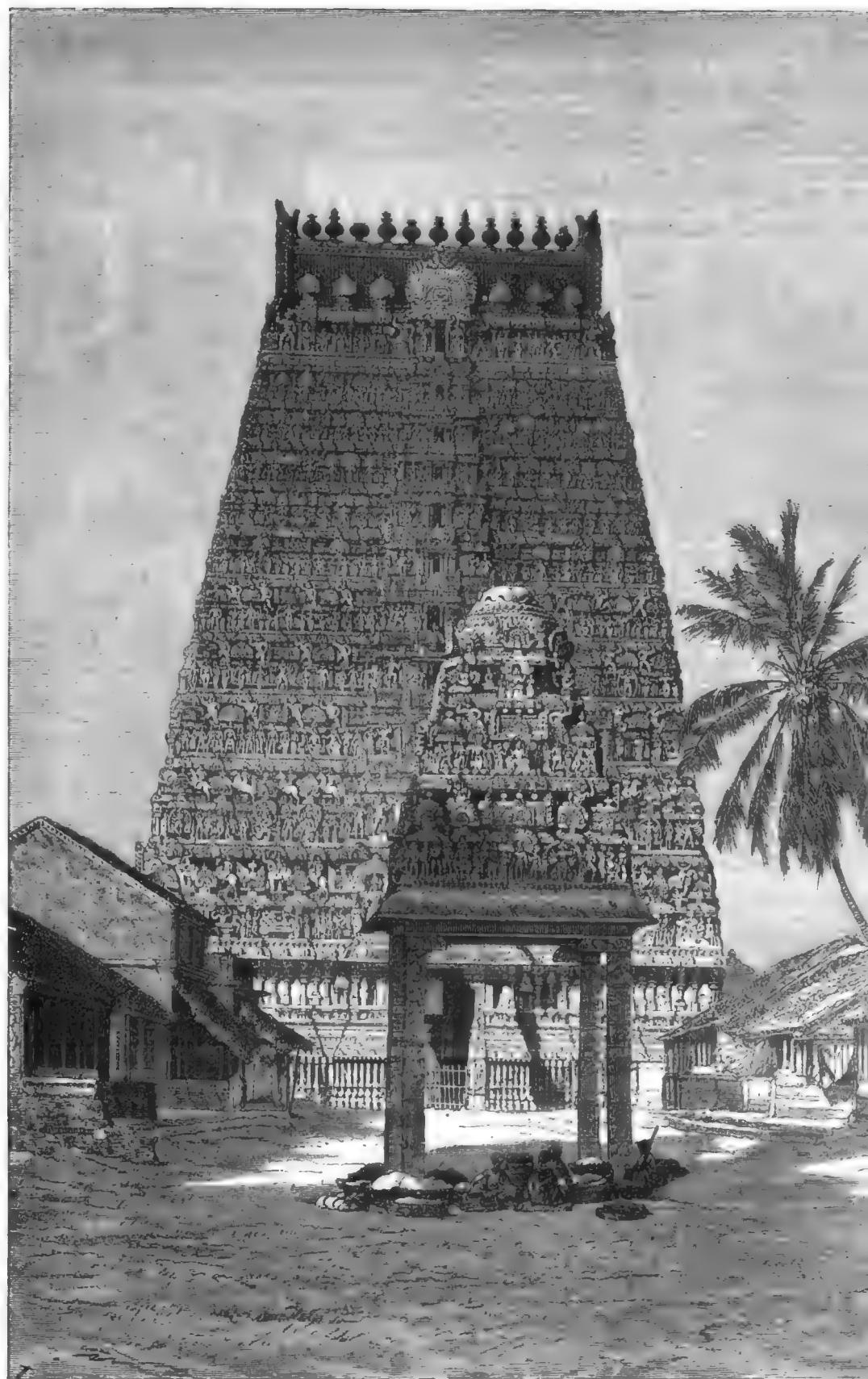
“Who worships at Genésa’s holy shrine,  
And lifts his hands in adoration there,  
Not sorrow’s aching burden  
need he bear,  
Nor innate sin’s defilement  
need deplore.”

Genésa is one of his names, and this is what they say of one whose history is anything but one of holiness!

But each village, as I said, has its guardian deity, and the only worship which most people offer from one end of the year to the other is an occasional offering to this idol, with a view to get some temporal benefit, or to avert some temporal evil.

The people of a village near us boast that they never have cholera among them, because there stands their idol just outside the village, in a little mud and thatch building, as their protector! It is a goddess, and here is her name—Vadakkuväyä Salli Ammei, or “The Mother Salli with her face towards the north.”

When a cow, or sheep, or anything else is lost, the villagers have the means of finding it through the interposition of the god! An offering of money



\* This remark applies to all Hindu worship.

is made to one on whom the god has bestowed his grace. He is familiarly called the "Devil dancer." He gives his oracular revelations under a wide-spreading banian-tree. They say that they do really find their lost property in this way. Probably the devil dancer (for there is a particular man in the village who acts this part) is in concert with the thief.

Small-pox and cholera are supposed to be sent by a malignant goddess whom they call Māri; Māri means *death*. They have various ways of averting her anger. One favourite means is to tie the leaves of the margōsa-tree, on a straw rope, across the street from house to house; or a few of these leaves are stuck in the thatch, or put over the door.

There is an annual festival in our town in honour of this goddess, the day for commencing it being found in the following manner. A deputation of chief men goes in procession to the door of the temple, and waits to hear the chirrup of a lizard; if the sound proceeds from the right side, they are to celebrate it that day week; if the lizard is silent, they have to return the following week and repeat the ceremony.

This festival is as unlike a religious feast as an English fair is. It is the most noisy, the most meaningless scene I have ever witnessed. The streets are thronged with men and women in holiday attire, who have come to see the sights. And such sights! On one side is seen a man running wildly along with a pan of burning coals applied to his breast. In another place are young men being conducted in triumph through the streets, with cords passed through the muscles of their sides. Then there are strange harlequin-looking men, with their almost naked bodies spotted over with white and red paint. These are honoured with a red umbrella over their heads. The strangest and most foolish of all these sights is that of men dressed up in garments made of the leaves of the cocoa-nut, dripping with water and wet mud!

The temples of Srivilliputtur, one of the chief towns, are built in honour of the principal gods, and have lofty and very elaborate towers over their gateways. (See the engraving.) But the popular worship connected with them has reference to scenes which have nothing divine in them. Nāchiār, the goddess in one, is yearly married to the lame Mannār. On this occasion the lofty gaudy car, like a moving tower, is dragged through the streets by thousands of people, who can scarcely move its ponderous weight, the happy pair being seated inside, carefully bound down by ropes to keep them from falling, and surrounded by Brahmins. The great festival at Sangaranayanarkoil is similar in character, only there is acted there a quarrel between the god and goddess, their separation, and, after an interval of time, their reconciliation. Happy were it for the poor heathen if nothing more defiling than these senseless puerilities were acted at these annual gatherings.

In thinking over the matter for many years I conclude that the worship of the heathen, with some few exceptions, and their offerings to particular gods, have no reference whatever to *sin*. To get something for their earthly comfort, rain for instance, after weeks of drought; to avert some threatening evil, as cholera, is all they aim at. They will perform a long pilgrimage to a temple, make costly offerings, undergo privations, at the bidding of a priest; but it is—to have a son! A catechist met a poor woman returning from a sacred spot; she had given her all for some holy water to give sight to her blind child.

Believing that their gods have been guilty themselves of every kind of wickedness, it is not likely either that they should think of sin as sin, or should go to them to be pardoned and delivered from it.

MISSIONARY HYMN-BOOK FOR CHILDREN.—An old and active friend of the Society at Bristol has prepared a little book of "Missionary Hymns for Juvenile Meetings," containing eighty-nine well-selected hymns. It is published by Nisbet & Co., price, in stiff covers, 2d.; in cloth, 3d.

## MR. SATTHIANADHAN AT ROME.

[In the following letter, our brother from Madras continues his interesting narrative of the journey of himself and his wife through Italy en route for India.]

CHINTADREPETTAH, MADRAS, 10th January, 1879.

N the morning of the 26th of October we left Florence for Rome. There were two ladies from Scotland travelling in the same carriage with us, and in their company and conversation we felt ourselves quite at home. While passing through the classic soil the scenery in all directions was magnificent and clear under the bright Italian sky. As we neared Rome we saw the dome of St. Peter's, and nearer still, the walls of the city, the aqueduct, and many other old and interesting ruins. Of course superstition had not that sway over us as it had over Luther, who on getting the first sight of Rome knelt down and said, "Hail! thou holy city." Still, a peculiar sensation does come over the mind as it contemplates, for the first time, the architectural and artistic beauty, intellectual eminence, and political supremacy, for which this city on seven hills was once so celebrated.

At the station we were met by Dr. Nevin, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Rome, of the American Episcopal Church. Next day being Sunday, we attended service at St. Paul's, of the American Episcopal Church. Dr. Nevin, the Rector, read the Service; I read the Litany; Dr. Doane, Bishop of Albany, preached. About 150 people were present, most of whom were visitors from England and America. In the afternoon service at 4 P.M. Dr. Nevin and another clergyman read the Service, and I preached from Rom. i. 15: "So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also." The number present was about eighty, exclusive of many Italians who appear to have been attracted by the novelty of the preacher. The Bishop of Albany was also present and pronounced the benediction. Two American ladies and a gentleman who were present at the afternoon service called to see us at the hotel, and manifested a warm interest in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom in India, a visit which greatly cheered us.

On Monday, the 28th, I called on Dr. and Mrs. Gason, to whom Mrs. Forbes, of Paris, had sent a note of introduction. Dr. G. is a private medical practitioner. They were both originally from the "Emerald Isle," but have been settled in Rome for about thirty years. He kindly sent an English guide, under whose leadership we saw some sights this afternoon. To an antiquarian, Rome presents a vast field for research and study. The number of ancient buildings is very large. There are 365 churches, reminding one of the number of days in the year. [Mr. Satthianadan then gives a brief account of St. Peter's, the Pantheon, and other churches.] A bronze figure of St. Peter with the keys in his hands stood prominently near the confessional in St. Peter's, but his right toe was actually worn out by the constant pressure with which the deluded worshippers kissed it. A good many people performed the pious act in our presence. There was a large number of side chapels dedicated to various saints, and tombs of the Popes. One of these tombs was for James III., the Pretender, who died at Rome. All the pillars and tombs, as well as the pavement, were constructed of white marble, and the roof was a gorgeous one, full of mosaics. A service was going on at the time in one of the side chapels, attended by many of the clergy in their canicicals. The singing by the choir and the solo by one of them were very charming indeed.

On the following day Dr. Nevin kindly took us both to see some more sights. We saw the *Scalz*, *Santa* or "Holy Staircase," of the Governor's house. The steps are twenty-eight in number, and it is affirmed to have belonged to the house of the Roman Governor, Pontius Pilate. They are considered holy in consequence of the supposed passage of our Lord to judgment. We saw some people paying their fees or offerings to a man at the entrance in charge of a purseful of money, and ascending the steps on their knees, muttering a prayer. There was a notice put up close by to the effect that every time these steps are ascended by a devout worshipper he could ensure a dispensation for nine years. This is very like the sale of Indulgences by Tetzel. O Rome! how hast thou broadened the narrow path which leadeth to life! And what difference is there between thy teaching and that of my own heathen country of India as regards *Punya* or human merit!

We next visited *St. John Lateran*, the Pope's metropolitan church, or, in Roman usage, the "mother and head of all the churches of the city and the world," where the famous Lateran Councils were held, regarded by Rome as Ecumenical. The Pope after coronation comes in procession and takes possession of this church, and on certain festival occasions stands on the balcony over the portico of this church and blesses the entire world. I do not know whether this universal benediction on the part of His Holiness means much, when from this very spot there have proceeded from his predecessors so many anathemas and instruments of torture against many "excellent of the earth."

We then drove down to the *Coliseum*, a spacious building, generally

elliptical in form, formerly used for the exhibition of gladiatorial combats, fights of wild beasts, and other spectacles. There were subterranean chambers where the wild beasts were confined and fed, which were let loose upon some of the first martyrs of Christianity, such as Ignatius. Could the dead rise up, what a strange tale they would tell of this unique edifice! Close to the Coliseum we observed the triumphal arches of Constantine and Titus. On the latter there was a masonry work representing the victory of Titus over the Jews, the Jewish captives, the golden candlestick, &c. A few yards farther up we noticed the palace of the Cæsars on the Palatine Hill, an immense mass of buildings now in ruins, as well as the site of the Roman Forum, once the centre of political life.

The next day Mr. Long and myself took a drive. From the summit of St. John's Hill we had a commanding view of the seven-hilled city. We noticed at a distance the Church of St. Paul's, standing prominently on the site where the Apostle is supposed to have suffered martyrdom. Ancient Rome looked like a vast pile of tumbled down buildings, interspersed with newly-built houses possessing architectural pretensions. We also visited the *De Propaganda Fide*, the college designed for the propagation of the Roman Catholic faith in heathendom.

This is the last of the five days we have spent in Rome. We are not sorry for having paid this short visit to this ancient and renowned city. But I cannot refrain from expressing my conviction in regard to the religion prevalent in Rome. If a visit to Rome convinced the "monk who shook the world" of the hollowness of the Romish system and the necessity of a reform, I may say that our sojourn of five days in Rome, and all that we saw and heard here during that time, convinced us more than anything else of the superficial character of Popery. There was a time when "the faith" of Rome "was spoken of throughout the whole world," but now it is equally clear that her grand failure must be spoken of everywhere. Romanism has most emphatically lost the essence of religion, and seeks to adapt herself to the failings of fallen humanity. She endeavours to satisfy the sentimental and sensational part, and not the moral and spiritual part of man. She may hold "Ruin, Redemption, and Regeneration," the three central truths of Christianity, but all these are so buried under a rubbish of superstition, saint-worship, sacramentalism, and sacerdotalism, that the sinner and the Saviour are completely obscured. And yet it is very strange that many Christians and even Christian ministers are ready to shake hands with Rome. Many have already joined her ranks, and there are still a great many who are at the "Appi Forum" and the "Three Taverns," very near Rome. A few paces more will take them right into the "Church Catholic," as they designate it, where they will witness all the paraphernalia of the high ritual and ornate service and Mariolatry of Rome, but where, alas! their immortal spirits will remain as empty as ever.

W. T. SATHIANADHAN.

## A FIFTY YEARS' SEARCH FOR PEACE.

The Story of Jadu Bindu Ghose.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

Eccl. xi. 1.



YING, in the Medical College Hospital at Calcutta, there lay, two months ago, an aged Hindu. Doubtless he is dead now. His story is one of the most remarkable in missionary annals. Let us tell it, briefly.

More than half a century ago, an accomplished missionary of the London Missionary Society, one who could speak in the Bengali tongue as very few Europeans ever succeed in doing—Alphonse Lacroix—was preaching in the streets of Calcutta. He saw no fruit of that day's effort, nor indeed of many other days' efforts; and when, some twenty years ago, he lay on his death-bed, after thirty-five years' devoted labours, he could look back on very little visible result of his preaching. He had sown in tears, and had not reaped in joy. But the reaping-time—for him and for many another patient sower—is yet to come. And the sheaf just gathered into the heavenly garner from the hospital bed in Calcutta sprang from the seed he faithfully scattered.

A young man of respectable family stood for a few moments in the listening crowd that day fifty years ago. Then he went on his way. But he took something with him; he took a sense of sin in his heart. For the first time he felt that sin was a terrible thing, and should be escaped from at all costs. He had heard nothing else; but that one thought he could not shake off. He

grew up to manhood; he prospered in business; for awhile the impression died away. But for awhile only. Adversity came, and with it came again the sense of sin. He gave up everything, and devoted himself to a pilgrim life. For several years he wandered, and wandered, and wandered, over the greater part of India, worshipping at shrine after shrine in his agonising search for peace. But no peace could he get. Then he joined the society called the Brahmo Somaj, which is composed of Hindus discontented with idolatry but not accepting Christianity, and which inculcates a kind of inferior Unitarianism. It seemed to him to speak sensibly: "Do what is just and right, and all will be well." Yet no peace; for, to use his own words, "The remembrance of past sin kept rushing on my mind; something seemed to say—Without an atonement for past guilt, you perish." The new society told him of no atonement, and Hinduism did so, saying, "The old is better," he again became a Hindu, and resumed his pilgrim life. Years went by. He was now an old man. He went back to Benares, the holy place he had often visited before; he tried every sacred spot in that most sacred of cities, and there are two thousand of them; and then one evening he sat down in blank despair. "What more can I do than I have done?" he exclaimed; "yet there is no peace!"

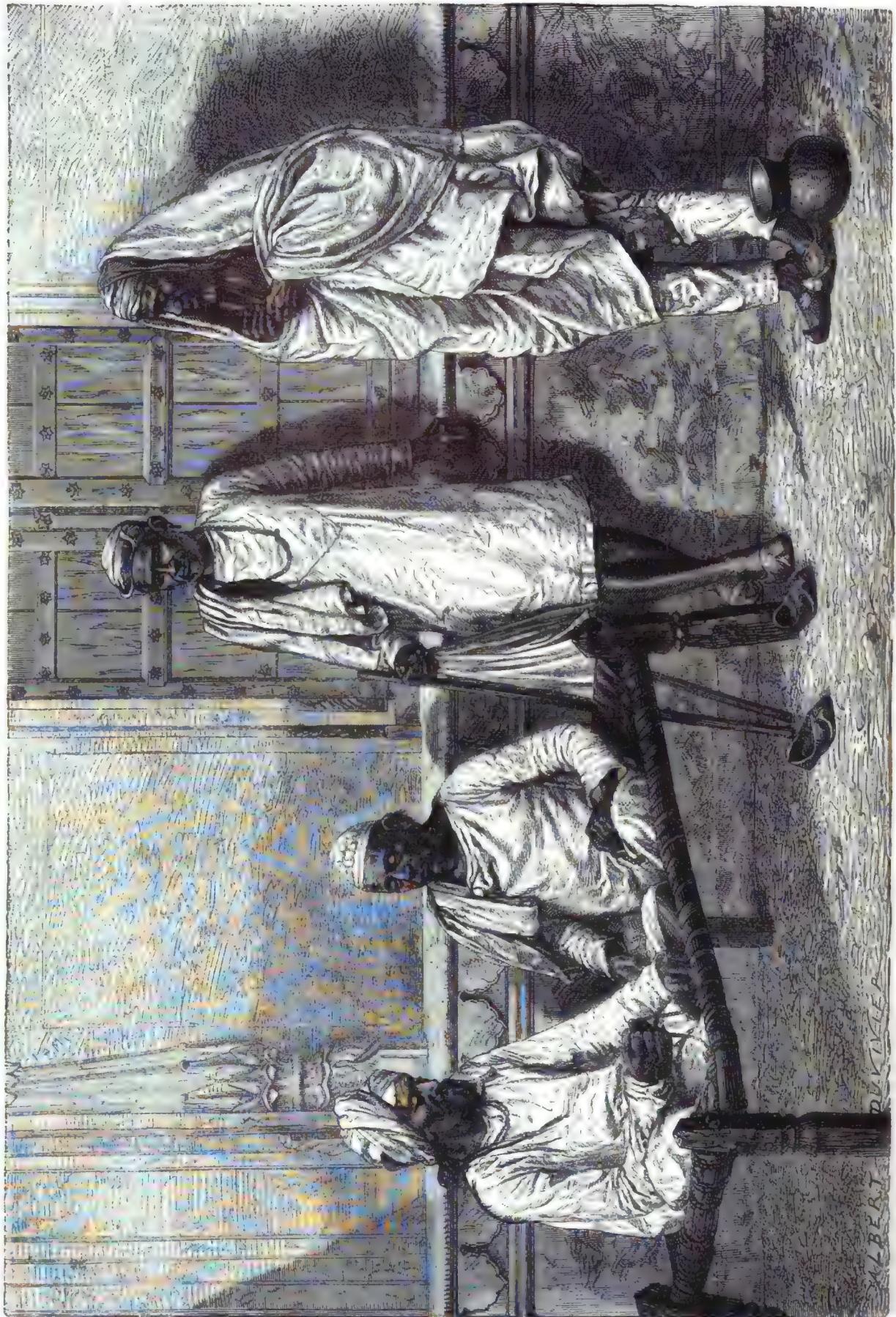
At that moment it seemed to him that an audible voice spoke to him thus: "Not in ways like this will peace be found; return to your home."

Not long after, one of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society observed, at a service in Trinity Church, Calcutta, an aged stranger. "His hair was snowy white; his countenance was eager and intelligent; and his eyes sparkled with a sort of inquiring brightness." Service over, the stranger followed the missionary to his room, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Glory to God! this is what I have been longing to hear for forty years." It was the seeker after peace! On arriving in Calcutta he had visited a bed-ridden nephew, who had a Bible and read it to his uncle, and so had been induced to come to a Christian church. Receiving a Bengali Bible, he went away, and for two months nothing was seen of him. Then he came back. He had the Word of God at his fingers' ends. In answer to questions, he "quoted text after text, as if he had been a Bible student all his days."

Was he ready to confess Christ before men? Would he be baptized? "I know," he said, "what it will involve. I am now respected by a large circle of friends; once baptized, I shall be abhorred and denounced by all—yea, my very children will forsake me—give me two days to reflect and pray." He went away. Those two nights he slept not. On the third morning he took the Bible in his hand and cried, "O God! I can stand it no longer; show me by some passage of Thy Word what I must do." The book fell open, and his eyes lighted on these words: "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be My disciple" (Luke xiv. 33). That very day he was admitted into the Church of Christ.

Then the storm fell. "Friends, servants, children forsook him; Brahminical curses were poured on him; wherever he went, the finger of scorn was pointed against him." But he wavered not; he returned blessing for cursing; and in course of time he won back to himself the respect and honour of all who knew him. And all the while his peace and joy were manifest. "O Sahib," he said to the missionary, "the love of Jesus has ravished my heart."

So far we have but told in different words a story told by the Rev. J. Vaughan (who himself had the happiness of baptizing the old man), in that deeply interesting book, *The Trident, the Crescent, and the Cross*, which we introduced to the readers of the GLEANER last year. But Mr. Vaughan does not there mention his name. Recent letters, however, from Krishnagur in Bengal refer to an "old patriarch" who had gone thither from



HINDU RELIGIOUS DEVOTEES AT BENARES.



KAPASDANGA, KRISHNAGUR.

Calcutta to assist Mr. Vaughan in his very arduous work of reviving spiritual life among the six thousand Native Christians of that district, who—mostly poor labouring people, the children of converts of former days—have for many years been a cause of great anxiety to the Society on account of the very feeble and flickering light they bear amid the surrounding darkness. This old patriarch, Babu Jadu Bindu Ghose, has been described as wielding a most remarkable influence over his back-sliding and half-hearted countrymen; and it occurred to us that perhaps he was the very old man who had found peace after fifty years' search. We wrote to Mr. Vaughan and inquired, and here is his answer:—

BOLLOBORE, January 22nd, 1879.

Yes, you were quite right; the "dear old patriarch" is the same as is mentioned in my book. His advent to this district has given the people a new and unwonted specimen of Christian devotedness. Every soul that has come across him feels that he presents a type of piety hitherto unknown to them. One of the fiercest and most implacable of the caste party exclaimed, "Throughout the whole of this district no man like that can be found."

Alas! I fear this district will see him no more. A month ago he got a thorn in his foot; mortification threatened; I sent him to the Medical College Hospital, Calcutta. There he is now, I fear, sinking into the arms of death. A letter from him the other day, written by a friend, states that, though he longed to live and labour a little longer, he feels that the Master is calling him home. Dear old man! Only lately at Kapasdanga we were conversing of the *better land*; as we spake of the beatific vision when we shall see Him who redeemed us face to face, his voice faltered, his eyes filled with tears, and he said, "I really feel as if the joy of seeing Jesus face to face would be too much for me to bear!"

I ran over to see him in the hospital a fortnight ago. He was dying; I stood gazing upon him; at last he opened his eyes, uttered a shriek of delight, threw his thin arms round my neck and drew me towards him in

a loving embrace. O for a few of his spirit to help us in our sore conflict with ignorance, prejudice, and sin!

If the "dear old patriarch" who so long sought for peace and found it not has already passed into that Presence where there is fulness of joy, is there not another in the Father's house whom we shall long to meet there face to face? And have we not another most precious pledge that the promise cannot fail, "Your labour shall not be in vain in the Lord"? "He is faithful that promised." "Hath He spoken? and shall He not make it good?"

[The two pictures on these pages may serve to illustrate the old man's history. One shows us a group of devotees at the sacred city of Benares, such as he was himself for a while; the other, one of the villages in Krishnagur, where he has been recently labouring.]

#### MR. MACKAY AT KAGEI.

R. MACKAY'S arrival at Kagei, at the southern end of the Victoria Nyanza, was mentioned in our February number (p. 15). It will be remembered that though he belonged to the original party, he had not been at the Lake before. When he was half-way there he was sent back to the coast invalided, and after that he was long occupied in making the road to Mpwapwa. On arriving at Kagei, he found all the goods left there by Lieutenant Smith and Mr. O'Neill, safe in charge of the chief. The following extracts from his private letters are very interesting:—

Kagei, Usukuma, Victoria Nyanza, July 9th, 1878.

In a huge hut lent us by Kaduma, the chief of the place, I found all that was left of the valuable property of the expedition, except such

articles as have been already taken to Uganda. Piled in heaps promiscuously lay boiler-shells and books, cowrie-shells and candle-moulds, papers and piston-rods, steam-pipes and stationery, printers' types and tent-poles, carbolic acid, cartridges and chloroform, saws and garden-seeds, travelling-trunks and toys, tins of bacon and bags of clothes, pumps and ploughs, portable forges and boiler-fittings—here a cylinder, there its sole plate—here a crank-shaft, there an eccentric. Despair might well be found written on my features as I sat down, after my two years' march, to rest and look round on the confusion.

Ten days' hard work from dawn to dusk made me give a look round the same hut of much greater satisfaction than when I first gazed on the scene. The rain-gauge is no more full of rats' leavings, nor does a boiler-shell contain books. The engines for our steamer stand complete to the last screw, the boiler is ready to be riveted, tools and types have separate boxes, and rust and dust are thrown out of doors. It seems to me more than a miracle how much remains entire of the really admirable outfit which the able directors of the C.M.S. supplied us with when we left England. It reflects the very highest credit on Lieut. Smith, and those who travelled with him, that, amid the most trying difficulties of every step of so long a journey, they were successful in bringing here so many articles of value. When it is remembered that every article had to be cut and broken up into parts at the coast, so that nothing should exceed a man's load, or seventy pounds—and now I find almost everything complete, even to its smallest belonging, after a tedious transport of over 700 miles—we may so far consider the expedition a success, and the blessing on our efforts to this point an earnest of the much more we hope to follow.

The *Daisy*, which was brought in segments from the coast, but which arrived much shattered, was rebuilt by Mr. O'Neill, and has already been of great service on the Lake. But her days are almost done. I find her in bad condition—not a plank sound. What the teeth of the hippopotamus spared in the survey of Jordan's Nullah, the rays of the sun have split, and the parts sheltered from them have fallen a prey to another formidable foe—white ants, as the vessel lay on the beach at Kagei. Day after day I have been patching the planks, and caulking the leaks, sprawling on the ground below the vessel, with hammer and chisel in hand, and crowds of naked Natives eagerly gazing at the white man mending his big canoe. Plates of copper and sheets of zinc and lead, with nails and cotton wool—these, with oil, will, I hope, enable me to make a safe passage to Uganda, and still leave us in command of this mighty inland sea till we can build a stronger boat, with steam power.

The people of Kagei are *Wasukuma*, the largest branch of the great race of *Wanyamwezi*, and their language but a dialect of that spoken by the people all around *Unyanyembe*. I like the people here much. They are all friends with me, and I am friends with all. When they see the turning-lathe at work, or find me melting down the fat of an ox and turning out beautiful candles, their wonder knows no bounds. Of an incongruous mass of bars of iron and brass and bolts they could not guess the use of, they have seen me fit together one and another complete steam-engine, and various other things which looked so marvellous, that again and again I have heard the remark that white men came from heaven. Then I teach this and that more intelligent fellow the use of various things, and try to impress upon all a truth I find them very slow to believe—that they themselves can easily learn to know everything that white men know. I tell them that we were once naked savages like themselves, and carried bows and arrows and spears; but, when God began to teach us, we became civilised.

Round comes Sunday, when tools are dropped, and the reason asked "why?" I open my Bible, and tell them it is God's Book, and that He commanded the day of rest. Many know a little of *Suaheli*, which is, in fact, closely allied to their own language; and in that tongue I find many an opportunity to teach the simplest truths of revealed religion, especially how God has come down among men. This "great mystery of godliness" is the astounding story to them; and many I find eager to learn to read, that they may know the Book which I say God Himself wrote for men.

With the children I am on the best of terms. At all times I find myself surrounded by a host of little boys, eager to help me in anything. More than ever I am longing for the day when the necessary rough work of pioneering will be done, and I can settle down to spend every day in teaching the little ones.

I cannot think the day far distant when I shall see my daily school for these children, and watch them grow in wisdom and understanding, and in the fear of God. Such a class I dream I see—a nucleus of a training college, which shall furnish manifold seeds of life in place of the units which we white men must ever be in Africa. Of these will some be trained for the work of the ministry, and the day arrive when a *Msukuma* will be Bishop of *Unyamwezi*, and a *Mganda* Primate of all *Nyanza*.

*Kagei, August 4th, 1878.*

Last full moon I hoped to have ventured on my first voyage across the pathless *Nyanza*, but God ordained otherwise; for just then I was

seized with a violent attack of remittent fever, followed by many chronic diarrhoeas, my old enemy. Unfortunately, I had no opiate to affect a cure, and my hope of getting away from here seemed entirely off, as sickness reduced me to the strength of an infant. At length I resorted to a Native cure—a solution of tamarinds—which, by God's blessing, set me on my legs again, and I recommenced work.

We launched the *Daisy*, but she proved as leaky as a sieve, in spite of all my patching; while daily gales and thunderstorms, following the solstice, rendered venturing to sea for the time out of the question. I therefore uncoupled the aft section, which was most faulty, anchored the other well out in deep water, and got my friendly Natives to carry the compartment up into the village, where, under the shade of a beautiful large fig-tree, I have subjected the vessel to a thorough repair, putting in new planks, and otherwise overhauling the whole. But no wood was to be found, there being not a tree in the whole vicinity, except a few fig and banana trees in the village. I got, however, a few logs belonging to the dhow which, unfortunately, was wrecked last year near this our maiden trip from *Ukerewe*, but these had to be sawn into boards—a trifling task. I fitted up a pit saw, and set to work, but the heavy work of the operation had to fall on myself, and I had little strength for it; my men had no idea of *straight* either with head or hands. Once I had to make the most of a board when purchased at the expense of one's muscles. That is now over, and many a copper nail driven in and riveted, and I hope to connect the part under repair with the rest, to put to sea in about a week.

### A MAN THAT KILLED HIS ENEMY.

[Miss C. M. Tucker (A. L. O. E.) sends us this interesting communication from Batala, a new station in the Punjab. The Rev. F. H. Baker, son of the Bishop of Durham, is the missionary there.]

 HE lady missionary in the Punjab not unfrequently meets in zenanas the husband or brother of a *bibi* (lady) whom she visits. In such cases the husband generally takes up the conversation while the *bibi* sits mute; and the lady may have to maintain a difficult discussion on religion with some turbaned bigot.

In a zenana which I visited two days ago there were three men; one of them, the *bibi*'s brother, came and sat near me, and I saw that it was with him rather than with her that I should have to converse. If I had had any fear of meeting an opponent in this man such fear was quickly dispelled. I forgot exactly how the ice was broken between us, but I think that I first found out that *Chandu* was no bigot by his remarking, with evident approbation, that the Christian religion inculcates speaking the truth. I was soon made aware that he knew, and honoured for his piety our Christian maulvi Q. N.

No enemy, but an ally, did I find in *Chandu*. As, with imperfect command of language, I told the story of Redemption to *Chandu*, turning towards his sister, explained to her in Punjabi what I had said in Urdu, not as a mere interpreter, but as one both understanding and believing the wonders of grace. When the woman and her husband and father listened in silence, *Chandu* with animation explained how Christ had died as our Substitute, and His blood was so precious that it sufficed to redeem the whole world. I afterwards read aloud part of the Sermon on the Mount, and the hearty exclamation, "Wah!" burst from *Chandu*'s lips when he heard of peacemakers being called the children of God, and the joyful expression of his manly face made me feel that he realised the blessing of such adoption. I asked *Chandu* if he would like me to visit his zenana, and he gladly accepted my offer to do so. I left that house with my spirit refreshed; there I had unexpectedly found grain that seemed ripening for the sickle, though some time may elapse ere it gather it with our sheaves.

After reaching home I made inquiries of a pious Babu as to whether he knew anything of *Chandu*. He informed me that the man's antecedents had been very unsatisfactory, for he bitterly opposed maulvi Q. N., had stirred up the people against him, and helped to deprive the convert of property inherited from his father; and it was of that very maulvi I had heard him speak with such respect. I feel little discouraged now.

hearing of Mohammedans being bitter enemies to Christianity. I have, thank God, seen those who had been possessed with that fierce spirit sitting, clothed with His righteousness and in their right mind, at the feet of Jesus. I begin to think that the strongest opponent becomes the firmest friend.

As I went to pay my first visit to Chandu's zenana I met Q. N. on the road. I stopped and spoke a few words to him about Chandu.

"He is a good man," said the maulvie; "but," he added, with his gentle smile, "he gave me much trouble."

"How your honour kills your enemies!" I exclaimed, remembering the well-known story of the man who killed his neighbours. The mild, courteous Christian is evidently drawing towards the Cross one who once reviled him and sought to injure him. My coming was expected in Chandu's home. Not only he, but his aged mother, his three brothers and their wives, his son, and his young daughters-in-law, closely veiled, all were present.

Again I had the opportunity of reading aloud the Word of God; again Chandu explained and enforced what I said. His heart seemed to be full of gratitude. "Before missionaries came there were no books," he said; "no one to tell us of God's love." I read the Saviour's words, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth more labourers into the harvest," and could not forbear adding to the man who in the midst of his family had been speaking Gospel truth, "Pray to God to make you one of the labourers."

The encouragements of the day were not ended. In our Bible-woman's house I met a youthful Brahmin, who, as he hopes, intends to exchange his false religion for the true one, in company with his young wife. The Brahmin told me that every night he and his bibi pray together. Next Sunday we expect another couple, an educated Mohammedan and his wife, to receive baptism in the room which is our chapel. I wish that the fair white frontlet, which is the gift of Lady Ida Low and her friends, and the communion table-cover which has been sent by the family of the Bishop of Durham, might arrive in time; but the war has unhinged traffic, and we know not when they will reach us. We shall probably see the baptismal water in the simple white basin, which has served on so many joyful occasions that a special interest attaches to it.

Two years ago, save the catechist's family, only one man, a converted Brahmin, represented the Native congregation of Batala. Now, God be praised, it has so grown and increased that we are looking out for the site of a church, to be built when funds permit, and are in for a "God's acre."

Christianity has been gaining ground, and may it continue to advance till in Batala—our once bigoted Batala—by God's grace, we slay the last of our enemies, by welcoming them as our friends!

A. L. O. E.

## LETTERS TO MY PARISH FROM SANTALIA.

BY THE REV. W. T. STORRS.

### IV.—A Sunday's Work.

TALJHARI, July 8th, 1878.

LET me this month give you a description of a Sunday's work: not that the work of every Sunday is alike—for they continually vary, but I will give you one that is a very ordinary one. So after five, a little before sunrise, I am awake, and my first conscious thought is that it is Sunday. It is so quiet—the bell has not rung, as it usually does at five o'clock, to call the training and boarding school boys and girls to begin work, the boys by digging, and the girls sweeping and drawing water; but all is very quiet. I turn out of bed, and in the quiet of the morning go into the verandah, Bible in hand, to walk up and down and read. Other mornings the compound would have been all astir, this morning every one seems to sleep a little longer; and the only person whom I see is a woman passing to draw water from a well. I have a delightful quiet half-hour reading, and then I turn into my quiet room, to be alone with God and to

dress. At half-past six the church bells begin to ring (they are really two large brass gongs, but with very pleasant bell-like sound), and their sound floats from the church hill over the compound and to the villages here and there among the trees.

At seven o'clock I have the Holy Communion in Hindi; only a small congregation, for it is intended not for the Santals but for the Hindi-speaking teachers we have in the schools, and the few Christian servants we have of Hindu descent. I enjoy the service, for Hindi is so easy to speak, at least to me, to whom it was the daily language of my life for so many years. I give a longer address than I used to do at the early Communion at Horton, but then I have no reason to shorten it, for there is no Sunday-school to follow immediately after. I say very plain things to my congregation: I know pretty well their faults and their sins, and I make some of them feel and even look very uncomfortable: yet I say things that will apply to myself as well as to them. O that one could always live as one preaches! One can only set up one model for people to follow, but how distressingly conscious one feels of not having reached it oneself; one can only preach Christ, but O how infinitely far below Him are we, even when nearest to Him!

Down the hill in the bright sunlight at nearly nine o'clock to have a cup of tea, and then at half-past nine o'clock back again to church for the Santali service. One of my young men who is preparing for orders reads the prayers for me, for the church is a large one and a very difficult one to speak in, and I have not the strength that I had in England. Would you wonder at my strength being less, if you saw that during service my clothes were completely wet through with perspiration, and that my surplice is streaked with perspiration, although I have no coat or waistcoat or cassock on underneath the surplice, and though I am sitting still? I preach—not a long sermon, for I find that though the people listen well for about twenty-five minutes, beyond that time their attention begins to flag. Poor agricultural people, such as these Santals, are not accustomed to sit still and think, and if they sit very long they go to sleep. Yet they are very attentive.

After the sermon is the offertory—not a collection, but a real offertory; the people bring up their gifts to the Lord's table: and I must say I like it much better than our cold English way of collecting the money. These offertories, I am glad to say, have been steadily increasing the last few months, and are three or four times as much as they frequently used to be. Then every other week follows the Holy Communion with about 100 communicants. After service I stand for a moment outside the church to have a look at the beautiful view that there is in every direction; and I generally have a few kind words with some of the people, especially those who come from the rather distant villages.

As soon as I get home I generally have a number of people come for medicine, and then at last I really get something like a breakfast. At half-past two we have Santali service again, and I read prayers, and one of my young men preaches; our afternoon service is rather irregular, and consists of Litany, and a good many hymns, sometimes a hymn even in the middle of the Litany, which I think a capital thing, if the hymn is a suitable one. Then I go up by train about half-past four to Sahibgunj, about seventeen miles away, or I ride over to Rajmahal about eight miles off, and have English service with the few English residents in one or other of the places; and if Sahibgunj is the place, I have to stay the night; if Rajmahal, I ride back again in the dark, thinking of Horton and home, and Horton Sundays, and home faces, until I forget where I am, and I am roused up by my horse stumbling or taking fright at something in the dark; and then I wake up for a moment, but only in a few minutes again to wander back to you all, and pray that God may bless the day to you, and give you His presence, even as He does to your unworthy Pastor.

WHAT Mr. Storrs says above about the offertory may be further illustrated by the following extract from a private letter from one of our younger missionaries:—

"January 1st, 1878.—A great day with the Santal Christians. We met for Divine service, and at the offertory sentences the people, according to custom, crowded up, young and old, to the communion-rails, and there laid down their thank-offerings to Jehovah for the fruits of the harvest (just ended). It was a most affecting sight to me, and even while I write the tears will come into my eyes. Old men and women, young lads and girls, and little infants all pressed forward, bearing some gift. Bushels and bushels of rice were poured out, seeds of various kinds; here a gourd, there a pumpkin; next, a babe in arms with a handful of pice (one pice about a farthing). Some almost tottered under their load of rice. One poor man brought a jar of milk; and, most touching of all, a little boy of six or seven brought his little live kid and tied it to the chancel rails. The plate was piled up with pice till it would hold no more, and another had to be got to finish the collection. Such are the Santals! Not, indeed, perfect—very far from it; but with much that is good and noble—much that wins love and admiration."

## UP THE NILE TO UGANDA.

JOURNAL OF MR. R. W. FELKIN.

(Continued.)

**N**ULY 2.—At 5.30 we mounted, and had a very hot and uninteresting ride to *Ariab*, at which place we arrived at 10.30. There is a small Arab village of about twelve huts here. The huts are made of bent poles covered with mats; no windows or doors—a space of about two feet is left at the ground which serves the purpose. The Arabs here are great thieves, and we had to keep a sharp look-out for our things. At night the soldiers keep watch. The boys and girls run about quite naked, the girls having only a string of beads round the neck, arms, waist, and ankles. The boys' hair is shaved off part of the head, giving them the appearance of young clowns, which is very amusing. There are herds of cows, goats, sheep, and camels. We bought two sheep for 3s. 6d. each (about); and to give you an idea of Arab cuteness, soon after the sheep had been driven to our tent, the Arab who had sold them came and said he wanted the skins, as he had only sold the sheep, and not the skins. We told him we were not going to kill them, so after a long time he went. Another man came and asked for dinner, saying "he had dreamt the night before that some people came and gave him some food." We told him in England people said dreams went by the contrary, so he should have none. We got some very good milk. What the cows feed on I cannot imagine, as there are only tufts of dry grass to be seen. We tried to buy a goat, but the people felt quite insulted at the idea. They never sell goats.

We stayed here till next day, as there is no water for the next two stages, and the journey must begin at noon, and our camels and ourselves were too tired to go on without rest. I was soothed to sleep by the grinding of the grain, and the voice of our kavass singing of the wives he hopes to have when he shall have shuffled off this mortal coil, and have arrived in heaven. Poor fellow! would I could make him understand a different creed.

The temperature in the evenings is between 90° and 95°, so you see it is pretty warm the whole time. I shall be very thankful when we get to Berber. The monotony of the way is very great; you cannot talk much from one camel to another.

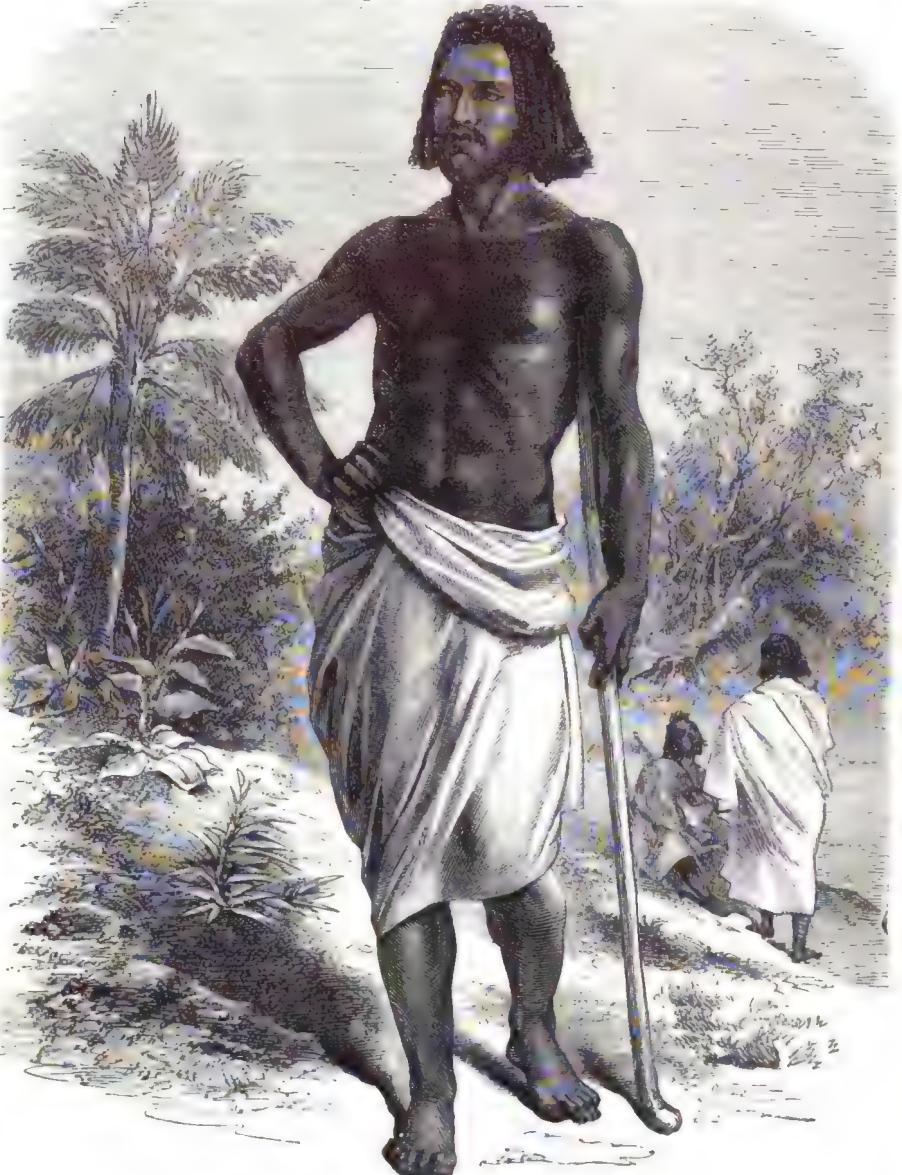
When in a hut, we usually occupy one corner each with a bed; have our guns, filters, and bags hung up at our bed's head; our revolvers are under our pillows. We rig up our tables in the centre of the hut. The first thing that we do on arriving at a station is to begin and filter water;

we fill a bucket full of water, put a few filters in, and soon have enough water for drinking purposes. Then we have a wash if there is enough water, then prayers, and then food. The groups of men round our hut door are always picturesque; they lie about, singing, or mending their clothes, and one of them sews very well. Their food consists of a kind of millet seed, which they eat very hot, with their fingers; a little curry-powder is added sometimes as a luxury. The head camel man has his food from us, only stipulating that we will not give him pork, as his religion forbids him to eat it. He likes tea very much, but drinks it without sugar. Our cook is a fine fellow so far, falling into our ways very well; but new brooms generally sweep well, and I will turn out I know. Our draught gets worse instead of better, he can only sleep as much as he likes, but he makes more mistakes than he did when first engaged him. He does not seem to understand the simple things, but gives us plenty of amusement, but our temper very—mine, at least.

*July 3.*—We reached a quiet forenoon at *Ariab*, and were sorry for the heat, though I felt home-sick all the time. At four P.M. we were ready for the night, and all our water-tanks, flasks, and zimmers (?) cases were filled with water. There is only one zimmer before we get to *Suakin*, two hours of riding, and that is salt water.

I don't think I told you how the camels are loaded. The saddle is Nubian, with two pommels at each end; girls are not usually used, if anything is used it is a thick rope made of grass. The good is slung over the saddle with ropes, two going round each end and ending in a knot through which a wooden peg is passed, which secures all that is required. Unloading the saddle is to steady the camel on either side, withdraw the saddle, and the cases are down to the ground. The camel of course lies down for loading and unloading.

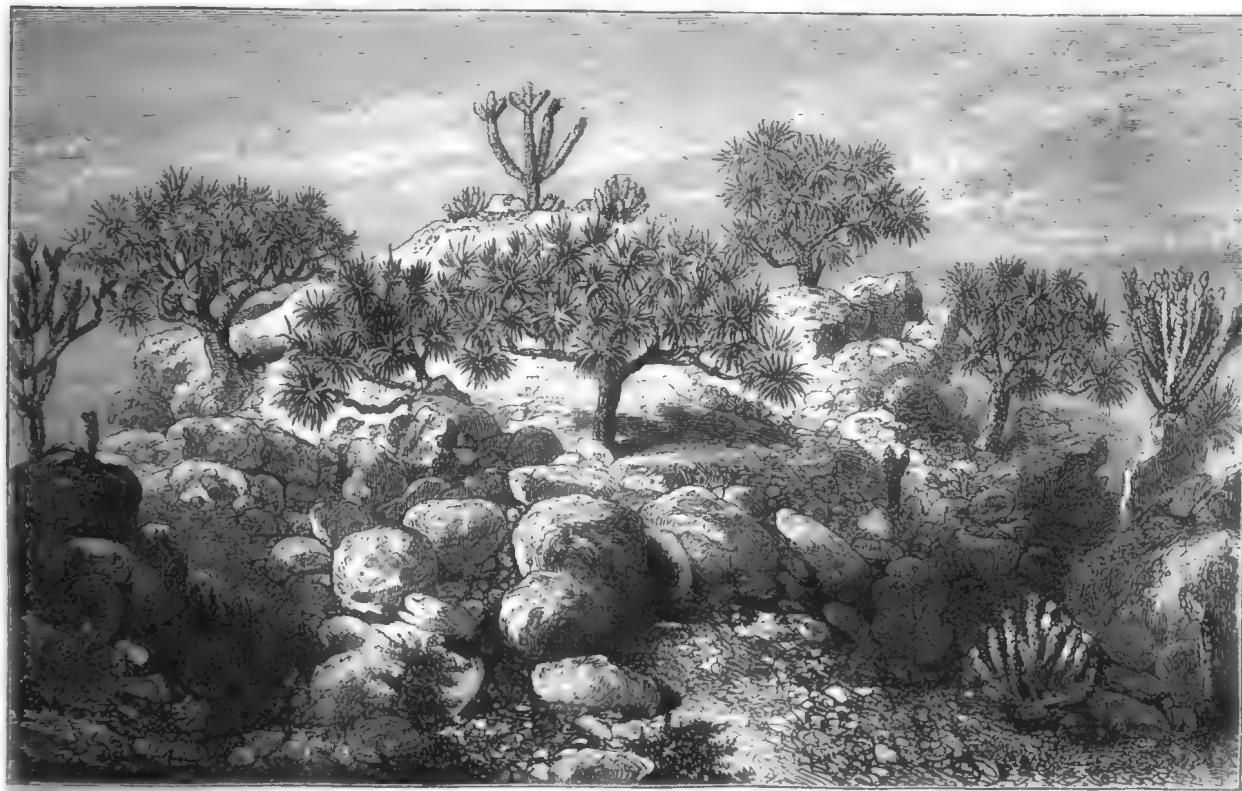
On the camels we ride our bags containing our clothes for the journey, buckets, washing-basin, &c., and on the pommels our bags, filters, guns, and water-bottles are slung. The rugs on which we ride require very careful packing, as the least uneasiness causes discomfort. When a halt is made, most of the camels are hobbled, then turned loose. They are strung together on the march by a chain behind the teeth, round the lower jaw, and if they should chance to get loose, stop at once till re-tied. We rode 8½ hours to *Matio*, a dilapidated hut, without ring-fence, and no water. About eight men had halted for twenty minutes, and had coffee by moonlight, and the men lit up a lot of tufts of long dry grass, causing an immense



THE BENI AMIR TRIBE, NUBIA, SOUTH OF SUAKIM.



ARAB TRADERS IN THE NUBIAN DESERT.



DRAGON TREES BETWEEN SUAKIM AND BERBER. (From Schweinfurth's *Heart of Africa*.)

and lighting up the rocks and hills in a remarkable manner. We met a long caravan of some fifty camels; they looked so weird, silently winding their way through the darkness, and soon vanishing.

The silence of the desert is very impressive, but we often sing, both to keep ourselves awake and to pass the time away. When starting, and often on the road, our men cry out in a long shrill cry, "Sheikh Abdullah el Khud;" this is to invoke protection from some old Sheikh of the desert long since gathered to his fathers.

The men annoy us much in telling us distances. When asked, "When shall we halt?" they always say, "God knows,"—perfectly true, but that does not give us the required information, and an extensive conversation has to be held before an idea can be formed as to the length of a stage. After marching six or seven hours one gets tired, and asks how long to the station. "Oh, we are very near," or, "We shall soon be there"; this generally means in an hour or two we *may* get there. One of their "soons" meant three hours' march. We were glad to get to Matio, and were soon asleep; but I had no sooner got to sleep, as I thought, than I was conscious of a great noise, and on looking round saw them lading the camels. I had slept three hours, and we were to start again, they not even giving us time for coffee.

*July 4.*—For the first two hours I had the greatest difficulty to keep on my seat, falling asleep every few minutes, till a jerk would rouse me again. It was, however, delightfully cool. About nine the sun was very hot, and then began three hours of the most intense uneasiness. My water was all gone, and the sun was so hot, and the wind so strong, I could not shade myself. It was too hot to speak, the wind drying one up completely. Silently on we went, each half-hour getting worse and worse. I was quite dizzy, and each minute expected to fall down; but all things have an end, and at twelve o'clock we arrived at *Alame*, another hut. We had not tasted food for sixteen hours, except a few dry biscuits, which I could hardly eat, because I had no water; you can imagine better than I can describe how we felt. And to make matters worse, we could not get a wash, as the water was too precious for that purpose. We could not sleep—it was 108° in the hut—so we lay and melted until six P.M., when off we were driven again. A march of five hours brought us to a place called *Aletshu*—no hut, but a nice plain at the foot of some hills. I was indeed thankful for a rest, as it was fairly cool.

*July 5.*—We started at five this morning; they tried hard to get us up at four, but it was no go—we would not stir. We soon left the mountains, and entered into the sandy desert, for which I am not sorry, as mountains, nothing but mountains, get tedious at last. The sand is so fine and soft, it is almost alive with insects, some of which are very curious. We arrived at *Obach* at nine o'clock, and have stayed here all day, killing a sheep, for which our men are always thankful. *Obach* is a hut in a very fallen-down condition on the top of a lot of sand-hills, the camels sinking deeply at every step, and going in consequence very slowly. There is a well here—but oh, what water! very salt, and full of sand. It is a good thing we have still some water left, and I hope that with care it will last us the remainder of the way.

It has been very hot to-day—110°; could get no sleep, so I am not sorry for the halt. It has also enabled me to write up my account, which I feel is very poor, but if you knew the difficulties under which it is written, you would excuse that. The sunset has been beautiful, and now as I write the moon and stars are brilliant, but still the same hot wind. I am getting tired of the word hot; but what else can one write, when one is burning for twenty hours out of the twenty-four?

We start at three to-morrow morning, which means getting up at two o'clock. There are now only three more stages, and I shall be thankful when they are over. I wish you could see our camp—five or six watchfires, around which the men are lying, dark forms flitting about in the firelight, camels stalking silently, but at the same time with an air of quiet dignity, about, and all backed up by the steel colour of the sky and the silver light of the moon and stars.

#### THE AFGHAN WAR—A MISSION HOSPITAL SPARED BY THE WUZIRIS.

**W**UR readers may have noticed, in the recent news in the public papers from our Afghan frontier, a statement that the fierce Wuziri mountaineers had sacked the town of *Tank*, which is on the extreme border of British territory. At this place the Society has a Medical Mission, worked by the Rev. John Williams, a Native doctor and clergyman, whose portrait (with an account by Bishop French) appeared in the *GLEANER* of Jan., 1877; and last year he had 8,764 patients. His influence with all the Afghan population of the neighbourhood has always been very great; and a most remarkable illustration of this has now occurred. *The Wuziris, when they destroyed Tank the other day, spared the C.M.S. Mission Hospital*, avowedly on account of their affection for our Native brother. The Government dispensary was not spared. The Rev. R. Clark, in sending this intelligence, justly says, "It is one of the most striking facts connected with mission work that I have ever heard."

#### EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

We have much pleasure in announcing that the Rev. William E. Ridley, Vicar of St. Paul's, Huddersfield, and formerly a C.M.S. mission in India, has been nominated to be the first Bishop of the new Diocese of Caledonia, which is (as mentioned last month) to be formed out of the present Diocese of British Columbia, and which will include the Hudson's Bay Missions at Metlakatla, &c. Mr. Ridley was ordained in 1862, and laboured for three years at Peshawur, when illness compelled his return home.

The missionary party for Uganda travelling by way of the Nile, have been much delayed on their voyage up. The river has been unusually high, and the immense quantity of water loosened great masses of mud and papyrus, which formed floating islands and blocked up the river. The steamer also ran short of fuel, so that she was fast bound amidst of marshes some distance south of Sobat during the greater part of September. This country is one of the most unhealthy in Africa, and the three brethren have been mercifully kept in fair health. On Nov. 10th they left Lado (Gondokoro) for Uganda. Later sections of Mr. French's journal now appearing in the *GLEANER* will by-and-by give our readers full particulars.

Our North India Mission has lost another labourer. The Rev. W. Reuther died at Kangra on Jan. 22nd. He first went out in 1862 under the auspices of the Berlin Society, but joined the C.M.S. in 1866, and was ordained by Bishop Wilson. He has laboured at several stations in the North-West Provinces during the last thirty years.

Dr. Galt, the Society's medical missionary at Hang-chow, was compelled to leave China in December on account of his wife's health. He had, however, scarcely set sail for England when it pleased God to call her to Himself. She died on board the steamer on Dec. 30th, and was buried at Amoy the next day.

On Dec. 22nd Bishop French ordained Yakub Ali, of the Lhasa Divinity College, for the pastorate of the Native congregation at Lhasa. The Rev. C. P. C. Nugent received priest's orders at the same time.

The Rev. D. T. Barry, who has laboured energetically for the Society for three years as C.M.S. Secretary at Calcutta, being released by the Government, is on his way home, visiting the Society's stations in China and Japan *Missions en route*.

The Rev. W. T. Storrs has returned to England after his eighteen months' work in the Santal Mission, which formerly owed so much to him, and to which he has now been enabled to render valuable service.

Bishop Russell reports that he confirmed last year ninety-eight C.M.S. candidates in the Che-kiang Province. On Trinity Sunday he conferred priest's orders on the Revs. O Kwong-yiao, Wong Yiu-kwong, and Dzing Ts-sing. He writes in warm terms of the progress of the Theological College at Ningpo conducted by the Rev. J. C. Hoare, and earnestly for funds to provide suitable buildings.

The Rev. J. S. and Mrs. Hill, and Mr. W. Goodyear, who sailed in the autumn to join the New Zealand Mission, were shipwrecked on their voyage from Auckland to Tauranga. Providentially all on board were saved, but much property was lost.

The new Mission church and school at Hakodate were opened on Nov. 24th. The church, which will hold 300 comfortably, was built by Japanese. A promising young convert named Sano was baptised by Mr. Dening, receiving the Christian name of Stephen.

On November 4th the Usborne Memorial School was opened at Puducherry. This is a school for girls of the upper classes of Hindu society, in connection with the Rev. A. H. Lash's network of female educational agencies, and has been erected as a memorial to the Misses Usborne, the liberal benefactresses of the Tinnevelly Mission. In the morning and evening the building will be used as a Reading Room and Lecture Hall; and Mr. Lash opened the campaign with readings from the Pilgrim's Progress, accompanied by dissolving views, and a short service of sacred song.

The Rev. H. D. Williamson, who was appointed in 1877 to join the Rev. E. Champion of Jubbulpore in commencing the long-delayed Mission to the Gonds of Central India, but was detained for a time in Calcutta for other work, has now settled at Mandla, in the heart of the Gond country. He finds the Gonds "very ignorant, very slow to be converted, and very benighted," and begs for our prayers in this new effort to reach the non-Aryan people of India.

The annual reports from Ceylon show that the number of Christians is now 6,370, and the communicants 1,512. The baptisms last year were—adults, 194; children, 217. There are 373 native agents, 222 schools, and 9,500 scholars; also 140 Sunday-schools with 2,666 scholars. The Native Christians contributed to religious purposes last year Rs. 13,321, and from European friends there was a gift of Rs. 45,081, making some £2,500 raised in the island. One-half of the adult baptisms were in the Kandy Singhalese Mission, and 89 of the baptisms in the Itinerancy, respecting which the Rev. S. H. Williams writes:—"I doubt if ever there were before such a promising Mission, whose progress and development was retarded from lack of men."

## THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

MAY, 1879.

## MARCHING ORDERS.

IV.

*"Freely ye have received, freely give."*—*St. Matt. x. 8.*

HE context shows that we must not content ourselves with applying this only to silver and gold. Those to whom the command was spoken neither possessed nor provided any. Far greater gifts had they received, far greater gifts were they to give.

What have we freely received? Our Bibles give us a three-fold answer. 1. Love: God our Father says, "I will love them *freely*." 2. Justification: we are "*justified freely* by His grace," and "*by His blood*." 3. Life: He says, "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life *freely*." And unto us has been preached this "*Gospel of God freely*."

We are responsible not only for having received such gifts, but for knowing that we have received them; for "we have received the Spirit which is of God, that we might know the things that are *freely* given to us of God." The whole Bible is one long inventory of the things that are freely given to us, and yet we cannot reckon our wealth, for "*All things are yours.*" Possessing the one unspeakable gift, Jesus Christ Himself, is "possessing all things."

"As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same." How will you do this? Can you make it a question of shillings or sovereigns? Is *that* what you have received? Is that *as* you have received? Will you not say, "I will freely sacrifice unto Thee"? Sacrifice—what? "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice." Is there not one reader of the GLEANER who, having "*received Christ Jesus the Lord*," will go at His word, and "*freely*" make known the good news of life from the dead, and healing and cleansing through Him? There are so many who would delight to go, but whose way God has entirely hedged up. Are there none whose way is not so hedged up? He who spared not His own Son, but with Him freely gives us all things, is saying, very clearly and loudly, "*Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?*" Will any one who *might* say, "*Here am I, send me!*" refuse to say it?

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

## TINNEVELLY: THE CHURCH GROWING.



ANY readers of the GLEANER know that about a year ago the news reached England that 16,000 heathen had joined the Christian community in Tinnevelly. This was in those parts of the province which are worked by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, whose Mission is conducted by Bishop Caldwell. In some of that Society's districts the terrible South Indian Famine had been particularly severe; and most generous contributions had been sent from England to the S.P.G. missionaries for the relief of the starving people. The result of this, and of Bishop Caldwell's unwearied diligence at the same time in preaching journeys from place to place, was that when the Famine was subsiding, the poor creatures whose lives had been saved came forward in large numbers to embrace the religion that had led English people to pity them. "The conviction generally prevailed," wrote the Bishop, "that whilst Hinduism had left the famine-stricken to die, Christianity had stepped in, like an angel from heaven, to comfort them with its sympathy and cheer them with its effectual succour."

In the more extensive districts of Tinnevelly worked by the

Church Missionary Society, the Famine, though bad enough, was not so crushing in its severity; and the help rendered by the C.M.S. Relief Fund was not so large in amount. This, and some other reasons, may probably account for our not at first receiving similar news from Bishop Sargent. In a few months, however, the movement spread; and while the new adherents of the S.P.G. increased to 22,000 in number, 11,000 more came forward in the C.M.S. districts. The returns to Sept. 30th show that the Natives "*under Christian instruction*" in Tinnevelly, in connection with the C.M.S., numbered at that date 50,075, an increase of 8,582 on the preceding year; and this increase would have been larger but for the many poor Christians who were dispersed by the Famine.

Is not this something to thank God for? No doubt we must be careful not to think too much of it. We have not had 11,000 conversions. The conversion of one Brahmin like Ratnam or Krishnayya, or of one learned Mohammedan doctor like Imad-ud-din, is more remarkable as a proof of the power of Divine grace. The poor people who have joined the Christians in Tinnevelly are mostly very ignorant, and although there are some who manifest a true desire for the salvation of their souls, many know little more than that the religion of Jesus is better than the religion of Siva. But yet it is a great thing that so many should give up their idol-worship, come to the village churches and prayer-houses and schools to be taught, and reckon themselves as on the side of Christ. No Christian nation ever became Christian in any other way. If ever India does become Christian in the same sense as many European countries now are, we must expect the majority to be Christians only in name, and the true believers to be a little flock, as elsewhere. Meanwhile let us pray God that many of these "*new accessions*" may be led, under the teaching they will now have, to an intelligent and living faith in Christ. As yet only a few have been baptized; the adult baptisms during the year were 811, against 849 the year before.

It is pleasant to find the Native Church girding itself to the work of teaching these new comers, and of preaching the Gospel still more assiduously among the surrounding heathen. Besides the 54 Native clergy and the 142 catechists and readers regularly employed, there are now 889 voluntary evangelists who give up their daily work for a day or half a day every week to go and preach in the villages and talk to the people, and in every chief congregation an evening is set apart for a prayer-meeting, at which these men tell what they have been doing. At the annual gathering of the Christians of Mengnanapuram, at which 2,000 persons were present in the great church built by old Mr. Thomas thirty years ago, Bishop Sargent called on the voluntary evangelists of that district to stand up, that he might say a few words specially to them. Men instantly rose to their feet all over the church, and on counting them their number proved to be 124. The Bishop affectionately showed them the advantage they possessed over paid agents, telling them that "the work itself was the best of pay, and the Master they had to look to was the loving Lord Jesus." He then called on any others to stand up who were now willing to join them. Thirty-eight at once responded. The Bishop gave these a cordial welcome, and then asked why the good work should be confined to men: would not the women do something? Seven women rose up and offered to do what they could; and the Bishop encouraged them by referring to the example of the woman of Samaria in bringing her fellow-townsmen to Christ. "I hardly know," he writes, "which to prefer in my thankfulness—the influx of so many heathen to receive Christian teaching, or the rousing up of our slumbering converts to a sense of their duty to the heathen."

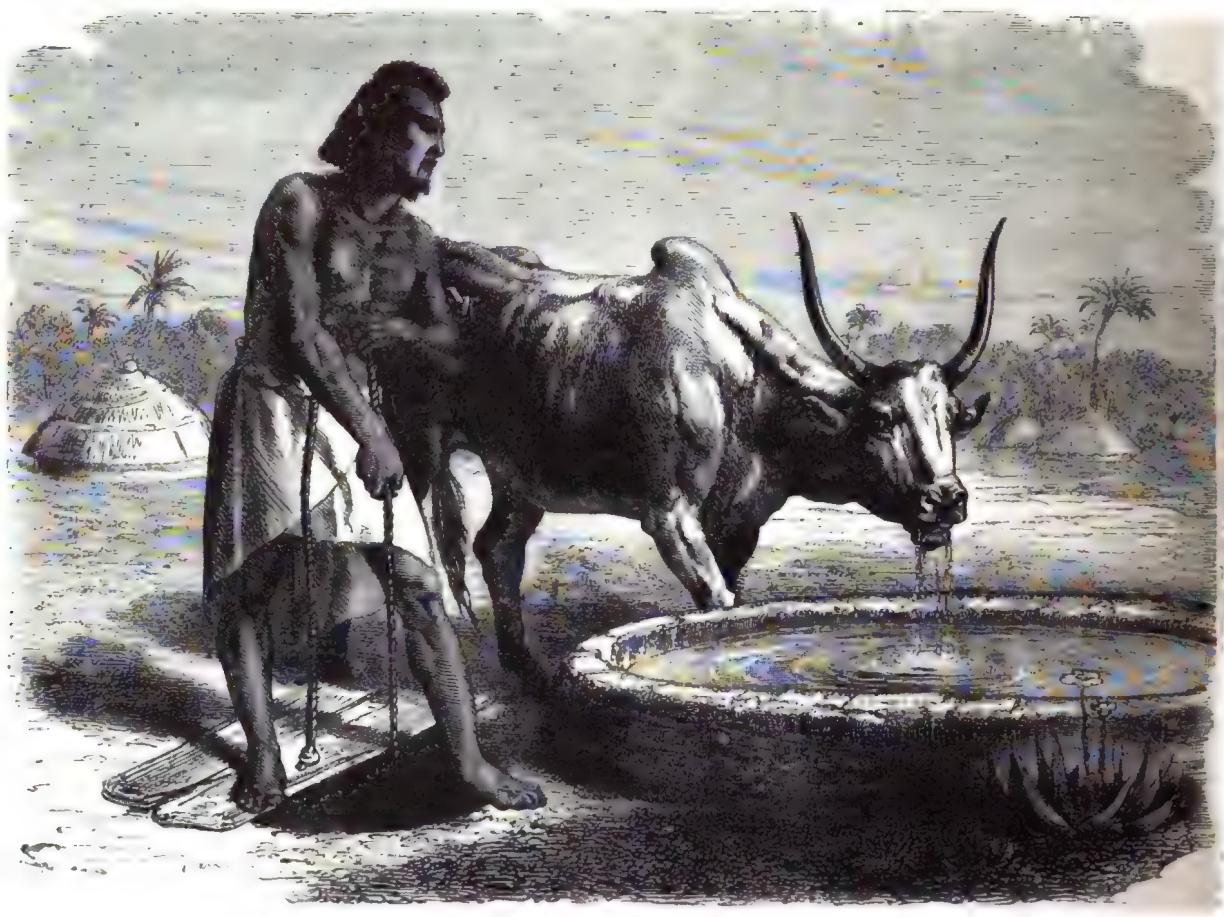
## UP THE NILE TO UGANDA.

JOURNAL OF MR. R. W. FELKIN.

(Continued.)

**J**ULY 6.—We left Obach at six, and had at first to cross the sand hills. These are very soft, and the camels sunk deeply at each step; they are a series of mounds, and so very steep that sometimes we nearly overbalanced ourselves. It took us about an hour to cross the hills, and then we entered the sandy desert, a flat plain, which extends from here to Berber. We saw here a few sand pillars formed by the wind, and one or two sand showers passed over us, but we have seen no sand storms. The largest lizard I have ever seen was caught by one man here; it was 2½ feet in length. They say that the leaves of some tree are an antidote for its bite, but I cannot find out what tree it is. We rode on till twelve, and as we approached the hut we saw a few camels and a

man in a helmet like ours, so we thought it must be a European. Soon as we got to the hut he ran out and said, "Good day, gentlemen, and he turned out to be the Indian servant of Mr. Wild, who used to be consul at Jeddah. On alighting, Mr. Wild came and gave a hearty welcome, and you can imagine how glad we were to see a English face again, and to get a downright British shake of the hand. We soon became friends, and he told us he had just come from Khartoum, where Colonel Gordon was expecting us. He gave us three fowls, which were a great treat, and a good deal of general information. He had had a terrible journey to Berber three weeks ago. The monsoon blew against him for eight days, and he met several sand storms, so bad that his camels could not stand against them. His guide ran away; his men had only two fights on the road; at one place he had great difficulty with a lion, but he got away safely. He had with him a young lion and two monkeys, which he was going to send to the Zoo, and a Nyam-Nyam, a boy who is a cannibal, and said he only wished he could get a bit of human flesh now! He



BENI AMIR PEASANT AT A WELL, NUBIA.

us some Nile water: it was almost like *café-au-lait*, so thick with mud. After a few very pleasant hours with him we left at 4.40, and arrived at 1.40 A.M. at *Abailot*, a broken-down hut without any water. We were very tired, having ridden fifteen hours in the day.

On this part of our journey we passed many dead camels; in fact, one could almost find the way from Suakin to Berber by the skeletons and dried-up remains of camels, so very numerous are they.

I also learnt a new dodge, viz., when wishing to go to sleep eat a moderate-sized onion, and you will be asleep in no time; this is useful to know, but I have no onions to try yet—shall get some in Berber.

*July 7.*—We had hoped for a good sleep after the long ride and fatigue of the previous day, but were sadly disappointed when our men woke us at four, and told us we must get ready for a start. It was hard work, but Mr. Wild had told us that five hours from *Abailot* there was a very large tree where we could rest during the heat, so we got ready, and were off at five. The first three hours were beautiful, so cool and pleasant, but at nine A.M. it became very hot, and we looked out eagerly for the

tree with its promised shade. No tree, however, appeared; sand, sand, nothing but sand in sight, with the mirage in the distance, which proved to be a great source of discomfort to us, as the view of what looked to be beautiful water only increased the heat and thirst.

On, on we went, our sheikh saying we should soon be there; the water was thick, hot, and nasty, the heat getting worse, and we were very tired. Several times we thought we must give up. We felt as though we could go no further. We tried walking, but each step was like putting one's foot into boiling water. There was no shade to be seen.

At last, after going through a season of discomfort I look back upon with horror, we saw in the distance what seemed to be a hut. Never had we come. Was it the mirage? No, that could not be; a hut, truly a hut, and to our intense relief we found out that we had missed the tree, and by a forced march got to *Moheber*, the last station, and only two hours from Berber!

Thank God, it is over, and our dangers and difficulties past, at least for the present, and you cannot think with what joy we dismounted.



AN ARAB CARAVAN.

sought the shade of the friendly hut. We were all completely done up, but a wash—the first for several days—revived us somewhat, and we then tried for sleep, which, however, I could not get, for the temperature was  $114^{\circ}$ , and the large flies and mosquitoes, our old friends, had made their re-appearance. The poor camels were quite done up, as were the men, and though we gave them a sheep they were too tired to cook it.

July 8.—How thankful for a good night's sleep I was, and I awoke like a new man; all was excitement to get ready for our entry into Berber. The best clothes we could muster were looked up, and our camels loaded as neatly as possible. The last cup of coffee in the desert was consumed, and we left Moheber at six A.M. For two hours we rode, nothing to be seen; can we really be so close to our journey's end? What do I see? the tower of a mosque? yes, just above the horizon the tower appeared. We urged our camels on, "he, ho, hiss," and soon Berber came in sight. O how delightful to see the mud houses and palm trees!

Soon after, a kavass from the Mudir met us, conveying his welcome, and he was to show us the way to our house. Berber looks like a string of mud houses, extending for about two miles, with here and there most beautiful clusters of palm trees. Another quarter of an hour, and we entered the town—narrow ways—you cannot call them streets, and we were soon in the courtyard of the house appointed for us. It is the largest house in Berber, once the residence of the French consul.

The distance travelled is, as near as we can make out, 330 or 350 miles, as the route is so winding. The camels go about two and three-quarters or three miles an hour. No European should ever attempt this journey in the middle of summer. In the cooler parts of the year it must be a most delightful ride, but in these months almost unbearable. Surely God has been good to us, and to Him be all the glory. We have been in perils enough, but His Arms have been round us, and no harm has come to us.

#### PERSIA MISSION—THE FIRST FUNERAL.

**P**ERSIA has not been mentioned for a long time in the GLEANER. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, and their Armenian helper from Bombay, Carapit Johannes, are faithfully and earnestly labouring at Julfa, the quarter of Ispahan inhabited by the Oriental Christians. The congregation consists now of 170 of these, who have joined the purer worship of our Reformed Church. Meanwhile Mr. Bruce takes as many opportunities as possible to set the Gospel before the Mohammedans; and he is actively engaged in revising the Persian Bible. Here is an interesting gleaning from his Report for last year:—

We have had one death of a baby in our congregation, but even connected with that we had a cause for special gratitude. Our people lived in fear of the first Protestant funeral, as our *Tobias* and *Sanballat* held it up as a threat to our little flock that they would not allow a Protestant to be buried peaceably. On August 27th I headed the first native Protestant funeral procession through the streets of Julfa without a word being spoken against us. We selected a large corner of the Armenian consecrated graveyard, separated by a public road from the graves of the Armenians and Roman Catholics, for the Protestant "God's acre." I gave notice to the leading Armenians that we purposed appropriating it, if they made no objection; and none was made. Never had a poor man's baby a larger funeral. The Mission-chapel was filled. I preached on "Be ye ready also," and many who had never heard the Gospel before had full salvation by the blood of Jesus set before them. And the object of my service—not to pray for the dead, but to give thanks for those who fell asleep in Jesus, and pray for the living—was explained.

LETTERS TO MY PARISH FROM SANTALIA.  
BY THE REV. W. T. STORES.

V.—Into the Wilderness after Lost Sheep.

TALJHARI, August 6th, 1878.

 T becomes increasingly difficult to write to you, for my work is so very quiet during the rainy season that I seem to have very little to say. However, to-day I think I will tell you about a little expedition which I have to make two or three times a month to look after some scattered sheep in the wilderness.

I have prayers here as usual in the morning, and about half-past eight a goods train stops near this for a minute, and I get into the guard's van, with a little man I take with me to get my breakfast ready, and about nine miles north of this, at the first station we meet (for the stations hereabouts are fourteen and sixteen miles apart), we get out. I should prefer riding on my horse, but the country the whole way is nothing else but mud and water—such deep mud that my horse could not possibly get through it, so I am glad to take the train. Then I have to walk back, down the line, about a mile and a half; and, after leaving the line and scrambling through some marshy ground, I come to a village on a little eminence.

Here I stop for an hour or two; there are about seven or eight houses of Christians here. I think it is as unsatisfactory a village as I have. The head-man is a Christian, and I once hoped great things of him, but he is a great trouble to me now. He used to be very upright and straightforward; now he has become a regular "blarney," saying things merely to please, and pretending to be religious, when he means nothing. He is rather a clever man, and for a Santal particularly fine-looking; I have only lately found out the cause of his declension, which is that he has taken to the use of an intoxicating drug; and this is eating the life out both of his body and soul. I am sure he is very miserable, he looks so different from his own bright self, as I knew him ten years ago; but he pleads that he had some disease about two or three years ago for which he began to take this drug, and now he cannot give it up. But besides this there does not seem to be one family in the whole village that is really in earnest in living for God; they are all quite lukewarm; their little chapel is all out of repair; they are very irregular at service, and they have none of the pleasant happy look that one sees in most of the Christian villages. When I come they all gather for service, but that does not please me, for I know when the catechist comes many of them are absent. God is sending great trouble among them in the way of sickness just now, and I hope that it may work for good. First of all I go from house to house, paying a short visit to each one with a few words of talk or prayer. Then I have breakfast with my Horton canteen, which not only supplies from its contents my plates, cup, &c., but itself serves as a table for me, as I sit astride a native bed. After breakfast the bell rings, and all the people come for a short service; and I daresay you can imagine that I do not say nothing but smooth things to them; yet I do try to say what I have to say in love, and were it not for the depressing effect of the head-man's life upon the people, I think some good would be done. Well, perhaps I ought not to write in this faithless way; I may have some good to tell you about Mehudi (for that is the name of the village) when I come home.

Then I take as my companion, part of the way, the son of the head-man of the village, who will one day himself be head-man, and who seems a really good young man; and I start up the hills behind the village to visit some Christians right upon the very top of the hills. The people I have been with are Santals, but those I am going to see are Paharis, quite a different race, different in language, dress, aspect, habits and worship. In some respects they are a less pleasing race than the Santals, as they are much more shy and much less honest; but they are a clever race, and can learn more quickly than the Santals. They have been terribly neglected. Numbers of them, at one time or another, have been baptized and then left almost entirely to themselves, and so have lapsed again into semi-heathenism. One thing that I am most anxious to do before I come home is to secure some one who will give his whole time to these Paharis. I am sure something might be done among them if some missionary would give himself entirely to work and go about from village to village in these hills. Really I can say most truly my heart is deeply grieved for these people; they have received so little justice at the hands of us missionaries. We have known what a weak people they are morally—we have known what tremendous temptations they are exposed to—and yet, when we have baptized those who apparently with thorough earnestness and sincerity turned to the Lord, we have left them almost alone with their heathen neighbours. I have been up frequently among them lately, even in the rains, when most Europeans look on these hills as inaccessible, and my whole heart has been stirred by the way in which the poor scattered Christians have received me. I am sure there is a work to be done among them if I can only get a man to do it. I wish Horton would send me out a man—a man who is not afraid of a tedious climb

every day up rocky hills—a man who enjoys a good walk—and, above all, a man with a heart full of love.

I go to three villages of these Paharis, where there are a few Christians in each, and have a little prayer and reading with them, and the creatures seem so delighted to see me. It is a tremendous pull up the hill, and a long walk along the top, but the view down on to the green plain of the Ganges from the top is grand, and the vegetation I pass through is lovely; and were it not so terribly hot and steamy, I should quite enjoy it. The last time I was up I got wet through twice three times, and my shoes (which were not half strong enough) were torn to pieces with the rough stones, but I came down with a light heart, blessing God for His goodness, but with a heavy weight just in the corner of it, at the thought of the neglect these people have endured in our hands.

W. T. STORES

A MEMORABLE SPOT IN NEW ZEALAND.



T was on December 22nd, 1814, that the first three missionaries settlers, sent out by the Church Missionary Society, landed in New Zealand, accompanied by Samuel Marsden, at what was the earnest request the Mission had been undertaken;

three days after, Mr. Marsden himself preached the first Christian sermon to the Maoris, from the words, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy" (Luke ii. 10). The landing took place in the Bay of Islands, at the village of Rangihua, afterwards called Tepuna. The following interesting letter from Mrs. Marsden Clarke, a daughter of Bishop Stuart, of Waipu, describes the place as it appeared in December last, just sixty-four years after:—

We were all on board about ten o'clock and sailing down toward sea; it was agreed that it would be very nice to go to Tepuna, the spot of New Zealand where the missionaries landed, and on whose banks the first Christian sermon was ever preached by good old Mr. Marsden. It was here that the first three missionaries came, and where they laboured and worked, and where they and several of their children are buried. Hall, Kendall, and King were their names, and the different families of Kings in this district are the children and grandchildren of the latter. Tepuna is a wild, desolate place; the remains of some of the houses are to be seen, but neither Maori nor European live there now. Across a great bay to a white strip of beach, with high green hills and scraps of cliffland, and we were at Tepuna.

The place is held *tapu* (sacred) by every Maori in the north, justly so; and one could not help feeling a certain awe and reverence when we climbed a little wooded hill and came to the small enclosed spot where sleep so many of the best and noblest of men. Not a single monument or stone to mark it, or to proclaim their virtues, but it was touchingly interesting to see how the love of *home* in them all had gathered there some choice of English flowers and shrubs. A fine yew tree (probably the only one in New Zealand), some tall cypress, jessamine, and an exquisite white moss rose I saw. We all stood round with reverence—for who that the sons and daughters of missionaries could be more sacred?—and Mr. deacon Clarke pointed out to us which was which of the graves of the good old people.

It seems impossible for people to realise how truly they were held in awe by the Maoris. At that time, just sixty-four years ago, it was a wild cannibal country; these very hills then swarmed with hundreds of heathenish natives, as we stood on the shore and looked out to sea, it came over one who must have been for those men being landed here in boats off the coast, seeing their friend Marsden return thither, watching the vessel approach, and slowly disappear, leaving them, as it were, helpless among savages. They had no knowledge of the language or the people, it is all to be found out; no means of self-defence, and if they had, what could three men do? Cannibalism was rife in these parts, and we are to be grateful to Mr. King that they knew their only chance for life and safety was to keep themselves as *thin* as possible. I only wished we had one of the Kings in our party; old William King, our Waipu churchwarden, the last and youngest son, would have been the one who could have told us of the old times as an eye-witness.

It is such a lovely spot, with its beautiful familiar shrubs and its graves, and the whole far reaching bay spread out below, studded with countless beautiful islands, and nowhere a sign of humanity but ours and our boat; it seemed like another world, and I began to wonder what would become of us if people would ever penetrate these fair regions with their modern civilisation, or if it would bloom on in solitary beauty till Resurrection Day, when the bodies of these noble servants of God would rise from their lonely graves and see it all just as it was! The last time I was there was good old James King, of Springback. He died last Monday—was telling me about the funeral; they came in two boats, and silent band, and then they laid him there beside his father, mother, wife, and child, and others of his relatives.

## FIRST EXPERIENCES IN THE PUNJAB.

BY THE REV. C. P. C. NUGENT.

[Our readers will like to have, for once, a young missionary's first impressions of his field of labour, and an account of his first attempts at preaching in a strange tongue. Mr. Nugent went to India in the autumn of 1878 to join the Rev. G. M. Gordon in the Jhelum Itinerant Mission. The Jhelum is one of the five rivers of the Punjab, and there is on its banks a town of the same name. Pind Dadan Khan is a town lower down the river, at the foot of the Salt Range of mountains. All these will be found in the map of the Punjab in the *GLEANER* of February, 1878; and in the July number appeared two sketches of Pind and the mountains, by Mrs. Nugent, and an account of them by Mr. Gordon.]

PIND DADAN KHAN, November 28th, 1878.

 AM beginning this on the anniversary of our landing in Calcutta, and although I have comparatively little to say about work done by me in the mission field, yet this at least I can say, that "goodness and mercy" have followed us from the first.

On February 2nd, I set out on my first tour with my dear chief, Mr. Gordon. Mr. Shirreff and one of the students from the Lahore College were to join us a day or two later at Jhelum. We left Lahore, at 7.45 A.M., reaching Jhelum about 3 P.M., where we were met and welcomed by Captain J. B. Hutchinson, the Judicial Assistant Commissioner, and the tried friend of our Mission at Pind Dadan Khan.

Two days after, at about 11 P.M., we found ourselves in an old boat-house by the river side, which we had seized for fear we should not get away early enough if we put up at the *dak* bungalow. What with a fire burning and three men sleeping in a room rather less than twelve feet square it was warm, but in the deadly cold of the early morning not a bit too much so, we found. At 6 A.M. Shirreff appeared with Matthews (the student).

Got on board our bark at about 8 o'clock. It was an open boat, not at all a bad one, and with Gordon's carpet utilised as an awning we managed to do very well. Until the night set in all was very pleasant, even our frequent acquaintances with the numerous sandbanks in the river raising our spirits, or rather keeping them up, while we kept our fingers from numbing by occasionally relieving the oarsmen, and then didn't we make the old boat fly! When the evening, or rather night, was settling down, the hills looked very lovely, a beautiful bluish grey mist covering them partially. We sang hymns as we rowed, and certainly realised that Presence we so much need. It was not nearly so satisfactory at night; we seemed to be always getting on sandbanks, and they did not improve on further acquaintance, and the cold was most intense. It literally got *into* one, and made us wish fervently we were on shore in front of a good fire, enjoying a good cup of strong tea.

At about 10.30 P.M. we landed at a place about a mile and a half from Pind Dadan Khan. After quite an hour's getting such things as we positively needed for the night together, and of course haggling with the boatmen and coolies, we marched off through the jungle in search of shelter for the night (which we were not at all certain about getting), as it was now far too late to think of getting on to Pind that night. After a good half-hour's wandering we came up to the village and found out a large shed inhabited by two donkeys, who did not seem at all disposed to evacuate in our favour. Gordon went off and knocked up the head-man of the village, and that good man, with more urbanity than most Englishmen would treat one who pulled them out of bed at such an advanced and exceedingly cold hour (for twelve with them is much the same as three or four is with us), offered us the use of the mosque (a very great honour), which we declined, as it already seemed sufficiently tenanted by ten not very clean Mussulmans. We selected the shed, and our good friend supplied us with beds, a grand carpet, and put up chicks (a kind of curtain made of twigs bound

together\*) as doors, and here we laid ourselves down to rest at about a quarter to two o'clock, very tired and very cold.

Next morning we find that the head-man has supplemented his civility of last night by sending us more eggs than we can eat for our "little breakfast." In discussing these we are interrupted by his son, who is followed by bearers carrying in a sumptuous breakfast—a huge pile of cakes (awful things steeped in ghee), some splendidly curried meat, and a Punjabi pudding, formed of a kind of flour called *soogie* (pronounce "g" like "j"), sweetened. Their kindness was somewhat overwhelming, for I had to eat nearly an entire enormous *chipate* (a native cake), which, as it was largely composed of not the freshest ghee, was decidedly too rich for my taste. There is a very good Moulvie living in this village who has met with much persecution on account of his reforming ideas. He is very well affected towards Christianity; God grant he may become something more some day. He always comes into Pind to see Mr. Gordon when he is there. They all brought us on our way out of the village, and after many salaams and expressions of goodwill we parted. Gordon had not lost an opportunity of repaying their hospitality by offering them the Bread of Life.

I was much pleased with my first impressions of Pind Dadan Khan; it is a most picturesque-looking town, and with the Salt range on one side, and the river Jhelum on the other, the view from the housetop is very fine.

We did not remain long in Pind, but at once set off for Kheura, the settlement at the Salt Mines, where the principal European officers in charge of them live. By the kindness of Dr. Warth, the Collector of Customs, we had an opportunity of seeing the mines to great advantage. In the evening of the next day we set off for Choya Saidan Shah, a place about 3,500 feet up, which Gordon was anxious to visit. It is, as is all the country about, a very lovely spot, and at this time (January and February) was especially so—beautiful valleys surrounded by such very pretty low hills, and here and there intersected by delightful little streams. In the evening we went to the village to preach, and after a great deal of waiting, the Moulvie appeared with two other men, and at once tried to get rid of us by saying it was the hour of prayer. However, we waited patiently and then had our say. They were not at all friendly, cavilling at everything, and raising the usual questions about the unlawfulness of eating pig's flesh and not fasting.

We marched back on foot to Jhelum (65 miles), after spending a very happy Sunday at Pind, my first in this town. We had service (that in the morning with Holy Communion) at the dear little church, the name of which I must not forget to tell you is St. John's in the Wilderness.

During the months of February, March, and April, we remained quietly at Pind, I struggling on with the language. Then we went to Sakesar. This is our hill station, being the highest point of the Salt Range, and is somewhat over 5,000 feet high. Here we spent six months. During the greater part of this time I had the privilege of ministering to the European officers (and some ladies) of Shahpur. I cannot sufficiently in words acknowledge the kindness I received from all of these, and especially from Major Corbyn, the Deputy Commissioner, whose brotherly love and Christian sympathy will ever be treasured by me. Of course my especial work while there was preparing for my examination for priest's orders, and studying the language. But I did fulfil my wish of visiting some of the villages. I give you an account of one visit:—

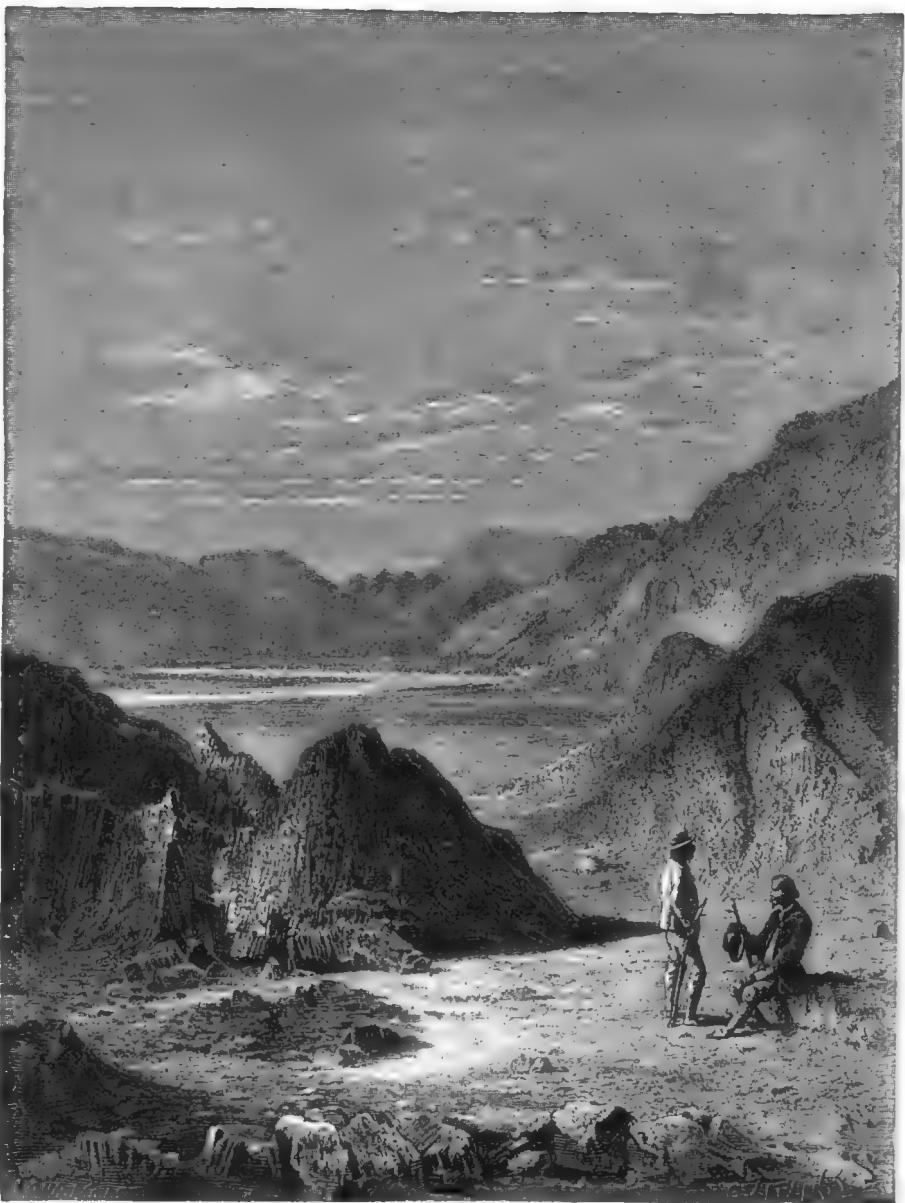
I was met at Serai (the nearest village to Sakesar) at 7 A.M. by my Munshi, and with him was the head-man of the village, Mian Lall. This is a most patriarchal-looking old man; he is about 6 feet 2 inches, splendidly made, and has a long snow-white

\* Our readers will see these chicks in the large picture of Teaching in a Zenana in our March number.

beard, in fact he is just the kind of man one likes to fancy Abraham was. These, with one or two others, preceded me to the place where most of the gossip of the village takes place. Here we seated ourselves, and being joined by one or two more, making my "congregation" in all about six, I read Isaiah liii., and tried to speak as well as I could about sin and sinners, and the need of and provision for salvation in Christ. But I fear my faith was very low, or I felt very shy, or perhaps a good deal of both reasons operated, for I felt very much restricted.

I did not wait more than an hour here, but pressed on with my Munshi and a guide for Amb, the next village. We had a very hot sun to walk under, and a very disagreeable road to travel over, principally formed of large stones about as firm as very yielding sand. Some places we had to cross were very difficult even for us, and must have been to my poor horse Tommy, which I did not ride, what tight-rope walking would have been to his master. In some places almost perpendicular banks of loose earth and stones had to be crossed, yet he managed magnificently. I did give in when nearly at the top of a steep hill going up to Amb—I suppose the sun was too much for me; any way, after lying down for a time I got up on Tommy.

Amb (it is pronounced *Um*) is the most picturesque village I have yet seen, and that part of it where we rested the most picturesque of it all. It is a raised kind of platform, used, I believe, as a place of prayer. It is almost covered by the branches of a huge pipal tree, and at one side a delightful swift stream hurries by, which simply to look at rests and refreshes one. It is just the kind of place that one would feel constrained to offer the Water of Life and the Rest of Christ in. Here we waited for a long time for the magnate of the village, Mian Lall's brother, and at last gave him up in despair, and at the request of about eight of the leading men of the village I "opened



THE SALT MOUNTAINS, PUNJAB.

### OUR SOLITARY MISSIONARY IN UGANDA.

[The picture of King Mtesa and his chiefs on the opposite page is a French engraving. We do not know the original source of it.]



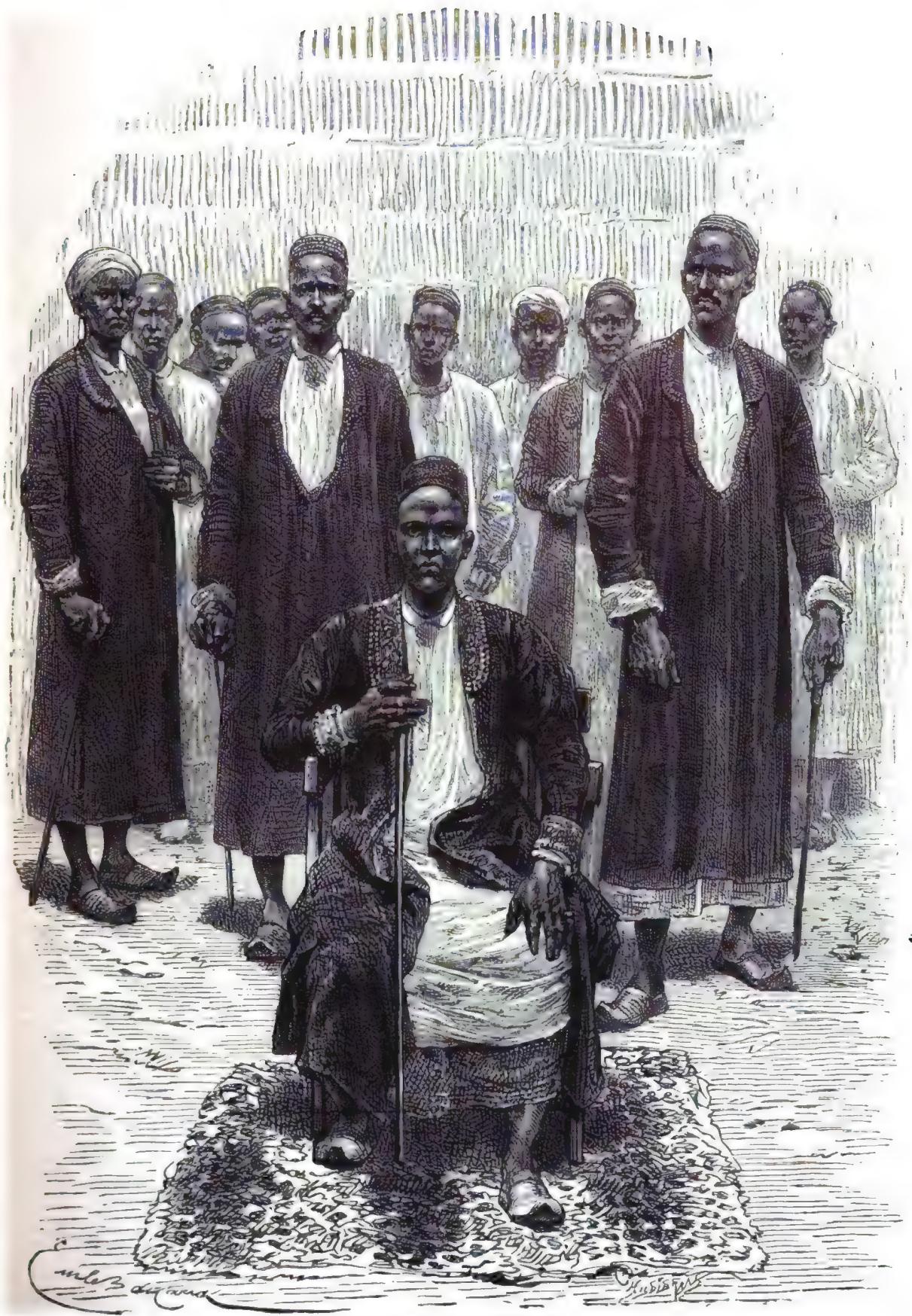
OME months have elapsed since we gave any account of the Rev. C. T. Wilson, who, after the death of Lieut. Smith and Mr. O'Neill, and before the arrival of Mr. Mackay (reported in our February number) was our only missionary on the Victoria Nyanza. Some brief extracts from his letters—which have appeared full in the *C.M. Intelligencer*—ought now to find place in the GLEANER.

It will be remembered that Mr. Wilson and Lieut. Smith reached Rubaga, the capital of Uganda, on the north side of the Lake (see the map in the GLEANER of January, 1877) in June 1877. Lieut. Smith then re-crossed the Lake to Ukerewe Island

the book" and in St. John ii. 1-36. The Lord helped me far more wonderfully than I had ever dared to hope. I spoke about the Light of the World, and the Light of the darkness in it. I was even enabled to speak about the types of the Law of God in the Old Testament. Then I read the story of the Crucifixion. The people listened with great attention, and I really think understood me fairly. Indeed the discussion made me sure that I did. It was most friendly, although it was very warm at times. There was no save of reverence for our beloved Lord. It was (of course) when I placed His picture before them as the only means of salvation, and told them "if a man loves Me he will keep My words" that the discussion was aroused.

I feel very hopeful about Pind. Of course there is great need at present, but there is more grace from God, more patience and humility, and more prayer from our friends at home.

[The picture given on the opposite page is a French engraving of a view of the Salt Mountains of the Punjab, showing a vast, arid landscape with craggy mountains in the background. Two figures are standing in the foreground, one holding a staff. The style is characteristic of 19th-century European illustrations.]



KING MTESA AND HIS CHIEFS.

leaving Mr. Wilson alone with King Mtesa. On the last day of that year Mr. Wilson heard of the death of his companions, and crossed the Lake to make inquiries about it. He was detained by various causes on the south side for nearly three months, but returned to Uganda at the end of March, 1878. From this point our extracts shall begin:—

VILLAGE OF MTEMI, UGANDA, March 26th, 1878.

I have, I am thankful to say, arrived here safely at last, after a three days' voyage. We encountered two thunderstorms, and in one of them a flash of lightning entered the water a few yards only from the *Daisy*. It was most providential, a miracle almost indeed, that it did not strike the *Daisy's* masts. Had it done so it would have shattered our little boat to pieces, especially when we had all Mtesa's gunpowder (80 lbs.) on board.

RUBAGA, April 1st.

I found the house all ready for me, and, soon after my arrival, Mtesa sent me down a bountiful supply of food.

I had an interview with Mtesa this morning; very satisfactory on the whole—the only objection being that he retired before I could say half I wanted to tell him. I gave him an iron chair and a few other presents, and presented the letter from C.M.S. and copy of the memorial to Lord Derby. As I anticipated in my last letter, he was much pleased; he did not say much, but his looks and manner showed the greatest satisfaction.

I feel sure God is blessing the Mission. Certainly things seem smoother and easier here by far than I had expected. The many prayers that are being, and have been, offered up for a blessing are, I feel confident, being heard and answered. May it make us all more earnest in prayer, and to strive "to live more nearly as we pray"!

April 19th.

The Waganda have three gods whom they worship, called Chiwuka, Nendi, and Mukasa. The two first, Chiwuka and Nendi, are forest gods, and are supposed to live in trees. They have shrines or places where they are specially worshipped, and where offerings are made to propitiate them. These offerings consist of black sheep or goats; they are not killed as sacrifices, but left for the god to dispose of. Each shrine has a priest or attendant to look after it.

The third god, Mukasa, is a sort of Neptune; he is supposed to live in the Nyanza, and is principally worshipped by the fishermen, who pray to him to protect them from storms and save them from drowning. The Waganda also pray to the small-pox, which sometimes comes in epidemics, and carries off vast numbers of people, for, they say, if it has the power to kill such multitudes, it must be a god.

There are people here called "Mandwa." They are supposed to have familiar spirits; they pretend to have communication with the unseen world, and to be able to foretell events. The day before I reached Uganda, one of these men came to Mtesa and told him I should never return, that I should die on the road. Next day came the news that I had returned, and was waiting at Ntebbi. So Mtesa sent for this Mandwa and said to him, "Well, what do you say now? The white man has come back, you see." "Oh," he replied, "he won't reach Rubaga; he will die before he gets here." "No," answered Mtesa, "you only tell lies; you shall go to prison;" and he put him in prison there and then, and I believe the man is there still.

A dark cloud has come and gone since I last wrote. About a fortnight ago, messengers came from Kidi and Unyoro to Mtesa, saying that there was fighting going on in those countries with the Egyptians, and begging Mtesa to help them. So Mtesa decided to help them, and to send an army into Unyoro to attack the Egyptian forces there, and came to baraza one morning with the intention of beating his war-drum to give notice he was going to assemble an army; but it happened that I was there, and, contrary to my custom, did not wait to be announced, but walked straight into the palace with some of the chiefs, and, as Mtesa told me afterwards, took him by surprise; and, not wishing me to be present at the ceremony of beating the war-drum, he deferred it to another day. Later in the day he sent down to tell me of his purpose, and to know what I thought of it. I replied that I was very sorry to hear it, that he would do well to let the "Turks" alone, as, if he attacked them, they would probably invade Uganda. Next morning the drum did *not* beat, and I was told Mtesa had changed his mind and was not going to send an army into Unyoro.

May 6th.

Could you send for the Mission some more Arabic Bibles, or, perhaps better, a number of copies of separate books of the Bible, especially the Gospels? I have several times been asked for them by the chiefs, many of whom can speak and read Arabic.

I have had a touch of sunstroke, and am troubled a little with bad head-aches, but otherwise I am thankful to say I am well. It is now almost two years since I left England, and, looking back on all that has happened, I cannot but feel that the hand of a heavenly Father has been with me. May He give me grace to live more to His honour and glory!

May 11th.

I saw Mtesa to-day at his court; he sent a message to me to say he should attend court to-day, and wished me to come. So I went and found him in an exceedingly amiable mood. He said he was sorry he had been able to see so little of me lately, as he had been too ill, but was better now. He was glad I had come to Uganda, and he liked me much, and hoped I would make myself at home, and come and go about the palace as I pleased. Mtesa also asked me to say that he hopes before long to send ambassadors to the Queen, but is not quite ready yet.

I ask your prayers that Mtesa may be restored to perfect health, and that I may be enabled to use these greater facilities to God's power and glory, and that there may be showers of blessing on this thirsty land of Africa.

May 31st.

I have not seen anything of Mtesa for three weeks, as he has not attended his court on account of illness. I have given him an Arabic Bible and a copy of Dr. Pfander's *Mizan-al-Haq* [“The Balance of Truth,” a book on Christianity for the use of Mohammedans], and I believe he is pleased with them. I called on the Katikiro or Kamrairona a few days ago, and gave him an Arabic Bible, as he speaks and reads Arabic. He was much pleased, and will read it. He gave me, when I left, a fine goat and an otter's skin. I have given away two or three copies of the *Mizan-al-Haq*, and shall dispose of all the Arabic copies I have shortly. It is a comfort to know, though one cannot yet preach to the people, that still the good seed is being sown in some hearts through the reading of God's Holy Word, and may God bless it abundantly to these heathen!

A lady missionary here might find plenty to do among the chiefs' wives. They, poor things, are looked upon as mere property, and as an inferior set of beings, and it never seems to enter people's heads that they are to be taught, or that they too have immortal souls, and the Waganda are so jealous that no man would be allowed to teach them; but a lady would I am sure, be welcomed. Are there none in England who will come forward for this work? India has its Zenana Missions: why should not Uganda likewise? Are there any Christian English ladies who will give up something to come and tell their dark sisters of Uganda the “Old story” of redeeming love?

KAGEI, August 15th.

I shall be glad to see the *GLEANER* containing O'Neill's sketches. The Waganda are delighted at seeing the pictures in it of Mtesa and themselves.

THE CONVERT'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.

[This is another contribution kindly sent by Miss Tucker (A. L. O. E.) the Honorary Missionary of the Indian Female Instruction Society, Batála, in the Punjab. Although the story of a Christmas festival scarcely suits the month of May, we insert it now, because of the concluding sentence.]



“S different as Heaven from earth!” fervently exclaimed a young convert when he contrasted his first Christmas Day with days spent when he was a Mohammedan. He had been a bigoted and bitter opponent of our faith; now, a humble believer he had partaken, for the first time, of the memorials of a dying Saviour. He was one of a large band of native Christians who kept holiday at Batála, in the Punjab.

A peculiar interest in keeping Yule at Batála arose from the fact that it was only the second time that any Christians had been there at the holy season. They now flocked from various quarters to the Rev. F. H. Baring's school for native Christian boys, as to a centre of attraction, that school being established in a palace of the former Maharajah Shere Singh, near Batála. Thither came the teacher's *bibi* (lady) from the mud-built village in which she is the only Christian woman; the converted Fadi, wrapt in his blanket, the tradesman from his shop, the munshi, the schoolmaster, the youth in Government employ; men, women, bright-eyed brown babies came, some from the distance of twenty or thirty miles, to have a holy and happy Christmas together. To at least nine of the adults present it was the first one which they ever had known. Some came unexpected, though sure of a welcome, and little gifts for such had to hastily extemporised, for none must depart empty-handed.

About sixty Christians assembled in the chapel, which is a room set apart; we are now collecting to build a church

our growing congregation. The walls of the once Mohammedan palace rang with, "Hark! the herald angels sing," heartily sung in Urdu. The latter part of the day was spent in innocent mirth. There were foot-races between Christian, Mohammedan, and Hindu lads, boys from Mission schools in Batala and neighbouring villages joining in Christmas amusements, though strangers to deeper Christmas joy.

The feast for Christians was spread on the floor of the large school-room, tables and chairs being needless luxuries. More than sixty, including children, sat down to the meal in pleasant fellowship, as the early Christians might have done. These are the early Christians of the Punjab, some of whom have known well what it is to be "persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." There are converted Brahmins sharing the feast with the lad of the despised Mihtar class; the "twice-born" have given up the proud privileges of their caste. The whilom Mohammedan is chatting merrily with the former Hindu. There is no formality or gloom; Christmas sunshine is over the little flock gathered out of heathen darkness.

Is there no joy to the missionary in such a meeting as this? Would that some of our Christian brethren and sisters in Britain would come and see! There are not a few who could join our weak band on their own resources, throwing themselves heart and soul into the work, and finding in that work a delight which worldly amusement cannot bestow. We want brave, earnest men of the "Rob Roy" type, not necessarily ordained ministers, but devoted Christians, who can endure petty hardships, and look on difficulties as "things to be overcome." Is it not worth some effort and self-denial to see day dawning over a vast nation, to find living representatives of those of whom we read in the Acts of the Apostles, to nurse an infant Church?

Perhaps some one who has hitherto contented himself with reading missionary reports, and subscribing to missionary funds, will pause and ask himself the question, "Is not Christ now calling me—even me—to go forth and lay my grasp on the sickle? May it not be that the Christmas of 1879 will be my first Christmas in India?"

A. L. O. E.

## FRERE TOWN.

Letters from Mr. J. R. Streeter.

FRERE TOWN, December 5th, 1878.

 AM truly happy to say that the hotter it gets the better I seem to be. I assure you it takes me all my time to manage the place, what with one thing and another. I begin as soon as I get up at six o'clock, and don't leave off till bed-time. But it is work I love, and I am getting rewarded a little by seeing hearts unfolding, and the people becoming more attached to the place.

Five of them lately have built neat little houses themselves on plots of ground I have marked out for them, and it makes a pretty picture, seeing the "once a slave," every moment expecting to be torn from his land and ready to bolt into the bush, now peacefully sitting at the door of his hut, making a mat or mending his wife's dress, while she stands near pounding the corn for the evening meal. Of course it ought to be the other way, and the man doing the really hard work. But if I show them, they only laugh, and it is not the way they manage in this country. On asking a few if they would not like to be back to their own homes again, they say no, they feel safer here, and mothers, who have been snatched from their little ones, say, "What would be the good of going back? we should not see our children now." Of course there is another side to the picture, and every now and then the wife gets a good thwacking. I am inclined to think they love their husbands all the more for that. There is no doubt some of them need it, for they are gifted with long tongues. Sometimes the husbands have the blows. I had two complaining the other day, and one, a fellow six feet high, said he had been beaten nearly every day since his marriage, about three years ago, and he could not stand it any longer. I could not help laughing. I gave them both a good talking to, and looked them up a few nights running and saw all was going on quietly.

These, and indifference to religious teaching, are some of the trials from within, and we have a bad one from without in the neighbouring Sushili shambas (plantations); they are as bad as the low music halls of London.

I am endeavouring to combat that by a nice little hut I have built for them, where they have some teaching, and twice a week they have their "nyoma," or native dance. The Makuas' dancing is really wonderful.

You ask how the crops are getting on. The dry weather is all against farming operations. November last year we had 21 inches rain; this November we have had two inches only. I have just reaped a nice field of sem-sem, from the seed of which oil is produced. It is a plant looking something like the common white nettle, and about 5 feet high. But this piece was something out of the common, and I pulled one magnificent specimen, ten feet high, with seventeen branches, each branch being equal to the ordinary plant of the country. On it I reckon there are 200,000 seeds. The chief of the Arabs, who followed me when ploughing in his golden embroidered robes, has just been over again with a large party from the island of Pemba, where the best cloves grow, to see round the place, and he said it was beautiful sem-sem, and owing to deep cultivation. The common people say I give the crops medicine.

I had a case the other day illustrating this, about a barren shamba. The owner said it had been charmed, and nothing would grow, so he got the medicine man to give a counter-charm. A favourable night was chosen, goat and fowls killed, a little powder concocted from various herbs, and at a certain hour of the night they walk round the charmed spot throwing their powder. I expect the owner, having faith in the medicine man, goes to work with renewed vigour, and reaps accordingly.

Dec. 28th.

In reviewing the work of the year there can be no doubt that, in spite of many difficulties, progress has been made. First, with regard to the spiritual improvement of the people. Twelve months ago, amongst the freed slaves, there seemed a great indifference to anything that was good, and their self-denying pastor, the Rev. J. A. Lamb, and George David, spoke to almost empty benches. Now nearly all are present at their Sunday morning service, which commences at eight, and they listen very attentively both to George and myself; and as we rest on the "seed-sowing promise," we know that our labour is not in vain, and our heavenly Father graciously allows us to see some signs of coming fruit. Here there are seven or eight who have learnt a little of God's Word, and wish to be baptized, and by their blameless lives show their wish to be sincere. One of the freed slaves from Buni got the catechist to send his name over, saying how he also wished to be. He is a good fellow, and when I went over to see him, his face beamed with delight as he told me he loved God, and wished to serve Him better, showed me his neat little house he has just put up, his newly-born babe and his good wife, who wishes to be baptized also, and how he was to be called Thomas. Then, in the afternoon, they attend well the little room I had built for them close to their own homes; they used not to come to afternoon class at all scarcely, even after I got them to attend the morning, and one had to go gently; but at length so many came that the room would not hold them. It was the same to class George held on Friday evenings, so I asked who would volunteer to help to enlarge it. Over forty said they would give a day, and the result is that they have now a nice large hut 32 feet by 17 feet, which they call their own.

With regard to the Bombay boys, I feel that I cannot say much. One month they seem to do the right, and the meetings are fairly attended. Another month it is the reverse. This does not include the heads, of whom I cannot speak too highly, and there are some of the others who are ornaments to their Christian profession. Their Institute, opened three months back, is doing its work fairly, and I hope will show those who have gone astray there is a better way of spending their evenings than going in the shambas.

With regard to the Sunday-schools I must say the progress seems great. Not two years ago, when I took the first class, they could scarcely read, and could not find the chapter. Now they read as well as an ordinary class at home, and begin to turn to different parts of the Bible, answer questions in English fairly, and when I ask them if they will learn their verse in school, as is the custom of necessity here, my boys always say, "No; we will read and listen to you, and learn verse in dinner-time;" and during the past six months only three boys have failed in saying them well, and they remember them during the week. As they know of the way of salvation, and seem trying to please the Saviour, one cannot but think with that beautiful hymn—

"That many dear children are gathering there,  
For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The town is thriving. It would be no small thing for a village in England to have twelve new houses added to it; here that number of freed slaves have come out from the mission-rooms, and built good ones for themselves in plots of ground allotted to each, which I allow them to call their own, subject to the conditions of conforming to rules, &c. Others are beginning to build, and some have remodelled their old ones.

There are happy homes here, and although I have heard it said of the Africans, they have no real love for their children or one another, I don't believe it; for the way some mothers care for their little ones, now they live in hopes of seeing them grow up with them, is surprising.

## OUR HOME IN THE WILDERNESS.

Recollections of North Tinnevelly.  
BY THE REV. R. R. MEADOWS.

## CHAPTER V.

*"What are these among so many? Make the men sit down."*

 HE wilderness I described in the first chapter was not always destined to remain a wilderness. But it needed cultivation and the rain from heaven, and in the course of time it had both. I shall now describe the first ploughing up of the soil, taking the reader back some six years.

But the ploughers, on first entering upon their work, might well have despaired, not only from the barren aspect of the wilderness, but also from its vast size. What were four labourers in a field of 1,400 square miles? What were four preachers among a population of 270,000 people? And yet the first preachers were only four, three Englishmen, speaking the language very imperfectly, and one Native. After a little time we got the help of other Native preachers, so that there were eight or ten of us in the field. We lived in tents. Every morning and evening we went forth to the towns and villages preaching the Gospel. Our tents were at three or four different places, ten or twelve miles apart from each other; and from thence we went forth and preached in all the villages within reach. We then moved on and did the same in a fresh place, returning again and again to go over the same ground.

It was a pretty sight; the white tent pitched in a clump of towering graceful tamarind trees, the horse tethered close by, a group of natives standing or sitting, either to watch the operation of cooking, gipsy fashion, or to listen to the preaching of one of us. It was really pleasant, too, the morning ride to one of the villages. The air was slightly cooled from the night. The cotton fields were filled with groups of women and girls, picking the cotton from the open pods, laughing and chattering as they worked. Or we would meet the ploughmen driving their bullocks before them, and carrying the plough upon their own shoulders. Sometimes we arrived at the village before sunrise, while the people were rubbing their half sleepy eyes, and thus succeeded in catching the men before they set out for their day's work.

But matters were not always pleasant. If the mornings were cool, the mid-day was almost intolerably hot. The glare and frequent dust storms nearly blinded the eyes. If often a cheer-

ful group would listen good-temperedly, more frequently we had stupid ignorance, stolid indifference, frivolous objections or determined opposition to bear. The ignorance was often such that it seemed impossible to convey any, the most simple, idea. "We can boil rice and eat it: this is all we know," would be the answer of some. "Talk not to me of such things, I cannot understand them," said a shepherd. "Ask me to take care of your sheep," he went on, "tell me to take them to any field and I will obey your orders, but of religion I know nothing." Oh! how indifferent they were about their souls' salvation. They would say, "Pay us five rupees a month each, and we will join you. Who has seen heaven? Who has seen hell? These gentlemen are obliged to wander about to get a crust of bread." While we were talking some would yawn, some would lie down and go to sleep; often they would leave us altogether. Or there would be opposition on all sides, each objector anxious to get in his objection first. But so little interest did they feel, even in their own question, that they would ply us with a second and a third while we were attempting to answer the first.

The opposition only once amounted to personal violence. It would sometimes show itself in persons throwing dust at us, or the children would set up a shout, the men encouraging them. Sometimes we would be ordered away, as if we were the veriest vagabonds: "Away, thou slave, tread not thou within our holy village, thou vile outcast."

However, "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy," and while the great majority

TENTS OF THE NORTH TINNEVELLY ITINERANT MISSION.

seemed to be rejecting our message, from one motive or another, a few hearts were pondering over the things they heard.

One of these was a man named Arulanandham Retti. He was a well-to-do farmer. One of us went to his village and preached in the street, and afterwards offered Gospel portions to those who could read. He received one, and read it, and was much impressed with its contents. But he thought that the religion of Jesus Christ was too holy for Hindus to be able to walk according to it. He had heard that our native assistants lived alone in their tents, and was curious to know whether they were consistent Christians. Surrounded on all sides by heathenism, away from any public opinion which would condemn evil practices, he expected to find them like the heathens themselves. He supposed that they were preaching the doctrines of Christianity merely for their pay. So, without telling us his motive, he asked permission to go and live with —, professedly to learn more of the Christian religion, but really to spy out the private life of our Native brother. Providentially he went to live with one who was



then, and since has ever proved himself, a living loving servant of Christ. He soon saw that Christ in the heart could change the whole life. He was convinced, and came back to us, asking for baptism. He was baptized a few weeks afterwards, and has for more than twenty years lived a life truly worthy of the Gospel; worthy of the answer which, on his first renunciation of heathenism, he gave his heathen relatives, who could not conceive a motive for what seemed to them so strange a course. The answer was, "I have learned to hate and abhor those sins which I once revelled in. This is the advantage I have derived from becoming a Christian, and not, as you suppose, remission of taxes or anything of that sort."

## PRAYER-MEETINGS IN THE CITY OF PERPETUAL PROSPERITY.

VERY interesting and hopeful were Mr. Valentine's and Mr. Palmer's letters from Shaou-hing (the "City of Perpetual Prosperity"), in the Province of Che-kiang, which were printed in the GLEANER of September, 1875, November, 1876, August, October, and December, 1877, and February, 1878. We are sorry to say that later intelligence has been much less encouraging. Mr. Valentine is now alone, Mr. Palmer having been driven home by illness; and his hopes of a rapid spread of the Gospel in and around Shaou-hing have been sadly disappointed. Yet let us not forget that it is they who "sow in tears" to whom the promise is given that they shall "reap in joy." Meanwhile, it is pleasant to see, as we do in the following letter, the little Native Church "continuing instant in prayer"; and we are very glad to be able to say that one of their prayers will, God willing, be shortly answered, as the Committee have appointed a new missionary to Shaou-hing. Our readers will notice with interest that the GLEANER has been an encouragement to them. (Mr. Moule's sketch shows us the city in the distance on the right; a conical hill, with some strange upright stones on the top, in the centre; and a canal in the foreground.)

SHAOUHING, January 8, 1879.

The Day of Intercession was observed by the members of our own Church here. To make the time correspond as nearly as possible with the hour of your meeting in Salisbury Square, we met in the afternoon at four o'clock. We were a small company indeed, only about thirteen Chinese being present; but the meeting was very enjoyable. The deeply interesting special India number of the GLEANER had just arrived, and I gave the meeting some of the statistics, &c., which made quite an impression on some minds. Our Native brethren offered earnest prayer for a blessing on the Society's operations at home and abroad, and special supplication was made for a minister to come and fill up the vacancy caused by Mr. Palmer's return home, for one "who will be able quickly to acquire the language, and who will not have to go away so soon," as both my former colleagues have had to do. I need hardly say what a hearty "Amen" I gave to that prayer.

Being now in the Week of Prayer, we have been to-day holding our *Annual United Chinese Prayer Meeting*. It is commonly spoken of as "the meeting of the Three Churches," consisting, as it does, of members of the China Inland Mission, the American Mission, and our own Church Mission. Ever since we began it in 1871, except on two occasions, we have met in our little Christ Church. About fifty Chinese were present, including children from each of the three Mission schools;

and England, Ireland, Scotland, and America were all represented by four ladies, two little girls, and three missionaries. The proceedings were, of course, all in Chinese, though some spoke the Shaou-hing and some the Ningpo dialect. We commenced our meeting with the singing of the hymn, "Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove," to *Melcombe*; and then the reading of Scripture, prayers by a Native member of each Mission, short addresses by each of the three missionaries, and the hymn, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," to the *Old Hundredth*, made up a really pleasant and refreshing meeting.

Such a meeting helps one to realise that, within the past decade, some little impression has been made here; some seed has fallen on good ground, however much one is tempted oft and again to cry out, "Who hath believed our report?" Probably not more than two or three of the Chinese present knew twelve years ago what a prayer-meeting was.

## THANK-OFFERINGS.

To the Editor.



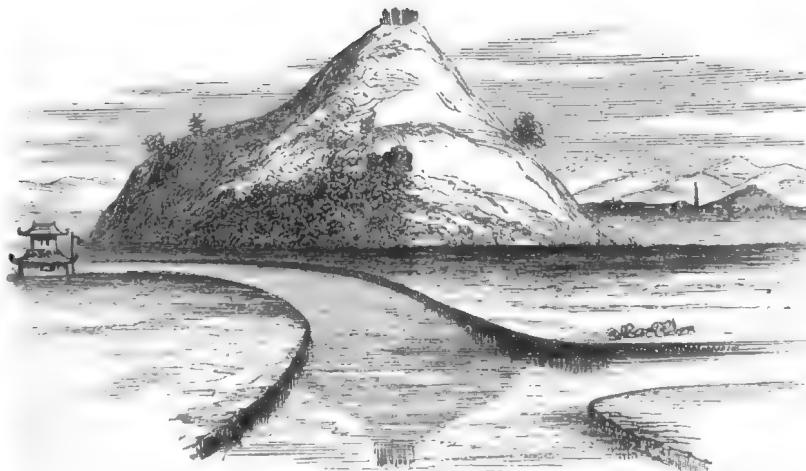
EAR SIR,—As you have kindly allowed me, on two previous occasions, to advocate in the GLEANER the use of a special Missionary Box for the reception of Thank-Offerings, I think it may prove encouraging if I state the result of my own experience during the past year.

Some nine months ago we prepared and started a special box for Thank-offerings, placing it where it would have the opportunity to receive contributions from the members of our own family, as well as

from any friends who might visit us. At the close of our financial year we have just opened the box, and find that it contains £3 17s. 6d., which is a clear gain to the Society, inasmuch as our other two boxes both contain *more* than they did last year; indeed, the addition of a third box for a special purpose has considerably helped (instead of injuring) the two boxes already in use.

Surely this is an encouraging fact; and it seems to prove conclusively that the more we cultivate a spirit of thankfulness to our heavenly Father for His many and great mercies, the more will our sympathy be drawn out towards those of our fellow-creatures, who are, as yet, ignorant of that Father's love.

E. D. S.



DISTANT VIEW OF SHAOU-HING. (From a rough Sketch by the Rev. A. E. Moule.)

## A REQUEST FROM JAPAN FOR PRAYER ON MAY 20TH.



THE Day of Intercession for Foreign Missions, recommended by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, has been altered from St. Andrew's Day, Nov. 30th, to the Tuesday before Ascension Day, the date of which will vary a little from year to year. This year

it falls on the Twentieth of May. We have received one special request for prayer on that day, from the Rev. C. F. Warren, our missionary at Osaka, in Japan. Mr. Warren describes the remarkable development of Japanese civilisation: the journeys of the Emperor through his dominions as an ordinary mortal, the new system of popular municipal government, the extension of the railway and of the newspaper press, the establishment of Chambers of Commerce and various benevolent societies; but with this, the increased activity of the national religions, both Buddhism and Shintoism. It is even rumoured that highly educated Japanese are to be sent as Buddhist missionaries to Europe and America. And Mr. Warren closes his letter thus:—

I would especially ask the prayers of the Lord's people for the complete opening of this country to missionary effort. Much is being done, not

withstanding that the door is but partially opened; but, under God, much more might be done if the ambassador of Christ was permitted to travel as such, unfettered by the restrictions which now hamper us. Has not the time come when one united prayer should be put up for the complete opening of this country to the Gospel of Christ? If you think so, be so good as to let this be among the most prominent subjects suggested for prayer on the Tuesday before Ascension Day, 1879.

We need scarcely add that Japan is not the only part of the world that needs special prayer. Which part does *not* need it? We trust that Africa, East and West—China—and Central Asia—will, in particular, not be forgotten. But remembering how many doors are already open which the Church Missionary Society is invited to enter, but cannot for lack of means, let our most fervent petitions be for ourselves and all Christian people at home, that a spirit of love and pity for those without the knowledge of Christ, and of self-denying liberality and consecration of our substance to God, may be poured out upon us.

### FOR THE DAY OF INTERCESSION.

*"How shall they preach except they be sent?"*

By the VEN. R. B. HONE, M.A., Archdeacon of Worcester.

UPROUSE ye, Christian brethren,  
The harvest-fields are white;

All hail the day of promise!

Farewell the gloom of night!

O why so little ardour

To spread the gladd'ning Word?

O why so little honoured

The service of the Lord?

It is a cause of mercy,

It is a cause of love;

It is the cause which brought us

A Saviour from above.

Send up your prayers with fervour

That heathen souls may live;

O turn not back the pleading

For help your hands might give.

Pour in a flood of treasure,  
Nor let its fulness cease  
Till all the world has welcomed  
The messengers of peace.

Send forth your men of vigour,  
The men whom grace hath taught,  
The men of loving spirit,  
The men of toil and thought.

To bless this holy labour  
Is Thine, O Lord, alone,  
O hasten every nation  
To bow before Thy throne.

And speed that happy morning  
When Christ shall come again,  
To bless His chosen people,  
O'er all the world to reign.

### EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The Annual Sermon before the Church Missionary Society will (D.V.) be preached at St. Bride's Church, on Monday evening, May 5th, by the Rev. C. F. Childe, M.A., Rector of Holbrook. Mr. Childe was Principal of the Church Missionary College from 1839 to 1858. The Annual Meetings at Exeter Hall will be held on Tuesday, May 6th, the Earl of Chichester presiding in the morning and Admiral Prevost in the evening.

The appointments of Islington students for this year have been provisionally made as follows:—Messrs. Price, Verso, Wilson, and Cole, to East Africa and Mpwapwa; Messrs. Manwaring and Mountfort to Western India; Mr. Redman to Sindhi; Messrs. Johnson and Ilsley to the North-West Provinces; Mr. Parsons to Krishnagur; Mr. Neve to Travancore; Messrs. Ost and Bawister to China; Mr. Peel to Japan; Mr. Winter to Hudson's Bay; Mr. Sim to Athabasca. Mr. G. G. M. Nicol, B.A., as a native of West Africa, goes to Sierra Leone, and Mr. Nasr Ode, as a native of Palestine, to that Mission.

At the General Committee of the C.M.S. on March 10th, a Minute was adopted expressing regret at the death of the Rev. W. T. Bullock, Secretary of the S.P.G., and acknowledging his important services to the cause of Foreign Missions.

The following is extracted from the *Court Circular*. Dr. Baxter's services to the Belgian Exploring Expedition were rendered at Mpwapwa. One of the explorers was attended by him in illness, and their goods were housed in the mission premises. At the interview, King Leopold manifested much interest in the Society's plans for Mpwapwa:—

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, MARCH 23,

The King of the Belgians received a deputation from the Church Missionary Society at Marlborough House, yesterday afternoon, for the purpose of expressing to them his thanks for the valuable assistance rendered by Dr. Baxter, of that society, to Belgian explorers in Central Africa.

The deputation consisted of the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Rupert's Land, Canada; Bishop Perry (formerly of Australia); Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart.; Mr. Arthur Mills, M.P.; Captain the Hon. F. Mande, R.N. (Treasurer); Mr. Alexander Beattie, Mr. Edward Hutchinson (Secretary), and the Rev. Henry Wright (Clerical Secretary).

There is now complete railway communication from New York to the Red River, a distance of 2,000 miles, the line to Winnipeg having been opened at the close of the year. In 1841, when Archdeacon Cowles went out, he tried in vain to get there that way, and eventually had come back to England, take ship direct to Hudson's Bay, and thence go 800 miles by canoe.

The Rev. J. A. Lamb, who has been in both West and East Africa, has gone to Sierra Leone to act as Secretary of the Mission there during the expected absence of the Rev. L. Nicholson on a visit to England.

The Rev. F. Bower has sailed to rejoin the Travancore Mission, and the Rev. W. T. Pilter to join the Palestine Mission.

Affairs at Fuh-chow still cause much anxiety. No reparation has been made by the Chinese authorities for the outrages of August last. Throughout the Province the Christians are suffering, and one very sad event has been the result. The Rev. Ling Sieng-Sing, pastor at Lung-kuang, was so distressed by the troubles of his flock that he became insane, and though tenderly watched by his excellent wife Chitnio (see GLEANER, February, 1878), succeeded in taking his own life. He was a faithful labourer, and even so sad an end to his useful life was, we doubt not, but the gate into everlasting rest.

The Bishop of Sierra Leone visited Lagos, Abeokuta, and other stations of the Yoruba Mission in February.

The Bishop of Calcutta has admitted to priests' orders the Rev. Sartaj Biswas, a Native deacon of the C.M.S. Mission in Krishnagur.

Further news has been received from the Nile Missionary party, at Reciaf (some miles south of Gondokoro), November 7th. All well.

The Zanzibar mail of March 3rd brings news from Mr. Stokes, who with Mr. Copplestone, was still at Uyuni on December 23rd. We hear, however, that they had subsequently gone forward towards Lake Victoria, from whence there is no news. At Mpwapwa, up to February 17th, was well.

On January 13th, the Sultan of Zanzibar, in consequence of some fighting that was going on in the northern part of his dominions on the mainland between the Suahili population and the Wakamba and Wanji tribes, went up to Mombasa in his new steamer *Glasgow*. He did not land, but it was his first visit there for ten years, and he remained in the harbour a week. Mr. Streeter writes, "The good effects of his trip will be great. He was very severe on those who were in any way concerned in slavery, and has given strict orders to put a stop to the kidnapping business that has been openly carried on here." He did not land at all, but Mr. Streeter waited on him on board the *Glasgow*. "He received me most warmly, and we had a good talk together." Before leaving, he sent his captain to Frere Town with a present, and to ask if he could do anything for the Mission.

The year's returns from Japan show that the progress of the Mission is steady, though not rapid; and we trust the foundations of the Native Church of the future are being deeply and truly laid. The Christians connected with the C.M.S. now number 128, against 88 last year, and 82 the year before. There are 48 at Nagasaki, 35 at Osaka, 22 at Tokio, 8 at Niigata, 15 at Hakodate. The communicants are 62, against 30 last year, and 22 the year before. There have been 56 baptisms, 43 of which were adult. In 1877, 18 adults were baptized; and in the year before, 25.

The second Annual Meeting of the Provincial Native Church Council for the C.M.S. congregations in the North-West Provinces of India, was held at Allahabad on October 1st and 2nd. Among those who took part were the Revs. David Mohun, Madho Ram, David Solomon, and Amasih Levi.

The Travancore Mission has sustained a heavy loss by the return home, invalidated, of the Rev. F. W. Ainley, B.A., of Clare College, Cambridge, who went out eighteen months ago to conduct the Cottayam College during the Rev. J. H. Bishop's absence in England.

Of the Hudson's Bay Missions Bishop Horden writes, "I can make my statement with thankfulness and joy, inasmuch as the progress announced in former years has been fully equalled in this." Archdeacon Kirkby visited Churchill, the remotest station in the district, last summer, and the Rev. T. Vincent in Albany and the south-west, and the Rev. J. H. Keen on Rupert's River and in the south-east, and the Rev. J. Sanders at Matakunime and in the south, have thoroughly visited their respective districts. Mr. E. J. Peck, the lay agent (formerly a seaman in the Navy) who went out in 1876 to labour among the Esquimaux on the eastern side of Hudson's Bay, and whose letters from Little Whale River were printed in the GLEANER of June, 1877, went back to his remote post last summer after his ordination. He was warmly received at Little Whale River by the Esquimaux, and writes very happily of the work amongst them. "Jesus is known to many," writes; "and the Spirit's sanctifying influence is felt, I trust, in some hearts. Let us press on in faith, nothing doubting, and God will give still greater blessing."

ERRATA.—In the January number, page 11, 1st col., line 3, for "thirty-men," read "thirty-two oxen." In the April number, page 48, 2nd col., 5th line from bottom, for "£2,500," read "£4,100."

## THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

JUNE, 1870.

## MARCHING ORDERS.

V.

"Therefore said He unto them, The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth labourers into His harvest."—*St. Luke x. 2.*



LOOK at these two "therefores." The first gives the reason for one of our Master's sayings; the second for one of His commands.

I. The Lord Jesus sent out the seventy. Not to go where they liked. Not to take their chance of lighting on the right places and persons. Not to begin His work where it might or might not be followed up. But He sent them before His face into every city and place *whither He Himself would come*. Unto Him should the gathering of the people be; and the coming presence of the Lord of the harvest proved that a harvest was waiting for the reapers. "Therefore," said He unto them, "the harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few." Is it not encouraging to think that He, in whose ways is continuance (*Isa. lxiv. 5*), works in the same way now, and sends us, whether at home or abroad, into the places *whither He Himself is coming*? Whether an English Sunday-school or an Indian city, if the Master Himself sends His servant or His handmaid into it, it is because He Himself will come thither, blessing His reapers and receiving His sheaves. What an honour to be one of the "few" forerunners of the King, the herald of a silent, yet real and mighty advent of the Very God of Very God!

II. Because the harvest is great and the labourers few, the Lord Jesus said, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth labourers into His harvest." If the fact remains, the command remains. And the fact does indeed remain, and we have no excuse in not knowing it. We, the readers of the CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER, know how great the harvest is. We know how few the labourers are. We cannot say, "Behold, we knew it not." The need is recognised, and the Lord has put the supply within reach of the voice of prayer and the hand of faith. He has told us what to do, and so now the responsibility rests upon us. Perhaps we read these pages, and we sorrow a little for the burden of the King of princes, and wish the accounts were more glowing. But we do not turn the passing emotion into obedient and faithful and purposeful prayer, and so our sluggard soul desireth and hath nothing. "He shall not fail, nor be discouraged"; but if we fail as His "helpers" in this easiest and most graciously appointed share of His glorious work, how shall we hope to share in our Master's harvest joy, and what claim shall we have to join in the great harvest Hallelujah?

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

## THE SOCIETY'S ANNIVERSARY.

MONDAY, May 5th, appeared to give promise that, at last, winter had taken its flight. We seemed to have sprung at one bound into midsummer; and the clear sky and high barometer foretold a bright and balmy May Meeting week. Tuesday, however, dawned amid pouring rain, which was soon succeeded by a return of the "black nor'-easter" which had made April like December. The Church Missionary Society's Anniversary, however, proved to be above the influences of the weather. On the warm Monday, St. Bride's Church was thronged as usual for the Annual Sermon. On the cold Tuesday Exeter Hall was, twice over, as full as ever.

Was it that the names of famous pulpit or platform orators drew such eager crowds? That could not be. The preacher was a venerable labourer in the Society's cause, much respected by its friends, but for many years past unknown to London church-goers; and as to the speakers, those in the morning had not been advertised at all, and those in the evening very little. No: we rejoice to think that the great missionary cause itself, notwithstanding the multiplication of new enterprises of every kind, still holds, as it ought to hold, the first place in the affections of Christian people. Not the eloquence of men, but the work of God, attracted, as we verily believe, the thronging numbers to the anniversary gatherings of the Church Missionary Society.

The Rev. C. F. Childe, who preached the sermon this year, twenty years ago retired from the office of Principal of the Church Missionary College, after twenty years' service. That is to say, it was he who trained many of the most honoured veterans now in the mission field—some even who are already on the retired list—and some who have passed to a higher service above. Cowley, Gollmer, Tucker, Sargent, Baker, Hunter, Rebmann, Hinderer, Parsons, Price, Klein, Burdon, Dibb, Dyson, Vaughan, Zeller, Storrs—these are but a few of the names of Mr. Childe's pupils. Not many men, therefore, know as much of the Church Missionary Society and its work as Mr. Childe; and his solemn words from the pulpit of St. Bride's were the outcome of a life-long experience.

At the Clerical Breakfast a valuable address on Ps. cx. was given by Archdeacon T. T. Perowne.

It was hoped that either the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Archbishop of York might have been present at the Morning Meeting, but both were kept away by official engagements. Lord Chichester, the President now for forty-four years, once more occupied the chair. The Annual Report, or rather the small fraction of it which can be read on such an occasion, was listened to with manifestly deep and unflagging interest. Its most striking facts—those respecting the happy issue of former trials on the Niger, the good work done in East Africa, the large accessions in Tinnevelly, the great fight of affliction in Fuh-kien and (on a smaller scale) in Che-kiang, the progress of Japan, and the open or opening doors on the Indian frontier, on both sides of Africa, and in Palestine—are already known to the readers of the GLEANER.

The Bishop of Rochester (Dr. A. W. Thorold) was the first speaker. "I come here to-day," he said, "for the first time as a new officer of the Society [*i.e.*, Vice-President]; but, I beg to say, not as a new friend. It is nearly forty years since, as a boy, I sent my first humble contribution to the Society. For the thirty years of my life as a clergyman, it has been my privilege and joy to plead its claims, to love its principles, to preach its doctrines, and to bless God for its success." Canon Hoare, a still older friend, followed. His text was the financial deficit, or, as he preferred to call it, "the excess of expenditure," and very earnestly he pleaded for more help, that the Committee might be enabled to follow the guiding of the pillar of cloud and of fire now so unmistakably moving forward. At the close of his speech the great assembly was invited to bend in united prayer while the urgent needs of the Society were spread before the Throne of Grace by the Rev. John Richardson. Can we doubt that the supplications so solemnly offered will receive a gracious and abundant answer from Him who is always more ready to hear than we are to pray?

Except for a few sympathising words from the Earl of Aberdeen, the rest of the meeting was devoted to missionary information. The Bishop of Rupert's Land gave a rapid sketch of the

work in the four dioceses into which the enormous territory he formerly presided over is now divided—Moosonee, Athabasca, Saskatchewan, and Rupert's Land—and told how the C.M.S. was the main supporter of all the four Bishops. In the Rev. J. Buckley Wood, an energetic labourer for twenty years at Abeokuta and Lagos, the Yoruba Mission had a representative among the speakers for the first time these many years. The Rev. W. Ridley, who is soon to go out to Metlakahtla as Bishop of the new Diocese of "Caledonia," spoke, not on the work before him, but on the work he had seen and done in former years in the Punjab. The Rev. W. T. Storrs was warmly welcomed on his return from the Santal Mission.

At the Evening Meeting the vast array of humbler workers in the missionary cause received with enthusiasm Admiral Prevost's thrilling accounts of Metlakahtla as it was and as it is, and to the Bishop of Saskatchewan's graphic pictures of life and work on the snowy plains of the Great Lone Land. Mr. Storrs again spoke, faithfully representing the darker as well as the brighter aspects of the Santal Mission; and the Rev. A. B. Hutchinson, who had just arrived from Hong Kong, made a gallant effort to accomplish the hopeless task of doing justice to China in twenty minutes. The Rev. F. F. Goe wound up a successful gathering with a most practical speech, especially urging the use of missionary boxes. Let them not, said he, be despised; did the lion in the fable despise the little mouse that gnawed away at the net until he was released? Missionary boxes, cards, and the like, together produced £45,000 last year: could they not now do the mouse's work, and extricate that great lion, the Church Missionary Society, from the net of financial difficulty in which it was entangled?

Of our many thousands of readers, but few heard Mr. Goe; yet there is not one of them that cannot do a little of the mouse's work. May God enable every one of them to try!

## THE ROUTES TO THE VICTORIA NYANZA.

UR Map on this page is intended to illustrate the journeys of our Missionaries up the Nile to Uganda; but it serves also to show the general position of the Lake country and the routes to it. All the four great Lakes are shown—Nyassa far to the south, where the Scotch Mission is established at Livingstonia; then Tanganyika, where the London Missionary Society has occupied Ujiji; then the Victoria Nyanza, the C.M.S. field of labour; and then the Albert Nyanza. The mighty River Nile is seen issuing from the Victoria Nyanza, flowing both into and out of the Albert Nyanza, and then running its course of more than 2,500 miles through Nubia and Egypt to the Mediterranean. Curiously enough the name of Uganda itself has been accidentally omitted in the Map; but its capital, Rubaga, is marked.

The Map covers the whole of the territories traversed by Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, Schweinfurth, and a large part of those traversed by Livingstone, Cameron, Stanley.

A few years ago the dominion of Egypt scarcely extended further south than Khartoum; but Col. Gordon has extended its sway up the Nile to the Albert Nyanza, and his steamers now navigate the river as far as that lake.

When the Nyanza Mission was undertaken, three years ago, the question arose which way the missionaries should take, whether up the Nile or from the East Coast. It was uncertain whether the former route was open, so the expedition started from Zanzibar, marching with porters the 700 or 800 miles from the coast to Kagei, and then building a boat to cross the lake. But when the sad news came of the death of Lieut. Smith and Mr. O'Neill, reinforcements were sent to Mr. Wilson's help both ways. Mr. Mackay, who was on the East Coast, pressed forward to Kagei, and Messrs. Stokes and Copplestone have since gone the same way; and a new party was formed to go up the Nile.

This party, consisting of Mr. C. W. Pearson, the Rev. G. Litchfield, and Mr. R. W. Felkin (a young doctor), landed from the Red Sea at Suakin, crossed the Nubian desert on camels to Berber, and then ascended the river in Col. Gordon's steamers. In December last they were a short distance south of Lado. It is this journey which Mr. Felkin's journal is relating in the GLEANER.

We see now only the first feeble attempts to preach Christ in Central Africa. But the day is coming when "He shall have dominion from Sea to Sea, and from the River unto the ends of the earth."



EASTERN EQUATORIAL AFRICA AND THE NILE BASIN.

Stanford's Geogr. Estab., London.

## UP THE NILE TO UGANDA.

JOURNAL OF MR. R. W. FELKIN.

(Continued.)

[At Berber, the point on the Nile reached by the Mission party after their desert ride (as already related), they were detained from the 8th to the 21st July. From thence they ascended the river by steamer. Mr. Felkin's journal is very voluminous, and we shall only be able to give some comparatively small extracts from it. The present instalment describes the voyage from Berber to Khartoum, the head-quarters of Colonel Gordon, or Gordon Pasha as he is called, the famous English Governor of the Soudan under the Khedive of Egypt, to whose kindness the Mission is most deeply indebted. The map on the opposite page will show the route.]



BERBER, July 21st, 1878.—At about five A.M. the men came with two camels to take our personal goods down to the steamer, though after all the delays I should not even have then been surprised if another delay had occurred.

On the shore several hundreds of people were waiting to see the boat off. As we rode up, the soldiers cleared a large space for us, and we saw our old friend the Mudir, his son, and several others who had come down to bid us good-bye. We were all very sorry to say good-bye to the old Mudir, he had been so kind to us, and I think he was sorry too. After a great deal of shouting and whistling we left at 8.30 A.M., towing five large barges and the steamer's boat.

Berber was certainly very pretty as we had approached it by land, and the river view of it is not bad, the queer mud houses and the palm trees looking very nice, but after a desert journey the sight from the desert side is the best. How muddy the Nile looked! We soon got our filters at work.

The steamer is like a London Bridge steamer. Very full of luggage, fifty prisoners, twenty soldiers, sailors, and a few women. We have the stern cabin to ourselves; on deck there is very little room. Many of the prisoners came with us from Suez to Suakin; they are as noisy and dirty as ever. They are chained in couples by the feet with heavy chains, and each foot chained to the other, and their hands, or at least most of them, are handcuffed in wood as in old pictures of slaves. This is too hard I think, but some of them are very bad.

The Mudir and captain both promised that we should be in Khartoum in five days. How their word was kept shall be seen. We took provisions for seven. The fowls were put in a little room next our berths,



KHARTOUM, ON THE NILE.

and afterwards gave us much trouble. On deck some twenty other fowl were tied by the leg to a long string and getting continually trodden on.

We stopped at three, and in the evening went a very nice walk through the trees and to a village. We saw a woman drawing water at a well, and got some water from her; but, poor woman, she had a scolding from her lord and master for giving it us. Our steamer and the boats took an hour and a half to make fast. When they near a landing-place four or five men take off their only garment, make it into a turban, take a rope round the shoulder, and swim off to the shore; then they pull the boat in. Sometimes the current is so strong that they cannot reach the shore, and have to be pulled back again.

Men wanting to go by one of the barges swim from the banks. They go on a long way before the steamer, and by hard swimming manage to grasp a rope which is thrown to them. Sometimes this is very exciting, as men have to swim off the steamer with a line to extricate the swimmers.

This afternoon a man tried to bring a goat off, but it would not swim, so was taken back, killed, tied on a log of wood, and pushed before three men to the barge.

July 23.—Our engine broke down twice to-day. We cannot pull so much, so we are leaving two barges behind, and will have to come back and fetch them; this will make our journey much longer. No chance of getting to Khartoum in five days now!

About seven P.M. a terrible affair occurred. We were in our cabin when loud cries were heard. We got a lamp, and went and found that the hatch covering



THE NILE NEAR ASSUAN.

the prisoners had been dropped on to them. It was really awful. There was hardly any light, and on looking down you saw the dusky, naked forms moving about; heard chains clanking, and yells, curses, and screams; it was like a hell. Our light showed that several men were injured, so I felt I must go down. I did so, and found two with compound fracture of the skull, and several others badly hurt. In one corner of this hole a poor woman was sitting, enduring all these sights and cruelties for love of her husband. She must indeed be brave to face the dangers of the White Nile, which soon kills them, I am told.

*July 24.*—More cries from the prisoners' hatch called our attention. They had made a most determined effort in the night to get free from their handcuffs, and nearly all had succeeded in partly doing so. But they were found out, and received twenty-four stripes on the bare feet from a hippo-hide whip. The soldiers seemed to enjoy this very much, but I felt as if I should like to turn the tables a little, as some old men who did not lie down quickly enough were most cruelly struck on the head, causing blood to flow.

Passed the Atbara, a splendid river about 400 yards wide. After passing it the current was less strong. In the evening I sit on the bridge with the captain, airing my Arabic and myself, and always get a cup of coffee from the old captain. It is very cool and nice there generally. We see the women cooking. They get the durah, a small grain; it is first washed three times, and then ground between two stones, then mixed with water, and baked on an iron plate like Passover cakes. We shall get to this kind of bread soon, but as yet we have biscuits.

From the bridge we see the men performing the evening ablutions before prayer. A boy pumps the muddy Nile water over them, and they wash first the right arm, then left, then face and back of ears, lastly feet. They must be very particular.

*July 25.*—A doctor's fame spreads very rapidly here, but if the income does as fast I do not know; any way, I get patients enough at every place we stop at, but they are mostly old cases wanting to be *cured at once*. I am sorry I can do so little for them. Saw our first crocodile, which Pearson shot, causing great delight to all on board.

This evening saw a village of bee-hive huts burnt down; it was all over in half an hour.

*July 26.*—Taking in wood all the morning, so took a nice walk along the river under the date trees. The men work very slowly. Four Englishmen could have done the work twenty of them took five hours to do in the same or less time. At twelve we started, glad to get on, but in seven minutes our engines broke down, and we were driven across the river forcibly against the other bank, where we stopped till 2.15 P.M. Our captain cannot read or write. The way he reckons if the steamer is going fast enough is, when he sits on the paddle-box he looks at the ship's bow; if she makes three good-sized waves she is going all right, but if only four small ones he blows up the engineer. He does not think about the current.

*July 30.*—Went on shore to see if we could buy anything. As we had come to an end of our provisions, visions of eggs, milk, and meat or fowl passed before us; but we were doomed to disappointment, for all we could see was a bowl of milk and some *durah*. The woman who had the milk wanted threepence for a small tea cup full, and when we were going to buy all she had, asked for the money first. We gave her silver money such as we had used in Berber, but it was no good. After being passed round amongst the people, it was said to be worthless, and so we got no milk. As we were coming away a beggar offered us two fish for 1s. 6d., but even he would not take our money, and we returned empty-handed. At 5.30, as we were just finishing tea (or rather coffee, as our tea is long since done), we heard a noise on deck and ran up to see what was the matter. There was a lot of shouting, and we saw they were making fast to the bank as quickly as they could. We asked why, and they said a sandstorm was coming. On looking to the north we saw a roll, about as thick as a rolling-pin, at the horizon; but it soon became larger, and the whole northern heavens became dark with sand, a deep yellow hue spread over everything, the clouds were broken in the centre with a bit of blue. At six it was over us: on either side we could hardly see, but just over the river a slight break appeared to be formed. It passed over us with a roar in seven minutes, and then came an awful gust of wind and a torrent of rain (really the first drop of rain since leaving old England). We dived down below, and soon appeared in waterproof from top to toe. It was the first time we had had our thick boots and waterproofs on. We caused quite a sensation. After the heavy rain had stopped we went a walk; it was cool, and the lightning most splendid.

*July 31.*—Aground twice to-day! No meat, only a few boxes of sardines left. Litchfield tried his hand at making a pudding, and succeeded in making one of flour and water for paste and biscuits and our last pot of raspberry jam. It was boiled for two hours, and when finished had two advantages, for it satisfied hunger, and no one went for a second helping! But it was very good considering.

We are just coming to the sixth cataract of the Nile. The most beautiful scenery, almost like English. Pearson and I agree in thinking one view we have had of the river with the islands and the mountains in the

background is like Windermere. It is splendid. The bits of foam on the swift current tell us to what we are coming.

*Aug. 3.*—When we shall arrive I do not know; to-morrow we shall have been in this steamer fourteen days. We got to the beginning of the Great Cataract about five A.M. Left our two boats there and went back for the others, running back in twenty minutes.

About two P.M. we caught up our two boats, and after nearly losing them through a line breaking, towed all four again. The river soon widened out into a large lake, a splendid expanse of water, about a mile and a half broad and three or four miles long. At the end a range of mountains 400 or 500 feet high, and there appeared to be no opening at the end of the lake; but at four we saw a small opening in the mountains, and turning at right angles behind an island we had not noticed, we entered the pass. The pass at entrance was 400 yards, but narrows down to 100 yards or less, was very winding and difficult to steer in—current very strong. On entering the pass the mountains jutted up almost perpendicularly on either side.

*Aug. 5.*—We are still 100 miles from Khartoum. Scarcely any one has any food, and so the captain has sent a man to walk to Khartoum for another steamer to help us on. Many of the poor people on the boats walked on too, as they have nothing to eat. It is about fifty miles by land, as near as I can make out, a long distance on empty stomachs and a hot sun overhead.

Our meat smelt so badly that Litchfield contrived a splendid dish so that we could have something to eat. He got a frying-pan, sliced some onions into it, over these he put a layer of broken biscuits, then covered it with oil, next he chopped the meat up with an axe to make it tender, put it in, and then broken biscuits and oil again, and onions and plenty of pepper. It made a very good dish.

*Aug. 6.*—Hardly any dinner. Nearly all food finished. Litchfield had some chutney, which made our mouldy bread go down better.

At a quarter to four a cry was heard, "A steamer comes!" We rushed on deck. Can it be true? Can our troubles have come to an end? Yes, surely. Up went the flag—the Crescent and Star—and a steamer came quickly round a bend of the river. Quick work, wasn't it? We sent yesterday morning, and by four to-day a steamer comes. She was not finished building, but just enough. The captain came on board, and said Gordon Pasha had sent him off at a moment's notice on the unfinished steamer to bring us at once to Khartoum. Gave us half an hour to get ready our things, just what we wanted for a day. We went on board, to the envy of the others, as the captain had orders to tow no boats.

We are to leave to-morrow morning before sunrise, and to be in Khartoum about ten A.M. For breakfast to-morrow we have a handful of biscuit crumbs and a few sardines. I shall try and beg a bit of coffee.

*Aug. 7.*—Hope to be in Khartoum in six hours. We're awfully hungry! Our dinner consisted of millet-seed and a bit of hard bread soaked to make it eatable. Our old ship nearly caught us in the meantime, and now a stern chase is going on as to which shall be in Khartoum first. Our wood ran short, so we had to stop. When we reach yonder hill Khartoum will be in view, said the captain; but it was not; and we steamed on till three A.M., when the wood was exhausted, and the men sank as they stood—to sleep.

*Aug. 8.*—After the men had had two hours' rest, they were sent to fetch wood and some water-wheels and two boats were partly demolished, and we started at seven. Soon after the palace of the Governor of the Soudan and Khartoum came in sight. It is like the picture in Keith Johnston's *Africa*, which you have. [This is the picture on the preceding page.] We then cut off our boats and steamed at full speed up to the town. A kavass or two met us with a letter from Colonel Gordon, saying how sorry he was we had been so long; that a house was prepared for us, and that he would see us at two. Here we are, and I close this portion of my *Diary* with thanks to God for His great goodness to us and protection over us.

#### DEATH OF ONE OF THE FIRSTFRUITS OF ABEOKUTA

**P**THE Rev. James White, Native African Pastor at Otta, in the Yoruba country, writes:—

One of those taken away by death is the Princess Sarah Bikotan, daughter of his Majesty the King of Igbesa. She was married to Legegere, the royal family of Ake, Abeokuta, whose house afforded accommodation to the first missionaries on their arrival at Abeokuta in 1846. Here she listened, for the first time, to the preaching of the Gospel. The Lord touched her heart, and she made no scruple in at once casting in her lot with the people of the Lord, and she, together with the mother of Bishop Crowther, were among the firstfruits who were received into the visible Church of Christ by the Rev. H. Townsend, on the 5th February, 1848. On the death of her husband, seeing that the Gospel was introduced into this town, and being of the Otta tribe by the mother side, she removed here from Abeokuta, and so became the head of our female converts, to whom she was exemplary for her patience, humility, zeal, and devotedness, and on whom she exercised a most salutary influence until the day of her death, which took place on the 26th June.

## THE BLIND SCHOOLMASTER OF PALAMCOTTA.

## I.

T the Anniversary Meeting of the Church Missionary Society held last year, the Rev. W. T. Sattianadhan, of Madras, gave a touching account of the way by which God had led him through many an inward struggle and many an outward hindrance till "he found rest for his weary soul" at the foot of the cross of Christ. He bore testimony to the powerful influence exerted over himself and over many other Hindu youths by one who had lately entered into his rest, Mr. William Cruickshanks, the blind schoolmaster of the Anglo-Vernacular School at Palamcotta. "He was a man," said his attached pupil, "highly honoured of God, who left his mark on South India, and on the district of Tinnevelly in particular." It was under his teaching that Mr. Sattianadhan's own eyes were opened to see not only the folly of idolatry and the truth of Christianity, but his own personal need of a Saviour and the all-sufficiency of the atonement of Jesus Christ. The name of this missionary schoolmaster deserves indeed to be had in remembrance; and it is his story that I am going to tell.

The childhood of William Cruickshanks was a strange training for the work to which God had chosen him; the few outlines that we can trace of his early days suggest the picture of a homeless, friendless, lonely boyhood. He was born at Vellore, in Madras; his father was an Irishman; his mother, of Jewish birth, was a Roman Catholic by religion. His first years were spent in wandering about different parts of India with his parents, but he was still very young when his father came back to Ireland and left him behind at the Military Orphan Asylum at Madras. When William was about twelve years old he began to suffer from weak eyesight, and it was not long before this infirmity increased to total blindness. Years afterwards he used to describe the last sights on which his eyes had rested. He recalled how one night, just before he fell asleep, he watched the face of a beautiful boy in the room with him, and the bright moonlight that shone in at his window; he remarked even the shape and colour of a pretty vase that stood on a table by his side. When next he awoke all around him was darkness—then and ever afterwards.

Such a shadow falling on the bright gladness of childhood must excite the heart's deepest pity even when lightened by every device that the most watchful, the most tender love can suggest; but no such compensations were at hand for the sightless boy whose affliction shut out from him almost all the natural joys of his age. Deprived of the soothing influences of a parent's love, and unable to take part in the ordinary course of lessons, he was left without resource for heart or mind, and in the knowledge of Him whose sympathy can penetrate the darkest prison walls he seems to have been up to this time quite untaught. The only religious teaching he remembered receiving at home was his mother's attempt to make him repeat the Latin prayers of her Church. Perhaps no sadder picture of desolate friendless childhood could be drawn than that which Mr. Cruickshanks gave of himself as he used to lie about the playground of the Asylum listless and alone, hearing the sounds of boisterous play in which he could take no part, without a friend in the world on whom he could make any special claim for sympathy or companionship.

But the time came when the comfort of those holy truths which it had not been given him to learn at his mother's knee should be brought to the blind boy; his teacher and the manner of his teaching were equally strange. William was lying down one day in the playground, his head resting on a book, when a schoolfellow named Müller, a lad with a gruff voice and foreign accent, came up to where he lay, and asked why he was lounging about, why didn't he go and play like the rest? He cannot

have noticed the blind child before, for he did not even know of his affliction. William explained mournfully the state of the case, and added that he did wish some one would be so kind as to read to him. His friend took the hint, and casting about for something to read, he noticed the book on which the lad's head was resting. He took it up, but had no sooner opened it than he exclaimed, "Why, man, it's a Bible!" "Well," said William, "as it's the only book here just now you may as well read a little of it." Müller consented, though not with a very good grace, and taking up the words where he had happened to open the book, he began to read the story of David and Goliath. He went through the chapter without showing the smallest interest in its contents, but even through the hindrances of the spiritless manner, the gruff voice, and queer accent of the reader, the imagination of the blind boy seized hold on the beauty and power of the sacred words. The mighty arrogant foe, the terrified hosts of Israel, the youthful unarmed victor, all stood before him, and in his own words he repeated the story to his companion so graphically, that even Müller condescended to remark that he had no notion the Bible had such a fine story, and perhaps there might be some more like it.

That day the boys entered into an agreement that Müller should read the Bible to Cruickshanks on condition of being told the stories out of it afterwards, and they adhered to this plan till they had read through the whole of the sacred volume. These Bible readings seem to have been William Cruickshanks' first introduction to the truths of eternity which he was privileged in after years to bring home to many a young heart.

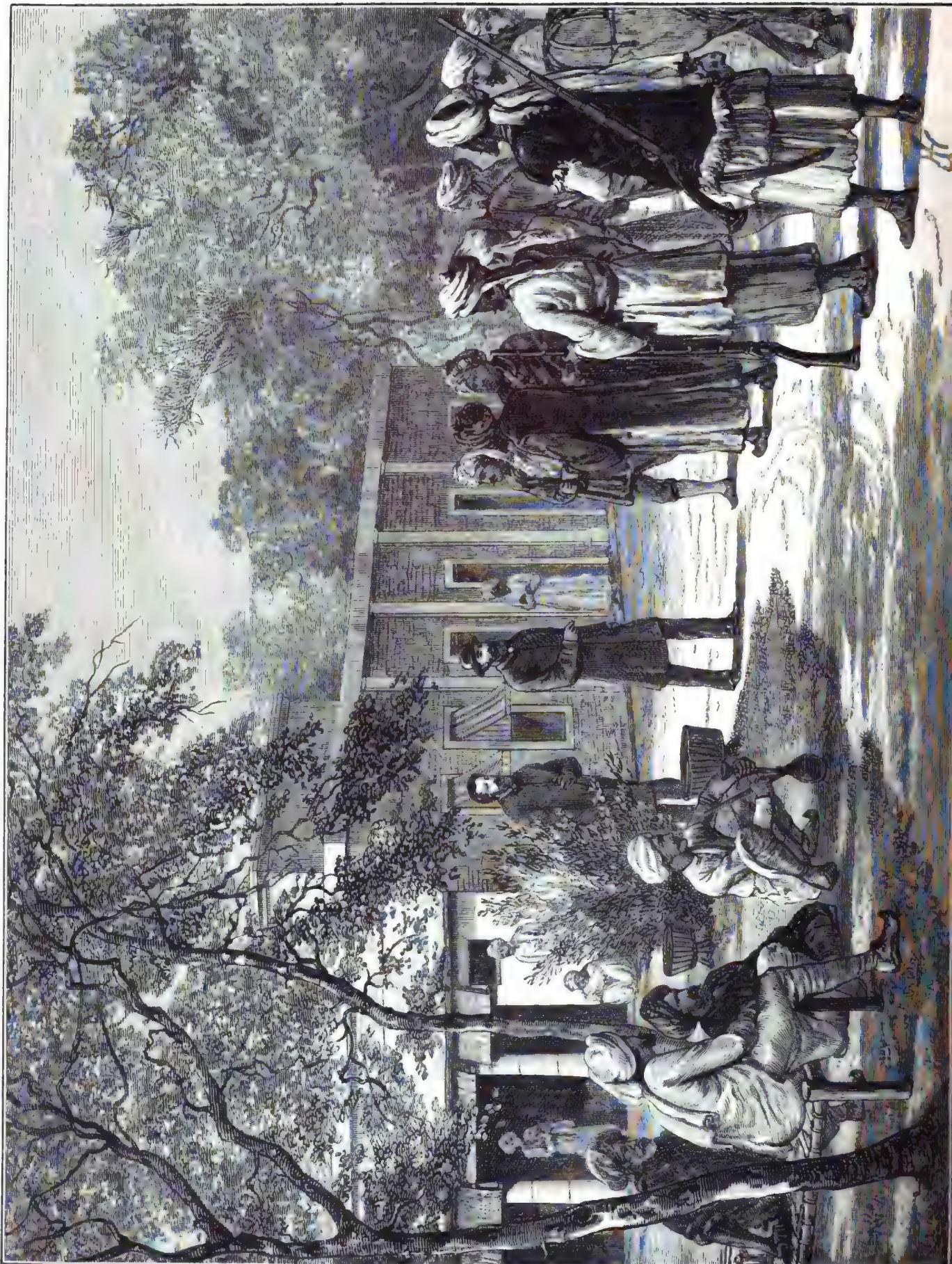
Mr. Cruickshanks appears to have received little of regular education at any time, but with the help of a memory strengthened by constant exercise, and an unwearied diligence in the use of all means of acquiring knowledge that lay within his reach, he overcame the hindrances which his bodily infirmity and outward circumstances placed across his path, and early in life he made teaching his vocation. In the incident just mentioned, in the vivid imagination and the faculty of imparting knowledge real and fresh to his own mind in such a manner as to interest even an unwilling listener, we can discern the germs of his future power; and it may be that the very difficulties in his search for knowledge, the very loneliness of his early years, intensified that rare sympathy with the needs and struggles of boyhood which ranked high among his qualifications for the teacher's office. T.

(To be continued.)

## WHICH SHALL TRIUMPH?

"**T**HOU shalt not prevail against him, but shalt surely fall before him." So said Haman's friends and his wife Zeresh to him concerning Mordecai (Esther vi. 13). And so, as it were, say the Mohammedans of the Punjab to their own prophet concerning Christ; only they think Christ will establish Islam. They say "There is no Madhi (Deliverer) save Jesus the Son of Mary." One Mussulman officer said to Mr. Gordon, "When He comes, I will lay my turban at His feet," and, taking it off, gracefully suited the action to the word. An old Sikh stopped him on the road one day and said, "When is Christ coming?" And now the Rev. F. A. P. Shirreff, of the Lahore Divinity College, writes:—

It is curious to notice how thoroughly possessed the Mohammedans seem to be becoming with the expectation of the triumph of Christianity. One man actually urged this as a proof of Mohammed's inspiration, and power of predicting, as there is a tradition that he foretold that Christianity would prevail throughout the world. A Mullah whom we met in a mosque yesterday, after opposing us in the presence of the villagers, accompanied us for some miles on our way and was quite friendly. He said that Islam was now suffering degradation everywhere, owing to the sluggishness of Mohammedans, and that this was only in keeping with what prophetic writings had foretold, viz., that towards the end of the world the true faith would decline, until Christ ("Hagrat Isa") should come again, and that He at His coming would make all men embrace Islam. This is the common Mohammedan doctrine.



## AFGHAN GUESTS AT PESHAWAR.

[The interesting picture opposite, representing the C.M.S. Missionaries at Peshawar, the Revs. T. P. Hughes and W. Jukes, receiving Afghan guests at the Mission-house, has been specially drawn for the GLEANER, under the direction of Mr. Hughes himself, by Mr. Herbert Johnson, the clever artist who accompanied the Prince of Wales to India.]

  
OSPITALITY, as mentioned by Mr. Hughes in our January number, is one of the first of religious duties among the Afghans; and hospitality, therefore, is naturally one method of gaining their confidence and securing opportunities for setting before them the Gospel of Christ. Attached to the Mission-house at Peshawar is a *hujrah*, or guest-house, similar to what every Afghan village possesses. It consists of one chamber and several smaller ones, with a portico in front to shade it from the heat. "It is filled," says Mr. Hughes, "with charpoys (bedsteads), and is fairly supplied with quilts, pillows, pots, pans, cups, saucers, plates, pipes, and jugs. To the civilised eye of an Englishman it presents little beyond the ordinary attractions of a stable; but to the half-civilised Afghan it is a very civilised place indeed."

In this *hujrah* are entertained, day after day, Afghan visitors of all classes. On their arrival they are offered water and pipes, and afterwards tea. If they accept the missionary's invitation to stay the night, the chief's horses are tethered beneath the trees, the bedsteads are all supplied with quilts and pillows, and the evening meal is prepared. Meanwhile the missionaries go out to their bazaar-preaching, and on their return, the guests having now dined, galvanic batteries and other scientific curiosities are produced for their entertainment. The conversation soon turns upon religion, and some fanatical Moslem moulvie waxes furious at the mention of Jesus as the Son of God. A cup of tea mollifies the heat of controversy, and quietly and patiently are the guests pointed to the true Prophet, the Saviour of sinners.

Next day the visitors depart. Is the precious seed thus sown lost? Lost it is, to our sight, certainly. But what says He whose word it is? "It shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

## THE SOCIETY'S FUNDS.

At the Annual Meeting on May 6th, the Income for the year ending March 31st, 1879, was thus reported:—Associations, £134,969; Benefactions, £25,617; Legacies, £12,448; other sources, £7,571; Total, £180,605. All these figures are below those of the preceding year, but all are above the average of the last five years except Legacies, which are £14,000 below the average. Adding the gifts to the Victoria Nyanza and East Africa Funds, £6,630, the total available Income was £187,235. Besides this, £45,602 was contributed in various sums, large and small, for special objects or as permanent investments; making a grand total entrusted to the Society during the year of £232,837. On the other hand, the Ordinary Expenditure for the year was £189,598, and for the Nyanza and East Africa Missions £14,588, together £204,186. The Expenditure thus exceeded the working Income by £16,951; and adding to this the deficit (general and special) of the preceding year, £7,807, the deficit on the two years is £24,758.

The Committee ask this year for £25,000 to work off this deficit, £10,000 to add to the reserve fund, and £200,000 for the general expenditure.

## THE LATE REV. HENRY BAKER.

  
ERY little, we fear, has yet been told in these pages of one of the most interesting C.M.S. Missions—Travancore. If our readers read nothing but the GLEANER, they cannot know much of the work there.\* We must try one day and tell them something about it systematically. Travancore is a strip of country between the mountains and the sea, at the south end of India, on the western side. The Mission was begun there in 1816, and there are now 20,000 Native Christians connected with it.

Two of the earliest missionaries were Joseph Fenn and Henry Baker the elder; and to these were born, in Travancore itself, two sons—David Fenn and Henry Baker the younger—both of whom died lately at Madras within a month of each other, the one on Oct. 15th, the other on Nov. 18th. Henry Baker's likeness we now present; David Fenn's will, we hope, follow shortly.

In the annals of the Society the names of Travancore and Baker are inseparably associated.

The father laboured in the Mission almost from its commencement, and died at his post in 1866, after forty-eight years' service. The son, who had been sent to England to be educated, was ordained by Bishop Blomfield in 1842, joined his father in the following year, and died in the midst of his labours after thirty-five years' service. When he began work at his birth-place, Cottayam, in 1843, there were in the district some 200 Native Christians. When he entered into rest he left, in that and the adjoining districts, 18,000 Christians in 280 villages, with thirteen Native clergymen, some of whom he had himself baptized.

Others, however, had had a share in evangelising these districts, which are in the plains bordering on the sea-coast. But one part of Henry Baker's field of labour was all his own. In the recesses of the Ghauts, the mountain chain which divides Travancore from Tinnevelly, dwell the Hill Arrians, one of the primitive tribes that inhabited India before the Hindus entered the country 8,000 years ago. To give the

Gospel to these people Henry Baker devoted the best energies of his life, and some 1,500 converts gathered in from among them were the harvest he was privileged to reap from the seed he had himself sown.

It was in 1848 that he began the Arrian Mission. Messengers from the mountains had again and again come down into the plains to ask him for a teacher; but the usual difficulty in the mission field—more work than men to do it—prevented a response being made. But one day a party of Arrians came to Mr. Baker, and would take no denial. "Five times," they said, "have we been to call you. You must know we know nothing right; will you not teach us? We die like beasts, and are buried like dogs; ought you to neglect us?" One man said,

\* An interesting account of the Travancore Mission appeared from month to month last year in the *C.M. Juvenile Instructor*. Pictures and letters from Travancore appeared in the GLEANER of Nov., 1875; July and Sept., 1877; May and Sept., 1878. Some interesting photographs have been lately sent us by the Rev. W. J. Richards, which are being engraved.



THE LATE REV. HENRY BAKER, OF TRAVANCORE.

"Cholera and fever carried off some of my family: where are they gone?" Mr. Baker accordingly started off himself, travelled forty miles into the jungle, and, at a village appointed, met a large number of the Arrians, who gathered together at nightfall from all parts as the call was passed along the hill-sides by signalmen, "He is here! come, all!" A gigantic bonfire was raised, and by its light the meeting was held. Mr. Baker told them how in England the people once lived in much the same ignorance and superstition as they now did, how a book had come from God with His messages, how belief in it had made England great, and how the same book, with its messages of mercy, was for them also. They asked to see it. He produced the Malayalam Testament, and read parts of the 3rd of St. John and the 1st of Romans. "Long after midnight," wrote Mr. Baker, "the head man of the village said, 'We have talked enough; where are the teachers?' I said, 'I will send them, but we must first ask God's blessing: He must help, or we can do nothing.' All knelt down by the light of the blazing piles while I asked that the Lord would help us, and give the people a teachable spirit; then I made them repeat the Lord's Prayer, sentence by sentence."

So began the Arrian Mission. But the difficulty of carrying it on proved very great. The Arrian huts are in trees, out of the reach of the wild elephants, and when, in 1851, he built a village at a central spot, called Mundakayam, it had to be carefully fortified against their attacks, having the steep bank of a river on one side, and high "earth-works" on the other. The jungle-fever makes the upland valleys very unhealthy; and several good Native evangelists from the low country fell victims to it. Baker himself suffered severely. Still he persevered. For ten years he laboured energetically, and in 1859, when his aged father and the Bishop of Madras visited Mundakayam, there were 793 Arrians under Christian teaching, 450 of whom had been baptized, and 178 of whom were confirmed on this occasion. Since then the numbers have doubled.

Truly the man whom God honoured to effect a work like this did not live in vain. Of few C.M.S. labourers may the words be more truly spoken, "Always abounding in the work of the Lord."

The name of Baker is not yet lost to the Travancore Mission. Henry Baker's mother, the wife of Henry Baker the elder, and grand-daughter of the well-known Lutheran missionary Kohlhoff of Tanjore (a fellow-worker with Schwartz), still survives, and in her ripe old age carries on an important boarding-school for girls at Cottayam; and another is carried on by her grand-daughter, Miss Baker. Two of her daughters also became the wives of missionaries; and the son of one of them is still at work in India, though not now under the C.M.S. "The children of Thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before Thee."

#### THE TENTH FOR GOD—IN TINNEVELLY.

**L**HE Rev. V. Vedhanayagam, of Vageikulam in North Tinnevelly (the country Mr. Meadows is now describing in the GLEANER), who has some 3,700 Native Christians in his district, writes:—

The contributions of the Christians are also hopeful. Though driven to extremity by the famine, their interest in the Native Church Fund has not been diminished. Their subscriptions this year have exceeded those of last year by nearly Rs. 100. Three of the Christians have made up their minds to give one-tenth of their income to the Fund. The case of one of them, a female Christian, deserves notice. She belonged to a Naidu caste. Her husband, a baptized but unsatisfactory Christian, died two years ago. She has two children, a boy and a grown-up girl. They live in a heathen village detached from any Christian congregation, so I was somewhat afraid of their sincerity and steadfastness; but recently found, to my great joy, that my fear was groundless. I have learnt now that the girl is in the habit of reading the Bible with her mother and brother, and having prayers every day with them. And this is not all; for she also reads the Bible to her heathen kinswomen in the village. The mother lately brought Rs. 3 for the Native Church Fund as a thank-offering, adding that she had resolved to give to the Fund one-tenth of the produce of her field, to an extent of fifteen acres of block soil just sown.

#### THE FUH-KIEN MISSION.

*Extracts from the Rev. J. R. Wolfe's Report for 1878.*



HE past year has been one of unexampled trial and difficulty in the history of the Fuh-kien Mission. The hostility of the gentry and literati, which for the last few years had been manifesting itself at intervals, has this year broken all its restraints, and vented its fury upon the Mission at different points, and culminated in the disgraceful

serious outrage committed upon ourselves and the Mission-houses in the city of Fuh-chow.

Threats of further destruction and expulsion from

chapels all over the country are being made, and, I regret to say, b

carried out while I write, which fill us with anxiety and much apprehension for the safety of our work all over this province. But the Lord reigneth!

The Christians everywhere, I rejoice to say, have shown great boldness and courage, and many among them have manifested the true manly spirit. We have not heard of the lapse of an individual baptized Christian on account of the persecutions. Our two A-chis brethren are in prison. Their letters to us from their prison breathe a spirit of simple trust in Jesus, and a determination never to deny Him. They have been most cruelly beaten in prison, in order to make them confess the crime of which they are entirely innocent. Their houses and farms have been plundered by the literati during their imprisonment, and their property sold away, and the money given to satisfy the rapacity of their persecutors.

We have also to mourn this year again over the loss of one of our most able and devoted Native clergymen. The Rev. Ling Sieng Sing died at Lo-Nguong, after a long and somewhat painful illness. He never fully recovered from the shock of the barbarous treatment he received at the hands of the gentry at Kiong-Ning-Fu about three years ago, on the occasion of the outrage upon the Mission chapel and Christians of that place. He was a man full of zeal, and remarkable for his knowledge of the Word of God. He was an able preacher, and most energetic in his superintendence and work of his large and important district, which included the two Hiens (civil divisions) of Lo-Nguong and Lieng-Kang. The Mission has lost in him a true man, an indefatigable labourer, a zealous evangelist, and a faithful minister of Jesus Christ. But our loss is his gain. We have no doubt that he is now at rest in the presence of his Lord whom he loved so well, and whom he served so faithfully on earth. His mind and body were overwrought, and the persecutions to which members of his poor flock were subjected, together with the general troubles of the Mission, deeply affected his most sensitive mind, and gave way under the weight of accumulated sorrows and anxieties on half of the Church of Christ in his native Fuh-kien. His last days and nights were spent in reading the Holy Scriptures, and in earnest prayer for the Church of God. "For ever with the Lord. Amen, so let it be." He rests from his labours, and his works do follow him.

We have admitted 237 by baptism into the visible Church of Christ during the year. Sixty-one of these were the children of Christian parents. The entire number of Christians, adults and children, at this moment in connection with this Mission is 3,000, perhaps rather over. Of course, in this body of Native Christians there are many degrees of Christian attainments and many spiritual deficiencies; but there is also, we are bound to say, a good deal of spiritual activity and undeniably patience in suffering for Christ's sake. What other motive than the love of Christ can influence these people to suffer for His sake as they have done?

There are, at the end of this year 1878, 100 out-stations connected with this Mission throughout its thirteen large districts, containing 130 churches and chapels. These are served by two Native clergymen and Native catechists, assisted by a large body of voluntary exhorters. There are seven schools, including the two boarding-schools at Fuh-chow. We have every reason to believe that all these agents are men influenced by the Spirit of God, and by love to the Saviour, and their conduct and behaviour during the year have been, on the whole, satisfactory and encouraging. One only has been disconnected. He fled from his station under persecution, and was publicly rebuked at the Conference of Native helpers for his cowardice in deserting his post of danger. He was pronounced, in consequence, unfit for the office of catechist.

*Lo-Nguong.*—This interesting and familiar district has had accumulated trials and sorrows to endure this year. It has lost its faithful and devoted pastor and superintendent, and also has had to endure much from the persecution of the enemy. But, notwithstanding, there have been thirty baptisms in connection with the city congregation. Most of these, however, have been the children of the Christians. One very interesting young man has been baptized from the city, and, humanly speaking, the health and life of our dear brother Ling been spared, the number of baptisms from the city would have been much larger.

A good many inquirers have fallen away in this district, as all over the Mission, but none of the baptized have gone back. Sia Seu Ong, the Native catechist at Ang-long, takes charge of the Lo-Nguong district for 1879.

in consequence of the lamented death of the Rev. Ling. I earnestly ask the prayers of Christians in England for this interesting catechist, that God would bless his labours at Lo-Nguong, his native district, as he has blessed him in the region and district of Ang-Iong. You will remember he was the firstfruits of A-chia unto Christ. One Bible-woman, the widow of the late Rev. Su Chong Ing, has laboured successfully.

*Ning-Tsik.*—This district has been under the care and superintendence of the Rev. Tang during the year, and on the whole, notwithstanding the general opposition to our work all over the Mission, there has been a quiet progress. The catechists seem to have laboured faithfully, but Satan is not so easily dispossessed of the hearts of his victims, and the catechists have often to be reminded that "this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." There is a great tendency, I find, among some of them to grow disheartened and discouraged when all things seem to go against them. This is natural to the poor, weak human spirit; but our cry must be, for them as well as for ourselves also, "Lord, increase our faith!"

*Ku-Cheng.*—*Eastern District.*—This district has given us very little satisfaction and a great deal of sorrow during the year. A great many inquires have gone back and walk no more with us. Persecution has apparently stamped out all the interest that had been manifesting itself in this region, and which at one time filled us with thankfulness and joy. At present some of our chapels are being threatened with destruction, and we cannot tell what a day may bring forth. The Ku-Cheng magistrate publicly flogged one of the Christians in open court for some imaginary breach of propriety in court, and declared that all Christians should be compelled to conform to the heathen customs of their native villages.

*Ku-Cheng.*—*Central District.*—The hostile conduct of the magistrate has had, not unnaturally, a bad effect upon the progress of our work in the city. Few, compared with former occasions, now attend the services, and this has been a source of much anxiety to us all, and of much discouragement to our dear brother, the Rev. Ting, the Native pastor in charge of the district and congregation. He has shown much ability and energy in the management of this most important district, and we have great cause of thankfulness for the character of this devoted Native clergyman. The monthly district meetings, held under his presidency, have been well attended, and have been the means of much encouragement to the catechists from month to month in their really trying and difficult work. The work among the women in this city has been more encouraging this year, and we trust that, on the whole, some good has been effected.

Some considerable interest in the Gospel has been manifested among the poor wretched lepers in the lazaret outside the west gate. Twenty of them meet together for service on Sundays and other seasons, and the services are conducted for them by one of the Christians, who has taken up his abode among them for the purpose of bringing them to Jesus. I visit the place whenever I am at Ku-Cheng, and nothing is more interesting and encouraging than the conduct of this aged Christian, and the interest he seems to take in the spiritual welfare of these most wretched and loathsome-looking men and women. This disease of leprosy is truly a "living death." It is seen here in all its stages of development. It is indeed a sickening sight to look on those human beings doing all the functions of life with the loathsome corruptions of the grave clinging around them, the very flesh falling off by inches, and many of them having their feet and hands ready to fall off in the last stage of mortification. They are shunned by everybody except the Christians. Their moral state, I am assured, is equally loathsome with their physical condition. But, thanks be to God! a few of them have heard the loving voice of Jesus saying to their souls, "I will: be thou clean," and we have reason to believe that from this lazaret of corruption in the city of Ku-Cheng some have been washed in the blood of Jesus, and made fit and meet for the company of the saints in light.

The work throughout this entire district has suffered much in the same way as that in the city, and there is nothing of special interest to report. *Ngu-Tu*, however, is an interesting exception. Here the work has taken great strides during the year. More than 100 have placed themselves under instruction, notwithstanding the opposition of the enemy. The women especially seem most zealous, and our hearts are cheered by the "good news" from the "five townships" (Ngu-Tu). The catechist is a most earnest man, and devoted to the Saviour. The Bible-woman also has laboured well, and helped the catechist's wife in her work among the poor ignorant women of this place.

*Ang-Iong (Ku-Cheng, S.W. District).*—The only brother of the Rev. Ting takes charge of this interesting district next year (1879). We would ask special prayer for him, that he may be given wisdom from above to superintend and carry on the work, and follow in the footsteps of Sia Sea Ong, who goes to take the place of the much lamented Rev. Ling Sieng Sing. Ting Sing-Ang is a young man of much promise and ability. He was educated in our school, and married one of our school girls, who is also a very intelligent and earnest Christian woman. Her husband has been employed as catechist at different places for the last three or four years, and has given us satisfaction. There are no people in the world to

whom St. Paul's words to Timothy, "Let no one despise thy youth," are more applicable than the Chinese. They can see very little wisdom in youth when set over them as teachers, hence the request for most earnest prayer on behalf of Ting Sing-Ang.

*Kiong-Ning-Fu.*—The work in this large and densely populated district has been all but stopped on account of the bitter opposition and violent persecutions of the literati and gentry. Two of our chapels have been destroyed, and the catechists severely beaten and expelled.

[*Notices of eight other districts follow.*]

I regret that this review of the closing year is of so chequered a character. But there is much that is cheering and encouraging. There are many noble Christians scattered all over this extensive field, and a noble band of catechists and teachers at work. I believe, with my whole heart, that there is a glorious future before this beloved Mission; and when I look back sixteen years ago, and compare its state then with its present condition, my heart fills with thankfulness and gratitude, and I am constrained to cry out, "What hath God wrought!"

### "FAR AWAY."

[Dedicated by kind permission to the Rev. W. H. Barlow, Principal of the Church Missionary College.]



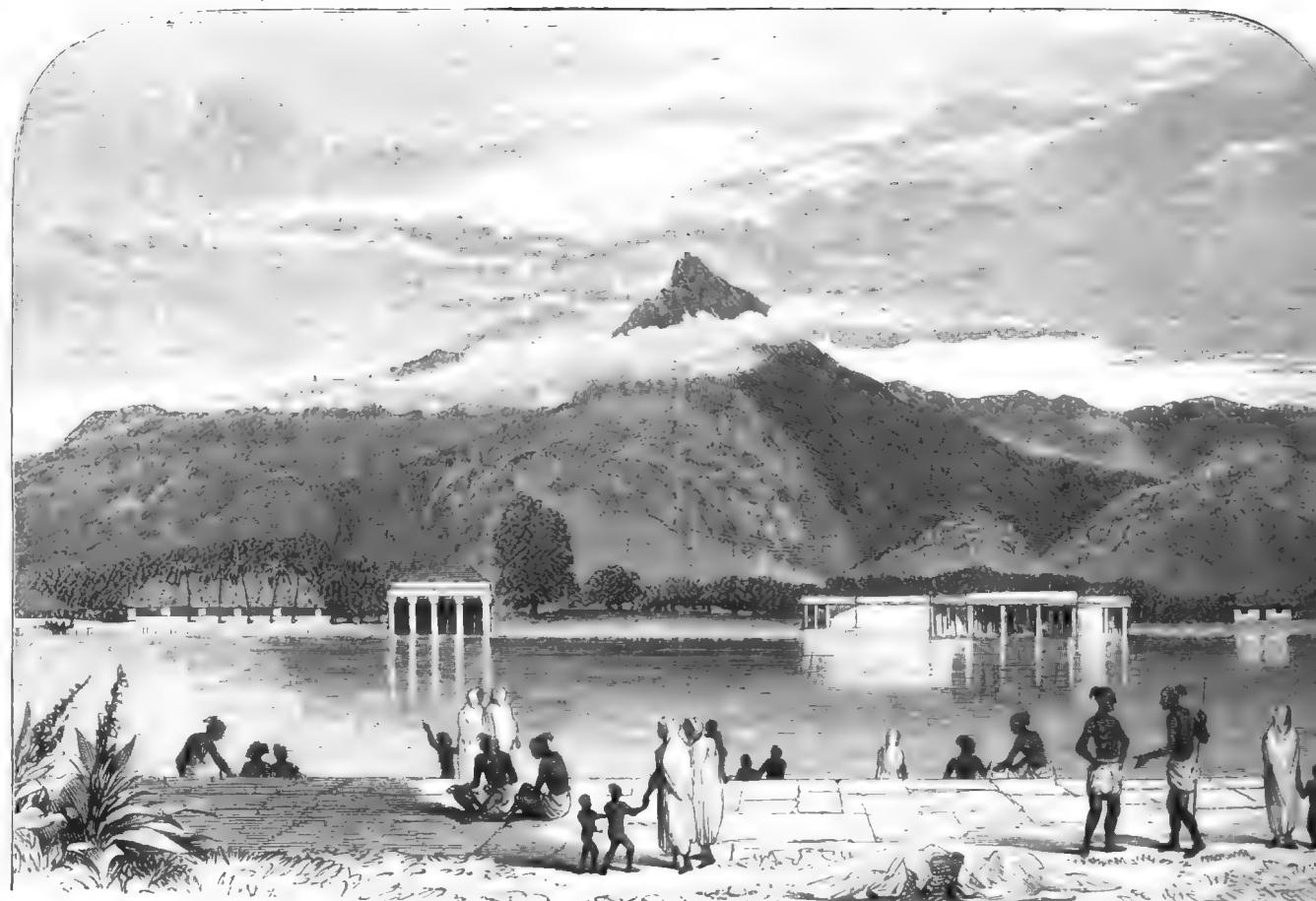
HERE have now those faces vanished  
Which we knew in days gone by?  
Have they faded from our mem'ry?  
Has no tear e'er dimmed our eye?—  
As we've thought how much we missed them,  
As we've breathed a prayerful sigh  
To the God who watches o'er them,  
"Far away"—"far away"!  
To the God who watches o'er them  
"Far away"—"far away"!  
Some have gone to "Afric's fountains,"  
There to seek and free the slave;  
Some to China's teeming millions  
Preach the power of Christ to save;  
Some 'midst India's heathen peoples  
Glory for their Master crave;  
May we never then forget them,  
"Far away"—"far away"!  
May we never then forget them,  
"Far away"—"far away"!  
Gone the days of home and friendship,  
Gone the hours of buoyant youth,  
Fierce the conflict thickens round them  
As they wrestle for the Truth.  
Love enables them to conquer  
Heathen hearts, howe'er uncouth;  
Ah! the Gospel light is shining  
"Far away"—"far away"!  
Yes, the Gospel light is shining  
"Far away"—"far away"!  
See them toiling in the snowfields,  
See them 'neath the burning sun;  
Hark! they sing sweet praise to Jesus  
As each precious soul is won.  
They are hast'ning on to glory,  
Their great work will soon be done;  
Let us pray that we may meet them  
"Far away"—"far away"!  
Let us pray that we may meet them  
"Far away"—"far away"!

W. G. P.

### "THE GREAT POINT."

*S*OME of our converts on the River Godavery, in the Telugu country, are of the Koi tribe, one of the wild hill races of India. The excellent Native missionary at Dumagudem, the Rev. I. Vencatarama Razu, writes:—

In former years the Kois of the two Nallapallis used to draw the idol car at the annual festival at Parnasala, but now the Christian Kois have ceased to do so, and also the heathen Kois of those villages, and Kois from farther-off villages, have to be persuaded to draw the car. Last year the head Brahman of Parnasala remonstrated most strongly against this conduct, and he was backed up by a leading Native police officer, who urged the Christian Kois to consent to their relatives pulling the car, but they steadily refused, and on being told that they were ignorant and knew nothing, the head Koi replied, "Well, I know I am a sinner, and that Jesus died for me, and that is the great point."



TRAVELLERS' BUNGALOW.

BRAHMINICAL BATHING-PLACE.

THE GREAT TANK, OR "SEA OF SACRED MILK," AT STRIVILLIPUTTUR.

## OUR HOME IN THE WILDERNESS.

Recollections of North Tinnevelly.

BY THE REV. R. R. MEADOWS.

### CHAPTER VI.

**I**N the year 1860, our Home in the Wilderness began to be really established. Hitherto our abode had been a tent, and we had no fixed dwelling-place. Henceforward, when the bachelor became a married man, the tent gave way to the house, the rough life of an itinerator to the comparative comforts of a home. Our first home was at Strivilliputtur, the largest town in the district. We were able to hire a substantial house of the Government. It seemed large with its wide verandahs all around it; but it had only two rooms and two bath rooms. It had been built as a rest-house or inn for travellers. It stood on the bank of a magnificent tank, called "the Sea of Sacred Milk." (See the picture.) Behind it, at a distance of eight miles, rose a lofty range of hills, the highest peak, the "Devil's Peak," being 4,750 feet from the base. The artificial lake, for such it is, is one of those sacred bathing-places which abound in all parts of India. It was expensively built, large flights of granite steps leading down to the water's edge, and in fact down to the bottom. On those steps, every morning, long before sunrise, and for two hours after, stood hundreds of men and women, bathing themselves, or washing their clothes, or performing their toilet, or paying adoration to the sun. The water, though considered especially holy, is especially filthy: for it is stagnant,

and is the common wash-tub of the whole population. An amusing incident in connection with this once occurred. An officer and his son spent the day at the house. The young gentleman, an expert swimmer, but a novice in India, thought "Here is a place for a header," and plunged in; soon, however, to find that he was less clean by his immersion than he was before.

By the side of our house ran the road leading to the mountains and to the pasture-lands at their foot. Every evening hundreds of cows and black, tough-hided, awkward-looking buffaloes would return that way to the town, pushing each other, and likely to push against weak and timid passengers. From the house could be heard the perpetual din of native drums. To make matters worse, the burning-ground lay just beyond us, and almost every day some native corpse, seated upright in its funeral palanquin, would be carried by, accompanied by crowds of people and musicians bellowing forth their horrid dirge. Once a native friend, whom I had seen expire at six in the morning, was buried past to be burnt to ashes just as I was sitting down to breakfast at ten! When the wind lay in the west, the smell of the burning corpses, a combined smell of human grease and cow-dung (for that is the fuel employed), would reach our bungalow, with a sickening influence almost unbearable. We were there only three months. We were not sorry to leave it, though as a first home in a strange land we turned our backs upon it with a parting regret. I ought to add that we now have the neat little church and a small congregation of Native Christians.

We moved to a place thirteen miles east, and a mile and a half

half from our final home. Our house there was an old deserted building, which had formerly been used as a cotton store. It was in this house that dear Ragland breathed his last, and dear David Fenn, alone, watched his corpse all night. (See the picture.) In our itinerating days we rented it for the purpose of stowing away our boxes and clothes. It was an upstairs house, with a ladder for stairs; and so narrow was this ladder that our piano had to be hauled up through a kind of barn door, which opened at the end of the house.

Two of the rooms underneath were of use to us, but the middle one was filled with the remains of the machinery formerly in use for cleaning the cotton. There were no attractions in that room. There were some horrors, for in it was a pit for a wheel and spindle, which now served as a nest for cobras.

Here we commenced our boarding-school for girls. Here we held our first meeting of the Christians for the purpose of organising a self-supporting Church. We collected £5. Our collection ten years afterwards was about £150. One of the contributors had on the first occasion given one shilling, and on the last £2. 0s. 6d.

It became necessary, however, to build a house and schools, for the permanent residence of the missionary, and for the boys and girls to be properly housed and cared for. I had had no experience in building, and we were forty or fifty miles from persons capable of giving advice. If, therefore, I have built a house and schools which an architect would condemn, I must not be too severely criticised. The thatched schoolrooms have since been replaced by tiled ones, and we have added a substantial church besides.

It was interesting to us to watch the first buds of the first trees we planted in a place when there were but two within a space of ten acres. We often longed for the appearance of spiritual buds. In the course of this narrative, however, we shall have to describe many a fair tree of the Lord's planting, which budded and blossomed and brought forth fruit. An abundant supply of water from the three wells we have since sunk has made those saplings large spreading trees. Those which flourished best were the Brahma Agathia (*Coronilla grandiflora*), the cork tree, and the *vagei*. The first grows to no great height, but it is a good substitute for the laurel, and bears clusters of yellow flowers. The cork tree with us grows more than twenty feet high; its foliage is a dark rich green and very abundant; its flower is a snow-white, bell-shaped cluster, emitting a most delicious perfume. I am not aware that its bark has ever been used. Perhaps it is not thick enough to cut corks from. The *vagei* flings its long arms on all sides, something like the elm. The peculiarity of this tree is that it sheds its leaves, leaving its large seed-pods to rustle wildly and with a melancholy sound in the breeze. There were also the margosa,

the orange (a poor fruit), the custard apple, the pomegranate, and a very few flowers. We never succeeded in cultivating the rose. The soil was not rich enough, or the heat of the dry atmosphere was too great for flowers.

## LETTERS TO MY PARISH FROM SANTALIA.

BY THE REV. W. T. STORES.

### VI.—On an Elephant to Chuchi.

CHUCHI, August 17th, 1878.

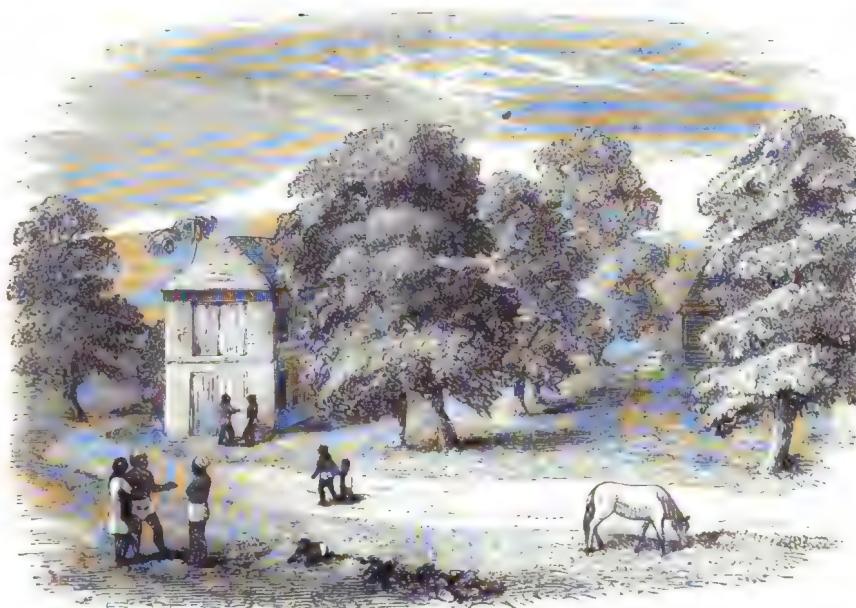
AST evening at six o'clock I mounted my elephant, having first put upon her my Horton canteen and a box of clothes, and started off to come to Chuchi. The clouds looked heavy, and there had been several showers during the day, but the weather had so often kept me back from this expedition, and I felt it was such a necessary one, that I determined I would not look at the clouds any more.

For the first three miles I had a fair road and daylight, and the wild clouds came about the setting sun, and the grand lights over the hills

were very beautiful. As soon as it was dark one of my boxes got loose, and threatened to fall off, so I had to get off while the mahout (the driver who sits on the elephant's neck) fastened it securely. There were heavy showers falling both in front and behind, and the tops of the hills over which we had to pass were covered with dense clouds. It was so dark that often the mahout could scarcely see the way, and indeed it seemed to me there was no way, but we made one for ourselves, through ponds, down muddy water-courses, through forest and over fields. Just as we reached the foot of the hills, six miles from Taljhari, the moon broke out and the stars appeared, and I had a glorious ride over the hills—all looking so weird, and solemn, and grand in the moonlight.

We were obliged to go

slowly, for the road was very stony, and the elephant felt it very much. About eleven o'clock we had got over the hills, and again the clouds gathered and we had a shower, which wetted us enough to make us very glad that it only lasted a quarter of an hour. On and on through the long night, several good-sized rivers to cross, which were very difficult, owing to the steep muddy sides, where the elephant several times sunk up to her belly in mud, and would, I thought, never get her legs out again until she was dug out; however, poor old lady, she triumphed over all difficulties, though in her wild efforts to get out of the mud she pitched about so, that it was all I could do to keep on her. Just recollect all this was in the dark, or with only just a peep of the moon now and then, with every few minutes a little sprinkling of rain as if to tell us what we might expect. Then trudging on through slush, slush, slush, past one village, then another, and another, and another, not a soul to be seen; even the dogs not coming out to bark at us, the weather looked so bad; the elephant leaving great holes behind her at every step, very often of more than a foot or a foot and a half deep. I had much difficulty to keep awake, for I soon exhausted all my subjects of conversation with my mahout, and then every five minutes I gave a start at finding myself actually nodding and in danger of breaking my neck. But at last I was so tired that no sense of danger even could keep me awake, and every two minutes I found myself all but falling. Then came another shower kindly to wake me up; and at last came daylight—so welcome, and at ten minutes past six I reached my destination; and having been rather more than twelve hours on the elephant, was feeling sore all over from continual jolting, and about as tired as any poor fellow could be.



THE BUNGALOW IN WHICH MR. BAGLAND DIED.

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The elephant sat down at the house of our native clergyman, Ram Charan, and very glad I was to slip off her, and go in, lay my air-mattress on the floor, and have a good sleep of nearly two hours. Well, now, what has brought me here? This is my largest out-station; there are several hundred native Christians in the neighbourhood, and as the native clergyman in charge of them is only in deacon's orders, they can only have the Lord's Supper when I come. He too, now and then, needs a visit of comfort and encouragement. Who does not? So to-day I have been having a little talk with him and with a few people who have come to see me, and I have had prayers with them in their little church this evening; and I feel to-night full of thankfulness to God for His goodness to me.

It has rained almost all day since I arrived; if it had rained in the same way during the night, I should have been soaked through and through, and very likely had fever.

*Sunday Night, August 18th.*

I have had a very happy Sunday. It has rained so often and so heavily that my congregations have not been large. Yet I had fifty-two at Holy Communion this morning. Some of the men had come fully six miles, and some of the women more than four, facing all the rain. Some of the women must have had great difficulty in getting here, for the water they had to pass through was nearly a yard deep. Yet they did not seem to think they had done anything very great in coming, though in their own sort of way they praised me for having come so far in such weather to visit them. I had the afternoon service only about an hour and a half after the morning service was finished, that those who had come from a distance might remain for it. Then when both services were over, some who were sick or had sick friends came to me for medicine, and I had to do my best for a very great variety of ills, from sore eyes to consumption.

When it was dark I sat down to my simple dinner at about seven o'clock, quite ready for it, for I had my breakfast at nine o'clock, and two services and a great deal of talk had sharpened my appetite. It has been a delightful day. My kind hosts, the native clergyman and his wife, were so considerate, and kept their children so quiet in the early morning, that I might not have my time for prayer and reading disturbed. Just now I have had an admiring crowd in my room, watching the blowing up of my air-mattress, for I carry one about with me, and it serves me for bed and bedding, and is so very portable, that it has been an immense comfort to me.

*TALJHARI, August 19th, Evening.*

I am at home again. I left Chuchi at about half-past six this morning, and rode on the elephant or walked until about two o'clock in the afternoon, and then after the rest of an hour, took the train at a place called Bahawa and reached home at five, having had nothing to eat all day but a little rice and pulse in the morning and a drink in the afternoon. It has been a day of sunshine and showers, and I have had one or two good wettings, and in the interval had the skin nearly scorched off my hands by the blazing sun. Twice I had to pass over a river about as broad as the Ouse at York, and in one place the elephant had to swim while I went over in a boat. I am very glad to be at home again, very thankful to have reached this place once more safe and sound: thankful to have done something to cheer up a few of God's people: humbled because all my work seems so very poor for one who ought to be filled with the Spirit. It seems very delightful to be writing once more at my own table, and to have the prospect of a night in bed, instead of one on the floor with an air-mattress which is scarcely broad enough to turn over on. But I ought not to write in this way as if I had anything to grumble about, when the only thing I can possibly have to complain about is my own evil heart; and I daresay some of you feel that trouble nearly as much as I do.

**C**EYLON.—It is not usual in the GLEANER to discuss the various perplexities which necessarily arise in the conduct of the Society's Missions in different parts of the world, and which often cause the Committee much anxiety, and lead them continually to seek Divine guidance. But we must not conceal from our readers the fact that serious difficulties just now again beset the Ceylon Mission. It is well known that differences have existed between the Society and the Bishop of Colombo; but, a few months ago, there seemed good hope that these would at all events not obstruct the quiet continuance of the Mission as in past years under former Bishops. This, we deeply regret to say, is not the case.

The questions at issue are too complicated to be explained here; but full particulars are given in this month's *C.M. Intelligencer*. We can but commit the matter to Him who liveth, and reigneth, and knoweth. Let us not doubt that He will maintain His own truth, and suffer nothing to hinder the extension of His spiritual kingdom.

## EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The following official announcement appeared in the newspaper May 6th, the day of the Society's Anniversary Meetings:—

The Bishop of London has appointed the Rev. Henry Wright, the Honorary Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, to the Prebendal Stal Ongate, in St. Paul's Cathedral, in recognition of the services he has rendered to the cause of Missions.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has conferred the degree of B.D. upon the Rev. W. T. Storrs, of the C.M.S. Santal Mission, in recognition of his eminent missionary services.

At the Annual Meeting of the C.M.S. the following nominations were made to the office of Vice-President:—Dr. MacLagan, Bishop of Lichfield; Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham; Dr. Sandford, Bishop of Gibraltar; Dr. Gregg, Bishop of Cork; Dr. Hellmuth, Bishop of Huron; Dr. St. John, Bishop of North Queensland; Bishop Oxenden, late Metropolitan of Canada; and General Alexander, for many years a member of the Committee.

The Rev. A. R. Macduff, M.A., of Trinity College, Dublin, Vicar of St. John the Baptist, Leeds, has been accepted by the Society for missionary work on the frontier of British India.

We much regret to say that the Rev. R. Clark has been compelled by the dangerous illness of Mrs. Clark to return to England. His presence in the Punjab just now seemed to human eyes almost indispensable, it pleases Him who seeth not as man seeth to remove him—we trust only for a time. His various important duties are being discharged by the Revs. J. Welland, W. Keene, F. H. Baring, and H. U. Weitbrecht.

The Rev. L. Nicholson, of Sierra Leone; the Rev. A. B. Hutchinson, of Hong Kong; the Rev. W. Hooper, of the Lahore Divinity College; and the Rev. T. J. Lee Mayer, of Bannu on the Indian frontier, have arrived in England. The Rev. A. E. Moule, of Hang-chow, and Rev. C. E. Vines, of Agra, are on their way home.

The Rev. A. Menzies, formerly of the West Africa Mission, who was appointed to Freetown last year, but was detained in England on medical orders, sailed for East Africa on April 23rd.

The Bishop-Designate of Caledonia, the Rev. W. Ridley, is approaching for a steamer. No Bishop can need one more. The communication between all the mission stations on the North Pacific coast, and in islands, is by sea.

Admiral Prevost is about to visit Metlakahtla again, and hopes to there to introduce Bishop Ridley to his new diocese.

Mr. V. C. Sim, appointed to the Athabasca Mission, was ordained on May 1st, at St. Matthew's, Bayswater (Archdeacon Hunter's church), by the Bishop of Rupert's Land. The Bishop of Saskatchewan preached the sermon. Mr. Sim has already sailed, with Mr. Spendlove, a lay agent.

Besides the degrees already mentioned as being conferred by the University of Durham upon African students at Fourah Bay College, Sir George Leonte, B.A. degrees have also been conferred upon Mr. Obadiah Johnson and Mr. Isaac Oluwole, who passed a later examination. Mr. Oluwole is now on a visit to this country, but will shortly proceed to Lagos to take charge of the Grammar School there.

Bishop Burdon and the Rev. D. T. Barry have visited the Fuh-chow Mission. The Revs. R. W. Stewart and Ll. Lloyd were admitted to priest's orders at Fuh-chow on February 23rd.

The Rev. G. M. Gordon has returned from Kandahar. He found the New Testament there before him, and a Mohammedan Moulvie studied it. Gospels in the Arabic, Persian, and Pushtu languages were there fully received by learned and influential men.

The Nineteenth (printed) Report of the Umritsir Mission gives a full and encouraging account of its work. Mr. R. Clark, Mr. Keene, Mr. F. H. Baring, Mr. Beutel, and the Native clergy, all write thankfully and hopefully. Last year there were 94 baptisms against 33 the year before. Native Christians have increased from 345 to 432. The Native contributions to religious objects have risen from Rs. 645 to Rs. 1,582.

On March 9th, at an ordination held at Edyengudi, Tinnevelly, Bishop Caldwell, in addition to twelve S.P.G. candidates, two C.M.S. Native agents were ordained, one deacon and one priest. Bishop Samuel, who preached the sermon. On the same day Mr. E. Varkki John, a native of Travancore, was admitted to deacon's orders by the Bishop of Madras.

The Gospel continues to spread among the Hindu coolies in the islands of Mauritius. Although many who have embraced it return to the fold of their birth every year, the number of Christians attached to the C.M.S. Mission continues to increase. There were 190 baptisms last year; and the returns now show 1,096 in the congregations of Native India coolies, and 397 in those of Madras coolies. Among the former class are labouring the Revs. P. Ansorgé and F. Schurr, both formerly of Bengal; among the latter, the Revs. H. D. Buswell and N. H. H. Both formerly of the Tamil Missions in Tinnevelly and Ceylon. There are also three Native pastors, one a Bengali, the Rev. C. Kushall, two Tamils, the Revs. John Gabb and T. Ephraim.

Just as we go to press we hear, with deep regret, that Bishop G. of Jerusalem died on May 11th.

## THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

JULY, 1879.

## MARCHING ORDERS.

VI.

"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth labourers into His harvest."—*St. Luke x. 2.*

 **OST** likely we never went to a Missionary meeting in our lives without being told to pray for the work. We are quite used to it; we take it as a matter of course, and as the right and proper thing to be said. Nobody disputes for an instant that it is a Christian duty. *But are we doing it?*

As it is an acknowledged obligation upon all who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ that they should obey His commandments, it is clearly a real obligation upon us, upon you and me, to obey *this* commandment. And if we are not obeying, it is equally clear that we are directly disobeying our dear Master, and failing in the one test He gave us of personal love to Himself.

*Yes, are we doing it?* Did you pray this morning what He bid you pray? Did you yesterday? Or last week? Surely it is no light thing to go on from day to day, leaving undone a thing which we ought to have done, and about which His own lips gave the most explicit direction.

How often we have sorrowfully felt that "we know not what we should pray for as we ought!" Now here is something that we *know* we are to pray for. We know that it is according to His will, or He would not have bid us ask it. And "If we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us. And if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him." See what a splendid conclusion we reach. Oh, "Pray ye therefore!" And if we thus pray, like little children, exactly what Jesus bids us pray, see if we do not find a real, and probably conscious and immediate blessing in the very act—the flood-gates opened, the spirit of grace and of supplication poured out, and the parched tongue filled with prayer and praise.

It is an immense help to be systematic in prayer. Many are finding it useful to take one of the seven petitions of the Lord's prayer as the key-note of their own each morning. This brings "Thy kingdom come" to Monday morning. What if all the readers of the *GLEANER* would accept this as a continual reminder, and at least *once* in each week join in fervent pleading of this Christ-taught petition, including in it the special one that the Lord would send forth labourers? Let us agree as touching this that we shall ask, in the obedience of faith, and in the name of Jesus!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

[Since the above was in type, "marching orders" of still more solemn sound have come to the accomplished writer. Frances Ridley Havergal received a sudden summons to the presence of the Great Captain on June 3rd. The death of this sweet singer of Israel is a real loss to the Church militant; but in her delightful books and hymns "she, being dead, yet speaketh." One of her best poems was written for the first number of the *GLEANER*, January, 1874. We are glad to say that the whole MS. of "Marching Orders" is in our hands, so that the series will, D.V., be continued to the end.—ED.]

## REFUSED FOR LACK OF FUNDS.

 **F**the readers of the *GLEANER* could come to the Society's House in Salisbury Square Tuesday after Tuesday, and hear the appeals from missionaries in different parts of the world for fresh grants which have to be refused for lack of funds, we are sure that every one of them would make up his mind, prayerfully and earnestly, that no such responsibility should lie at his door, and that in his circle at all events more money should be raised.

Let us give, just as a specimen, *one* of the appeals to which the Committee have lately been compelled to turn a deaf ear.

One of our stations in Palestine is Jaffa, the Joppa of the Bible, where Hiram's timber was landed for Solomon's temple—where Jonah took ship to flee from the presence of the Lord—where Dorcas lived and died and was raised up—where Peter was taught by the strange vision that the Gentiles were to be admitted to the Church. Here, for the past three years, the Rev. J. R. Longley Hall has been faithfully preaching Christ both to the Mohammedans and to the ignorant and superstitious adherents of the corrupt Eastern Churches. He has teachers also at Lydd—"Lydda was nigh to Joppa," Acts ix. 38)—and at Ramleh, on the road to Jerusalem; and his congregations at the three places number 150 souls. There is much opposition, and still more deadness, as is the case everywhere in the East; yet there is an increasing readiness to listen to the Gospel message. Mr. Hall has now asked for £60 a year to maintain a school and a catechist at the village of Abûd; and this is the grant which the Committee are unable to allow him. Why does he ask it? Let us read his own words:—

A young man came to me from Abood about opening a school in that town. I therefore lost no time in going to arrange the matter.

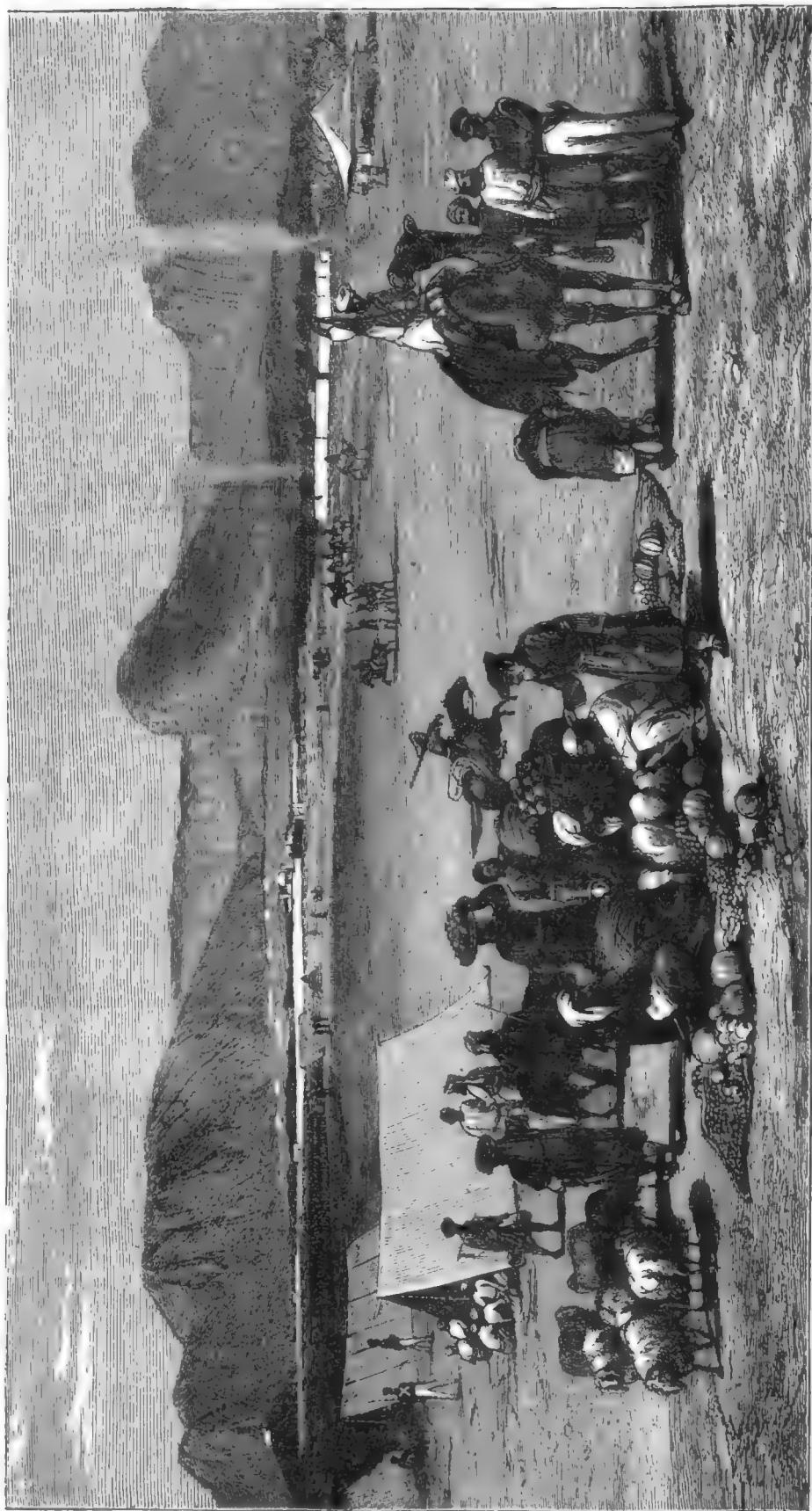
This visit was the most interesting and enjoyable which I have paid to the town. We soon had fifty or sixty men round us, and they at once began to ask us the most important questions: "Who said, Come unto Me all ye that labour, &c., &c., and to whom was it spoken? Who are the weary and heavy laden?" These were questions started by these poor ignorant men themselves, and afforded us subjects from which to preach the Gospel to them from 6.30 p.m. till midnight. They were all in rapt attention, eagerly listening, and asking questions.

My catechist and I felt, as, I think, we had seldom felt before, the presence of Christ, and I am quite sure that there will be rich results from this visit. The Spirit was undoubtedly working in the hearts of the people, and creating within them a lingering and thirsting after spiritual knowledge. When we prayed all knelt most devoutly, and no whisper was breathed by any one of them.

The next morning the men came trooping into our room at about 6.30, and amongst them several Moslems. Several of these I knew to be Moslems from their dress, but one old man who seated himself immediately opposite to me I mistook to be a Greek. After a few puffs from his long pipe, this old man most deliberately asked me, "Are you an idolater?" Not seeing the point of the question, and yet anxious to turn it to some profit, I first stated very emphatically that I was not an idolater, and then proceeded to explain to him what an idolater was—that whosoever loves oxen, lands, houses, &c., more than God, makes idols of them. The old man, however, was not satisfied, and after a moment's pause said, "But is it not idolatry to make wooden figures of Christ and to worship them?" "Most certainly," I replied, and my catechist read and explained to him Isa. xliv. "But this is what you do," he replied. I then discovered that the man was a Moslem, and that he thought we were Greeks. I lost no time in informing him that we were *Protestants*, and that the one question which we asked with regard to doctrine was, "What saith the Scriptures?" and that we believed nothing which is condemned by the Word of God. He then asked, "Can the prophets intercede for us?" and "Can the Virgin Mary intercede?" which opened the way for me to tell him that "we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins."

The people begged and entreated for a teacher. "It is not merely some one to teach our children to read," they said, "but we need a teacher who can make plain to us, the adults, the way of salvation. We are lost in these out-of-the-way villages, and no one takes the trouble to come and tell us the blessed truths which are proclaimed in the larger towns." They seized hold of my catechist and said they should detain him by force that he might always teach them. I told them this could not be, but that I would write at once and ask permission to send an evangelist to Abood immediately and to open a school.

But let it not be forgotten that there are other calls from other Missions, just as inviting as this one, which cannot be responded to. Will not God hold us here at home accountable for the souls thus left to perish?



THE CITY AND PLAIN OF KANDAHAR.

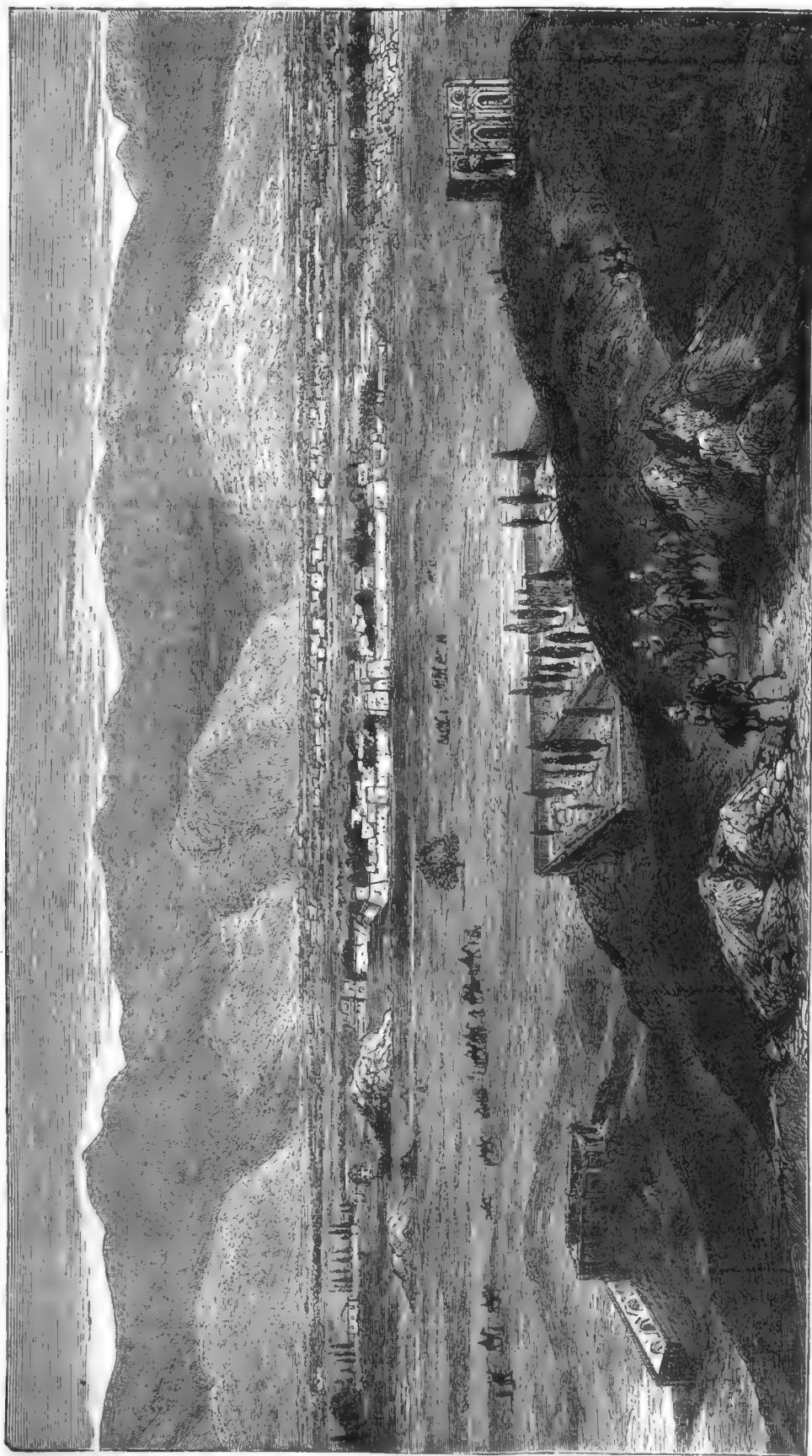
## VISITS TO KANDAHAR AND JELLALABAD.



ITTLE did we think twelve or even months ago that before this time C.M.S. missionaries would have visited two important cities in the interior of Afghanistan. But Most High can overrule all earthly events to promote the extension of His kingdom. War has more than once opened the way for the messengers of peace, and the Afghan campaign has enabled two of the brethren to cross the frontier and enter lands hitherto untrodden by the feet of the missionary. Gordon has often longed to get to the people of Beluchistan; Mr. Hughes has often gazed wistfully from his roof in Peshawar at the entrance to the Khyber Pass, and wondered if ever he should be allowed to go up that far-famed defile (see the view in the January GLEANER). But both looked forward in vain. The British Government, fearful of political difficulties, suffered no man to pass the frontier line; and when, just two years ago, Mr. Downes (now in Kashmir) made the attempt in disguise, he was pursued, seized, and brought back by force. And now Mr. Gordon has been up by the Bolan Pass and Quetta to Kandahar, and Mr. Hughes by the Khyber Pass to Jellalabad!

Kandahar is a large and important city of 150,000 inhabitants. It is a great centre of traffic, and in its bazaars meet Turkomans from the north, Persians from the west, Beluchis from the south, and Hindus from the east. It is supposed to date from the time of Alexander the Great, Kandahar being a corruption of 'Skander, the Oriental form of Alexander. Mr. Gordon went up there with General Balfour's force. He wrote thus on February 17th, on his way back:

The generals and officers gladly accepted my services, and I found a mission sphere in the hospitals and soldiers' tents. I have received great kindness from many officers during the campaign, and all have been cordially friendly. Some have been more brothers than friends. The Christian intercourse which I have enjoyed with them has been very refreshing. It may be said, in common parlance, that they have carried one's life in one's hand every day in Kandahar, for the place was full of fanaticism more fatal in its attacks than the enemy in the field;



THE CITY OF JELLALABAD.

my life, thank God, was in better keeping than my own. The language of David and of St. Paul is at such times inexpressibly appropriate, "I will say of the Lord, He is my Refuge and my Fortress, my God, in Him will I trust."

I am thankful to say that the Gospel in Arabic, Persian, and Pushtu was favourably received by some of the learned and influential Natives of Kandahar, whose friendship was shown in frequent visits to my tent and hospitality at their own houses. One of them was the Kazi, or head of the priesthood; another was a "doctor of divinity" (Mohammedan), of very inquiring mind, who showed me a copy of the New Testament in Hindustani, which he had not only read, but committed parts of it to memory. I found the same friendliness and cordiality among the leading members of the Hindu community, and I am quite certain that a residence of a few months there would establish an intercourse most favourable to the reception of the Gospel among all classes.

Jellalabad is not so large a place, but it is important as being just half-way between Peshawar and Cabul. It was occupied by the British in the first Afghan War of 1841-42, and was defended by Sir Robert Sale five months against the Afghan army. Our engraving, taken from a hill to the south, shows the cemetery where many of our troops lie buried. In that cemetery, three months ago, was laid the body of the lamented Major Wigram Battye, our missionary, Mr. Hughes, reading the burial service over his grave. Mr. Hughes writes:—

JELLALABAD, AFGHANISTAN,  
April 8, 1879.

To "preach the Gospel in the regions beyond" has ever been the ambition of the Christian evangelist, and for upwards of fourteen years I have lived at the entrance to the Khyber, and have been longing to penetrate its frowning Pass. I have now ridden a distance of about ninety miles, and am in the military camp at Jellalabad. The whole length of road between Peshawar and Jellalabad is kept open by military patrol, so that in no way can I regard my present excursion as a missionary journey. It is quite true that I travelled through the Khyber without an escort, gave the salutations of peace to Afghan friends on the way, and even received invitations for dinner from more than one Afreedee; but I should not wish to give the impression to our friends at home that the country between Peshawar and Jellalabad is really open to evangelistic effort.

Several of the shopkeepers at Jellalabad are old Peshawar friends, and I found a former pupil of our school engaged in the harmless occupation of selling "pop" and ginger-beer to the British soldier; another pupil, one who had matriculated at the university from our school, was keeping a draper's shop. As I passed up the street I did not think the general expression of the people

friendly, but several faces lighted up when I gave them the usual Afghan salutations. In the wazir's garden—a pretty spot outside the city wall—I found a young Cabul sardar (chief) actually engaged in reading a book which had been sent to Jellalabad by me some years ago. He seemed somewhat surprised when I told him that I was the original possessor of the book. He was pleased to see me, and gave me and my friend, Colonel Ball-Acton, a cup of green tea whilst we chatted over the stirring events of the times.

To-day there is news of a victory at Fatehabad, but it has been dearly purchased by the loss of three such officers as Major Wigram Battye, Lieutenant Wiseman, and Basaldar Mahmud Khan, the latter a brave Afghan soldier of the Peshawar district. I have just seen poor Wigram Battye's body. He was a fine soldier, and a great favourite with both Europeans and Natives. When he fell, some of the Native soldiers of his regiment stood by him and protected his body from insult, whilst others pressed on in the fearful charge to avenge his death.

PESHAWAR, April 7th.

I have now returned to Peshawar. Before I left Jellalabad I committed to the grave the remains of Major Battye and Lieutenant Wiseman. Mr. Swinnerton, the chaplain, assisted by reading the first part of the service. General Sir Samuel Browne, Major Cavagnari, and nearly every officer of the camp were present. Nearly the whole regiment of the Guides accompanied Major Battye's funeral, and it was truly touching to witness the sad faces of Briton, Sikh, Afghan, and Hindu, as we all stood round the open graves. The service over, Native non-commissioned officers pressed forward and lovingly assisted the Europeans in choosing the resting-places of the dead.

The whole country between Peshawar and Jellalabad is but thinly populated, and there cannot be more than a dozen villages on the whole line of march, extending nearly ninety miles. The country immediately in the vicinity of Jellalabad is fertile, as is that of the Dakka district. When at Jellalabad, the snowy ranges of Kafiristan seemed quite close to me, and, if arrangements are made for the protection of British travellers within the territory of the Ameer of Cabul, there is not likely to be any difficulty in arranging for a journey to Kafiristan. At present, however, we can only wait and watch.

## THE BLIND SCHOOLMASTER OF PALAMCOTTA.

### II.



**N** 1833 Mr. Cruickshanks married, and thus the trial of blindness was softened to him by the constant sympathy and companionship of home life. His first wife died after some years, and in 1848 he married again, and had several children.

He started on his career as tutor in private families, but in 1838 he was appointed Head Master of the Native Education Society's School at Madras, which numbered 100 pupils. In 1841 he became Head Master of the Madras Military Orphan Asylum. It was in 1841 that his connection with the Church Missionary Society was formed. The missionaries at Palamcotta felt that there was urgent need for an English school for natives in that town; and for the responsible work of establishing this school, in which the personal Christian influence of the master over his scholars was of paramount importance, the services of Mr. Cruickshanks were gladly accepted.

Perhaps no worker for Christ needs to exercise a stronger faith in order to say, "We know that our labour is not in vain in the Lord," than the teacher of the young in heathen lands; and comparatively few who are impelled by the true missionary spirit to give up their lives to the preaching of the Gospel voluntarily engage in this branch of the service. When called upon to exchange the ministry of evangelising for the monotonous routine and secular cares of school work, some have taken up the charge with a heavy heart, almost as if they felt that they were leaving the real sphere of missionary labour, fearing, it may be, that they were in danger of forfeiting their share in the missionary's reward. Many reasons might be formed for taking a contrary view, many grounds for arguing that the work of the teacher is the most really hopeful of any; but of all arguments facts are the most convincing, and such facts, we think, are furnished from the experience of the blind schoolmaster of Palamcotta, facts which speak of hope and encouragement to all

Christian teachers at home as well as in distant lands, steadily keep in view the end for which Mr. Cruickshanks to and watched and prayed—the glory of God in the true version of the souls of his scholars.

Mr. Cruickshanks continued for twenty-six years Head Master of the Anglo-Vernacular School at Palamcotta, long before his death he was asked how many souls his school had, under God, been the means of converting from Hindooism to Christianity. He replied that, making "no account of souls who enrolled their names among the converts but fell away again, nor of others who were halting, as it were, between opinions, he could record the instances of thirty-three souls who had come out of heathenism and had joined the company of Christ's true and faithful followers."

Mr. Sattianadhan has told us how resolutely the Scriptural teaching was carried on, even with those most opposed to the truths. He and his companions begged Mr. Cruickshanks to give up reading the Bible, and threatened that they would leave the school unless he consented. "You may all leave the school," he answered, "but give up the Bible I never will." They did not carry out their threat; and some were led by Bible-reading to the knowledge of Christ.

In reading the account of Mr. Cruickshanks' intercourse with his pupils, we cease to remember the barrier which his blindness might have been expected to raise. He appears as the wise, full, observant, and sympathising teacher, whose perception of character, his ready understanding of his scholars' state of mind, and his fine tact in dealing with them, would have been remarkable even in one whose eyes could have followed every shade of expression and change of countenance in those around him.

He tells of one of the innocent wiles by which he would draw those who were anxious, as some sympathetic instinct taught him, to escape from his teaching:—

"As G— evidently did not relish these conversations, he would often make a pause in my remarks, and, rising up hastily, would say, 'I will take leave, sir.' 'Yes,' I would reply, 'you may go as soon as you please, but as I was saying——' and so I would resume the conversation till another attempt by him to escape would put me upon resorting to the same contrivance, and, making a step or two after him as he was going, I would detain him by the same everlasting introduction to my remarks, 'Yes, you may go as soon as you like,' &c.; and then this poor fellow would have to listen again, till, not wishing to weary him so much, at last I would let him depart. . . . G— was baptized J. 1858, when I was present with Mrs. Cruickshanks and two of his daughters."

One of his pupils was nicknamed the Logician, because he was always foremost in arguments against Christianity. We have one instance of the blind master's manner of dealing with this boy:—

"One day, when standing before me in his class, he replied to one of my remarks on the subject of religion by saying, 'I wonder why Jesus Christ does not make Himself visible. If I could but see Him with my bodily eyes, I would certainly believe in Him; and therefore I should like to know why He does not show Himself.' When questions of this kind are asked in a school like mine, they have the effect of confirming the pupils in their unbelief, and therefore I answered at once, 'He keeps out of sight for our sake, that instead of destroying us at once for our sins, He may give us time for repentance. You know that if in my presence you were to misbehave I must notice your conduct, and if you really did it must punish you for it, in order to hold up the discipline of the school; in like manner the Lord Jesus Christ keeps, as it were, out of sight, partly that He may let you think and act freely, and partly that He may not be obliged to punish you whenever you think and act in opposition to His will. You see, therefore, how great a mercy it is that He is not personally among us, though in Spirit He is present everywhere, beholding the good and bad of our actions, and noting it all down in the book of His remembrance.'"

Six years after he left school this pupil, who belonged to a Hindu family of good position, yielded himself up to the service of Christ.

We must content ourselves with the mention of but one of

of his pupils. The story of D—— is very touching, and Mr. Cruickshanks' account illustrates the yearning love with which he regarded the youth under his care, and how eagerly he watched for every token of the Lord's blessing on his labours for them:—

"D—— was a Hindu, yet he died under circumstances calculated to encourage the hope, at least in my own mind, that he sought the Lord in his last moments. His father took the lad away with him to Ramesuram. Cholera was prevailing there, and poor D—— was one of its victims. They were bringing him in a boat to the shore when he expired, uttering some English words and covering his face with his hands, as if, while lifting up his heart to the Saviour, he wished to shut out the world, and with it the symbols of idolatry. He had always been a sensible lad, and was not delirious for a moment during his illness. We cannot suppose that he would spend his little remaining strength in simply repeating passages from his school-lessons. What, then, were the English words uttered by him under these awful circumstances? I feel no hesitation in supposing them to have been words of prayer. To whom did he pray? Surely not to the idol gods that his parents had come so far to adore. In praying to one of them he would have used Tamil in preference to English. I believe he prayed in English that he might avoid the disturbance to which he would have been exposed had those about him known the exact nature of the hopes and fears which occupied his last moments. The great day of the Lord will solve the question, and, I trust, will display a miracle of grace in his favour to the glory of God and the Lamb."

Mr. Cruickshanks early devoted his leisure to the study of music, and learnt to perform on the flute and the violin; and this pursuit, like those other gifts which he dedicated to the service of his Lord, not only brought cheer and blessing to himself, but added to his usefulness as a teacher. He taught singing in the school, and conducted the music of the Sunday services. He has sometimes been called the Blind Bard of Madras, for he wrote several poems, some of which were compiled in a little volume.

When he drew near to his seventieth year he resigned the heavy duties of the school at Palamecotta, but he continued to make use of his talents in the cause so dear to his heart. He settled for a while at Vepery, in Madras, and there he made friends with some young men by offering to help them for an hour or two every morning in their preparations for the University. They willingly agreed, and accepted his one condition, that part of the time should be given to the reading of the Bible. There were some, however, who wanted to shirk the distinctive truths of Christianity, which he endeavoured to bring home to them, and one of these requested that the Book of Proverbs might be the subject for their reading. Mr. Cruickshanks at once consented; but his young friends soon found that from the words of Solomon, as well as from the other sacred writers, their teacher could prove how the Scriptures testify of Jesus.

Once more, in 1875, the aged schoolmaster found a new sphere of usefulness. He was asked to superintend the opening of a new school at Poonamallee, near Madras, and he cheerfully undertook the task. This was the last scene of his labours. In the summer of 1876 he was attacked with illness, which lasted only a few days. The doctor who attended him apprehended no immediate danger. Only the day before he died, this friend said to his patient that he wondered that he had never written an account of his life. Mr. Cruickshanks answered that he had often thought of doing so, and he had journals and papers available for the purpose; he thought, if it pleased God, he would begin the next day to put them together. But before the close of another day his sightless eyes were closed in death, and his spirit had passed away from the dark prison-house of the flesh into the bright presence of the Sun of Righteousness.

And so the story of William Cruickshanks' life remains unwritten. Yet, after all, what worthier record of his life could have been written than that which is preserved in the hearts and in the lives of his scholars? The labours of the devoted teacher are ended, but his works do follow him, and his memory will surely excite in many a heart the desire to be followers of him who, through faith and patience, inherits the promises.

Does not "the teachers' promise" seem to belong very specially to this earnest missionary schoolmaster, whose days on earth were spent in the dreary gloom of perpetual darkness, that "They that be *teachers* shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever"? T.

### THE C.M.S. IN PALESTINE.

**P**HOU hast laboured and not fainted, C.M.S., in many a land,  
Thou hast reared the Great King's standard on many a diverse  
strand.

Between the blazing tropics, through fields of pathless snow,  
In patient uncomplaining, thy willing servants go.  
I have watched thee pressing forward through every opening found,  
Till the sun shines on thy stations as earth revolveth round.  
Yet I own, with deepest interest my sympathies entwine,  
O'er the places where thou labourest in the Land of Palestine.

All souls, indeed, are precious. Happy, wherever led,  
Those who heal the broken-hearted, who give the hungry bread;  
Who loose, with loving fingers, the captive exile's bands;  
Who guide the blind man's footsteps to where the Healer stands;  
Who save the drowning voyager on the wild ocean tossed.  
Is it wrong to feel a preference, when all alike are lost?  
Far happiest, to my thinking, the lot of those who dwell  
As husbandmen and builders in Thy land, Immanuel!

It was once a pleasant portion, a garden of delight,  
Precious throughout the year in its Kingly Owner's sight;  
But it sinned against Him grievously, despising His commands,  
Till He gave it, in His anger, into the spoiler's hands.  
O Land! once so beloved, how fallen is thy state!  
For centuries down-trodden, forlorn and desolate!  
Yet we trust the clouds are passing, for gleams of promise shine,  
And pitying hearts are yearning for the want of Palestine.

Go through, go through the trenches, the ruined walls repair,  
Gather out the stones that cumber, drive deep the polished share;  
Dig again the wells once brimming, but long filled up with earth,  
Bring slips of vine and olive, sow seeds of choicest worth.  
O friends! make all things ready, let the land be fully tilled,  
For the earth shall see great wonders when the seasons are fulfilled;  
And God's tabernacle planted, as ancient prophets tell,  
On the glorious holy mountain in Thy land, Immanuel!

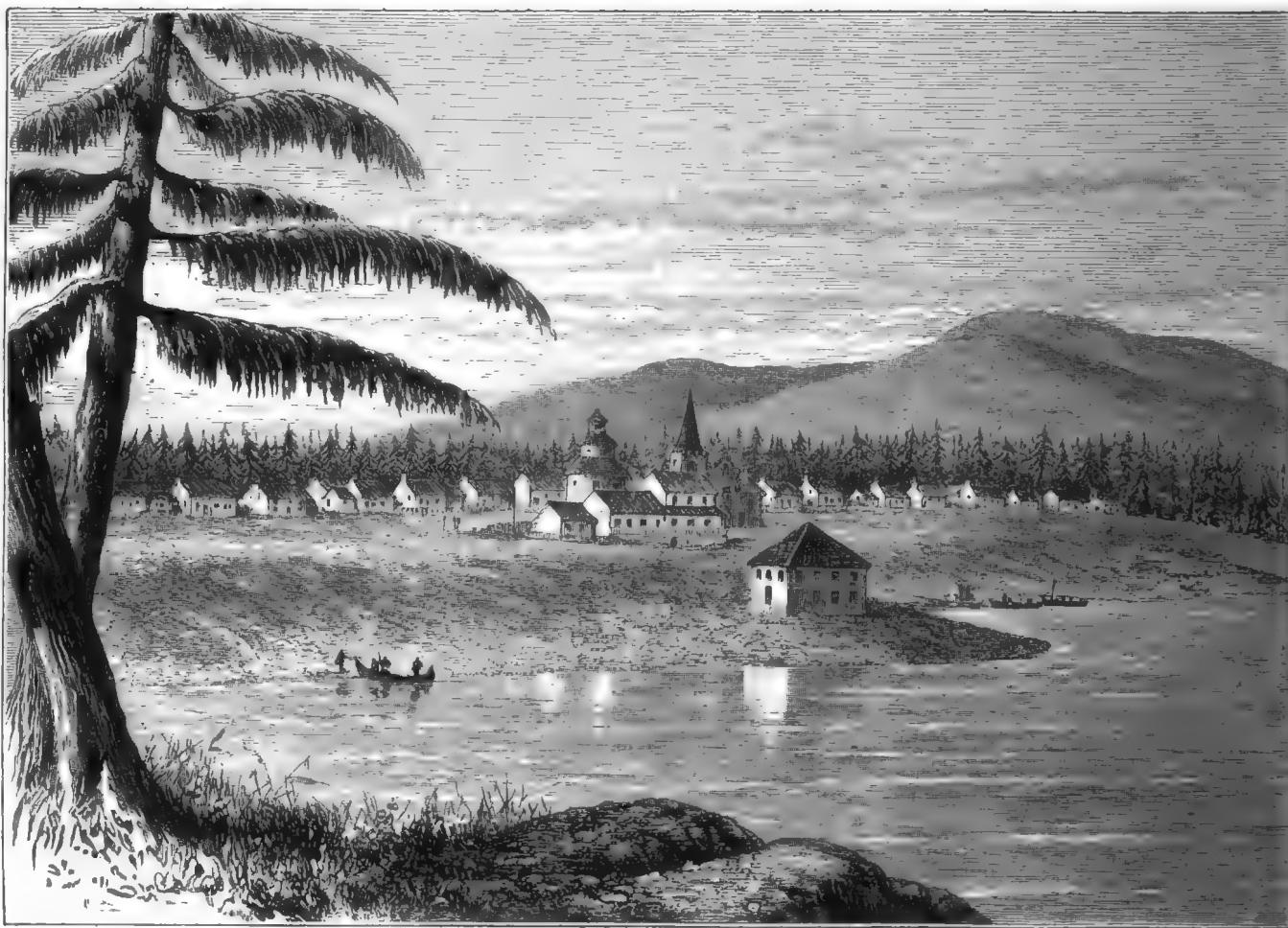
Q.

### A COUSIN OF MRS. SATTIANADHAN'S IN MAURITIUS.

**P**HE Rev. N. Honiss sends the following from Mauritius. It is interesting both for its own sake and because the old woman referred to is a cousin of Mrs. Sattianadhan, who, it will be remembered, is a daughter of the late Rev. John Devasagayam of Tinnevelly:—

On Sunday, Dec. 1st, two men, named David and Joseph, with Joseph's wife, were baptized in the Pamplemousses Church. These people had been instructed and prepared for baptism chiefly by an old woman named Mutabarana. This good old soul said she had watched over and prayed "for the boys," to whom she was related, since they were babies; and though one of them could not repeat the Ten Commandments, they had all an intelligent idea of what they were about. Mutabarana told me of the trouble she had had when David's father was alive. He was a bigoted heathen, and insisted upon his son being the same; and David, who had always a leaning towards Christianity, could read the Bible and other Christian books only by stealth; but the great object of her (Mutabarana's) life, she said, was that day fulfilled, and she reminded me of another aged servant of God, who said, "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." There was very satisfactory proof of the earnestness of these people in their having travelled twenty miles to be baptized, while one man gave Rs. 5, and the other R. 1, as thankofferings. Additional interest is connected with these baptisms in the fact that Mutabarana is the daughter of a sister of old John Devasagayam of Tinnevelly.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER has been localised, i.e., published with additional sheets containing local news, in Calcutta. It is circulating widely among Europeans and English-speaking Hindus, including some non-Christian Babus.



THE CHRISTIAN VILLAGE OF METLAKAHTLA.

## ADMIRAL PREVOST AT METLAKAHTLA.

**M**ET us suppose it is a day in the month of June, 1878, just twelve months ago. The village represented in the picture above is gaily decorated with flags; the people, Tsimshian Indians, are gathered together in expectant groups; everything indicates that something is going to happen. Presently a large canoe is seen approaching the shore, conveying an English naval officer and a lady and child, and rowed by a crew of stalwart Tsimshians. But the tide being out, the visitors are transferred to a smaller canoe, which is instantly lifted up on Tsimshian shoulders and deposited safe on *terra firma*. Men, women, and children crowd around to welcome them, and presently burst forth into a song. What is that song? It is the hymn, "What a friend we have in Jesus!" These hundreds of Indians are all Christians; and the place is the Christian settlement of Metlakahtla.\*

Had that naval officer, Admiral Prevost, ever seen them before? Some of the people, yes; but the village, never. There were men there whom he could recognise, whom he had met on that

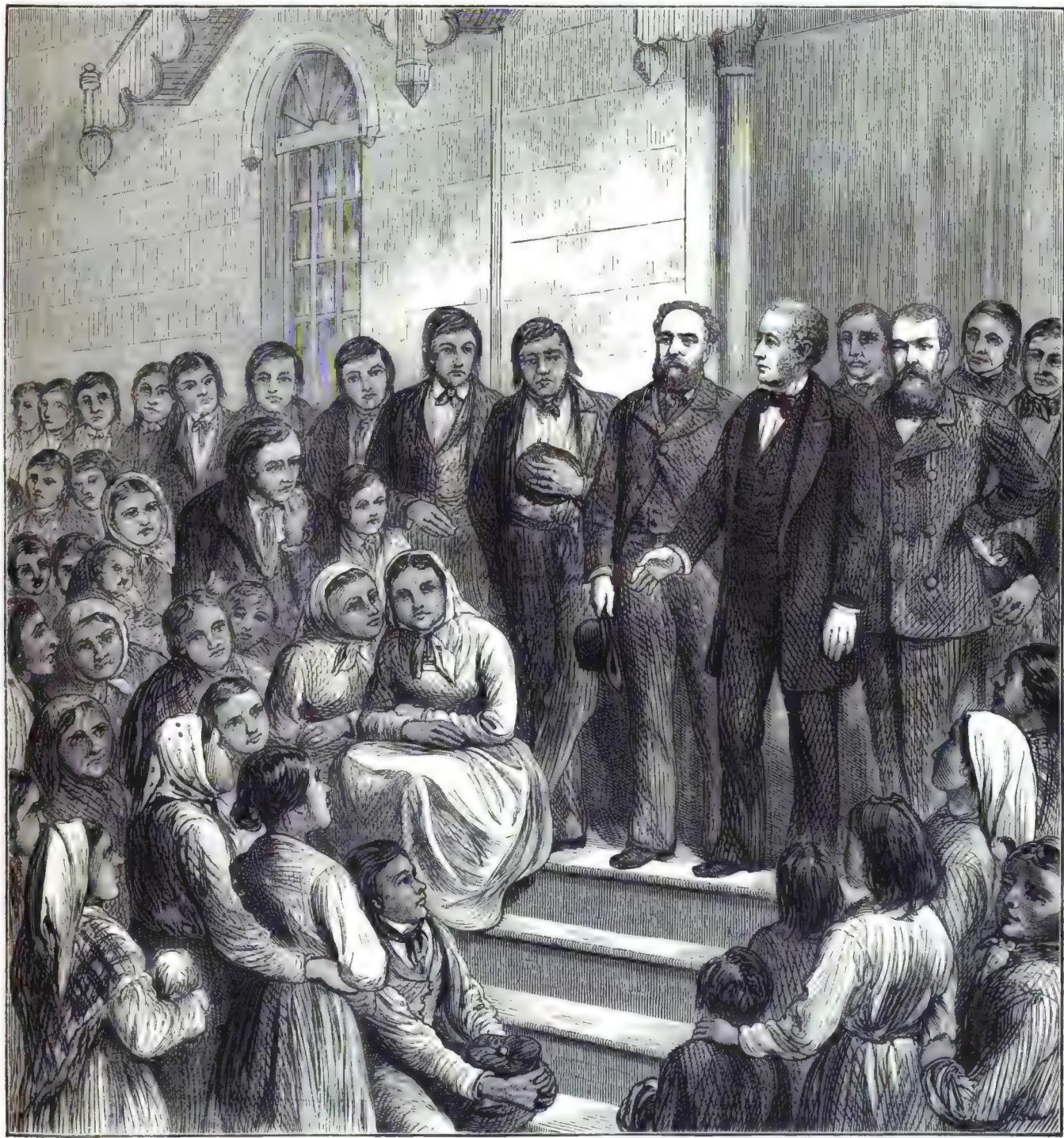
coast three and twenty years before. But then they were a cruel and degraded savages. The churchwarden who led him into the church had been a medicine-man and a cannibal. How had so marvellous a change come to pass?

Just twenty-three years ago there appeared in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* an article on the Indian tribes inhabiting the far west of the British Empire, the Pacific coast of British North America, which contained these words:—

"Some naval officers who, in the discharge of their professional duties, have lately visited these regions, have been most favourably impressed with the highly intelligent character of the natives; and having the compassion excited by their total destitution of Christian and moral instruction, they feel it to be their duty to introduce among them the Gospel of Christ, under the conviction that it would prove the surest and most fruitful source of social improvement and civilisation, as well as of spiritual blessings infinitely more valuable."

That article was written by Captain Prevost, R.N., who had lately returned from surveying the coast. He had earnestly begged the Church Missionary Society to send out a missionary; but this seemed impossible, as the Society was just about to occupy Constantinople, Lucknow, and Multan; and all that could be done was to put his paper in the *Intelligencer*. Its appearance, however, was quickly followed by an anonymous gift of £500 to enable the Committee to respond to the appeal; and soon after Captain Prevost himself came again, having been re-appointed to the same naval station, and offered a free passage

\* In the above picture of Metlakahtla, the large church built by the Christian Indians themselves is conspicuous. The round building close to it is the gaol, which, however, is often empty. Next to these is the mission-house. The group on the opposite page represents Admiral Prevost addressing the people from the steps of the church. Mr. Duncan is on his right, and Mr. Collison on his left. The former, however, is introduced by artistic license, as he was really a little way off taking the photograph from which the group has been drawn.



ADMIRAL PREVOST AND THE CHRISTIANS OF METLAKAHTLA. (Drawn from a Photograph taken by Mr. Duncan.)

in his ship, H.M.S. *Satellite*, for any man the Society could supply.

This appeal could not be refused ; and a young schoolmaster, William Duncan, was sent forth. On December 23rd, 1856, the *Satellite* sailed from Plymouth, and on October 1st, 1857, Mr. Duncan landed at Fort Simpson in British Columbia. There Captain Prevost left him, much against the will of some of the Hudson's Bay Company's officers on the coast, who said that he could not be allowed to invite the savage Indians inside the Fort,

and that if he ventured outside his life would be in danger. We cannot now tell the wonderful story of the next twenty years. We hope many of our readers know it well. Duncan went to work in faith and prayer ; his life, as was predicted, was repeatedly in imminent danger, but that did not daunt him ; Indian after Indian abandoned the horrible customs, including dog-eating and cannibalism, they had been practising ; and in July, 1861, the first Tsimshian baptisms took place. Then, to separate the Christians from the demoralisation of their people

at Fort Simpson, he removed with them in 1862 seventeen miles off, and founded the village of Metlakahtla.

Ever since then, the Metlakahtla settlement has grown and prospered ; and it is now the home of one thousand Christian Indians. Mr. Duncan has taught the government of British Columbia how to deal with the Indian tribes—how to give them the benefits of civilisation without its vices ; and his plans have been officially adopted by the Colony. When Lord Dufferin, as Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, paid a visit of inspection to Metlakahtla three years ago he said—

I have come a long distance in order to assure you, in the name of your Great Mother, the Queen of England, with what pleasure she has learnt of your well-being, and of the progress you have made in the arts of peace and the knowledge of the Christian religion, under the auspices of your kind friend Mr. Duncan. . . .

I cannot help expressing to Mr. Duncan and those who are associated with him in his good work—not only in my own name, not only in the name of the Government of Canada, but also in the name of Her Majesty the Queen, and in the name of the people of England, who take so deep an interest in the well-being of all the native races throughout the Queen's Dominion—our deep gratitude to him for thus having devoted the flower of his life, in spite of innumerable difficulties, dangers, and discouragements, of which we, who only see the result of his labours, can form only a very inadequate idea, to a work which has resulted in the beautiful scene we have witnessed this morning.

What must have been the feelings of Admiral Prevost as he looked, on that June day last year, upon the happy Christian settlement ! Many who had once been notorious for wickedness had died in the faith of Christ ; others now stood up and addressed him whom they justly looked upon as the father of the Mission. Here are one or two of their speeches :—

JAMES LEEQUNESH (chief) said—Shimoigit, what we once were is known to you, for you saw our state. I was a young man when you first saw us. We profited by your visit, but you suffered by us. Which of us is not now ashamed when we see your face again, and remember the injuries we did to you ? But we were then in darkness. We were like the wild animals. We were living in mud and darkness. You got a hoe. You got seed. You designed a garden, though on a very unfavourable site. It was God who touched your heart. Then the workmen came. Your work was among thorns, and you suffered, but so did Jesus the Son of God work among thorns and suffer. So you then got a spade and turned over the ground and put in the seed. God was with you, and now you have come back to see what God has done. You are pleased to see that the plants have come up a little. Yes, the good seed has grown, and this, sir, is the result of your work. God put all this into your heart, and our own hearts are deeply affected and aroused within us by your coming again to see us.

GEORGE USHER (Indian name, Comtsool) said—I also want to speak, though I occupy not the seat of a chief, but only that of a common man who sits at the door. Your seat is the seat of honour at the upper end of the house. Yet I will address you. It is wonderful to us to see what changes have come amongst us since your last visit, and it is wonderful to us to see how much good some people are capable of doing for others. We think of your good work and are amazed. If it shall so be that you leave this world before us to see God, remember we are trying to follow you, to be with you before long. We shall see you again in heaven.

PETER SIMPSON (Thrakshakaun)—I remember when you put your ship on shore at Fort Simpson. I remember how nearly we were fighting, and the guns were prepared. You had a rope put out to keep us off, and we heard it said that you would fire at us from your ship when you got afloat. We knew not what you had rather planned to do. You planned to bring us the Gospel, and that has opened our eyes to heavenly things, and oh, how beautiful, very beautiful indeed ! Metlakahtla is like a ship just launched. You are here to give us advice where to put the mast in, and how to steer. I address you thus, though you are great and I am poor. But Jesus despises not the poor. The Tsimshians were very low, yet Jesus has raised us, and we are now anxious for all our brethren, the tribes around us, to be made alive. We know God put it into your heart to come here. God bless you for coming !

The Admiral is now far on his way to Metlakahtla again. The Mission is extending in all directions, and the new Bishop of Caledonia (as the country is now called) will soon, God willing, be on the coast. Many arrangements have to be made ; and who can so well make them as the man to whom, under God, the whole work owes its origin ?

## LETTERS TO MY PARISH FROM SANTALIA.

BY THE REV. W. T. STORRS.

### VII.—The Bishop's Visitation.

SANTAL DISTRICT, Dec. 11th, 1871.

 HIS is the last letter which I expect to write you from India. My work here seems to be drawing to a close. That I have done much I cannot say. That I have accomplished all I hoped to do, I certainly cannot say ; but the last few weeks seem to have brought the fulfilment of some of my hopes and objects, especially in the direction of three of the young men whom I have been instructing for the last few months.

On Thursday, November 28th, the Bishop came up from Calcutta. The train stopped in front of Taljhari, and we had all the bright-looking school-girls arranged close to the line, and then beyond them "a guard of honour" consisting of the young men and big boys of the training school, drawn up in two lines. These had their spears ornamented with tufts of gay-coloured flowers, and some of them, not content with decorating their spears, had decked themselves out with yellow marigolds and hibiscus. I think the Bishop must have been pleased with the *Fasu salai* (i.e., the grace of Jesus Christ be with you) which greeted him as he passed down the ranks, first of the girls, then of the young men, and last of all the village people, who had assembled to welcome him.

The next day I was engaged with the Bishop a great part of the day looking over the examination papers of the candidates for orders. Bishop thought that three of them had done very satisfactorily ; indeed, he said that some of the papers of two of the candidates were better than the papers of some English candidates he had known. One of the first examined failed to pass. I felt sure he would be rejected. He attended the class too irregularly to make much real progress ; and every way, for his own sake, as well as for the sake of the work, I was obliged to advise the Bishop not to pass him this year.

As evening drew on we sat out on the grass, in the twilight and moonlight, and had a native concert ; first of all came three or four young men with their bamboo flutes, and played their fantastic airs, in which the English ear at first is scarcely able to distinguish any tune ; then came forward a young man, and played a melody on a little native fiddle with only one string. Then followed the great delight of the evening, young men with Santal drums accompanied by eight or nine others, who sang and danced. Oh, how the people who had gathered round enjoyed it ; and indeed it was very amusing to see their quaint, sometimes grotesque, sometimes graceful movements and gestures : advancing, bowing, skipping back and whirling round, throwing their arms over their heads, and then marching jauntily round and round. After this over two young men sat on the ground and played a Bengali tune on violins, and sang a hymn ; and lastly one of my catechists sang another hymn to a Santali tune on the guitar. Then we all sang a Santali hymn together, and knelt down upon the grass and had evening prayers.

The next day, St. Andrew's Day, the day appointed for Intercession Missions, we had an intercession service in the early morning, after the breakfast, and then the Ordination Service. The church was full, and had been very prettily decorated by some English friends, assisted by boys and teachers. The service was a very quiet and solemn one. I presented the candidates, and preached the Ordination Sermon. It was a time of great joy, and as I stood in front of the Bishop and presented the three young men to him, I felt as if one great joy and hope of my life had been fulfilled.\* The next day, Sunday, we had our usual services. On Monday morning we started out on our tour, i.e., Bishop, Mr. Deedes (his chaplain), Mr. Barry (the C.M.S. Secretary), and myself. We were able to go by train the first few miles, and then we mounted our horses. We stopped for a short time after the first mile to have a little service with some Christians who had assembled at the site of the new Mission at Dharmpur, and then had a two hours and half ride to Sarjonghutu. My horse was so very excited by the company with him, that he danced the whole way and nearly pulled my arms off in his eagerness to take the lead, and his incessant capering tired me more than I can tell ; he plunged, he backed, he bounded backwards and forwards, until I, who love riding almost better than anything in the world, at last would gladly have been released from his wild play. At Sarjonghutu we had two services with the Native Christians, in the tiny church, and very pleasant services they were. At the Holy Communion one poor man who had just recovered from sickness put into the offertory one rupee, equal to the wages of eight days.

The next day we rode about ten miles to Kusamba, and stayed a night there, having services and a confirmation, at the little church of Chud-

\* Some account of these three men, Sham Besra, Bhim Hasda, and Willi Sido, was given by Mr. Storrs in his letter in the March *Gleaner*.

The church was so prettily decorated, and was packed with about 130 people, and there were more than seventy communicants. The candidates for confirmation seemed particularly devout and earnest; the Bishop could not help noticing it. Their native pastor, the Rev. Ram Charan, though not a Santal, is the first man I baptized in this part of the country.

On Thursday, December 5th, we rode over the hills to a Pahari village called Ratanpur. (The Paharis live on the hills, the Santals in the valleys.) It was a tremendous climb, and in several places I thought our horses would scarcely manage to get up the almost stairs-like rocks. Then after several miles along the top of the hills we had a frightfully steep descent. At Ratanpur the magistrate of the district met and entertained us. We had two very nice services with the Paharis, among whom a good work seems beginning. I baptized two young men in this village many years ago, and for a long time they stood alone, but now the work is beginning to grow, and there are already about sixty Pahari Christians in that one place.

The next day we had a ride of about fifteen miles to Pathra, near Godda, where we have another Mission. We stayed there Saturday and Sunday. On Saturday about forty people were confirmed, and on Sunday there were about eighty communicants, though the mission is comparatively a new one. On Monday, the 9th, we rode eighteen miles through a lovely country to Dhamni, halting for an hour on our way, to have a little lunch in the dry bed of a sandy river. At Dhamni we met the little community of Christians, morning and evening, and the next day rode on to Hirapur, a long twenty miles, but through such beautiful scenery that we could not feel tired, over hills and through woods, and over rocky streams, and down through shady valleys, and over wide plains of rice. At Hirapur we had another confirmation of twenty or thirty. December 12th, we rode on twelve miles to Lukipur, a weary slow ride over rice fields and through muddy streams. To-night we have had a solemn service in one of our tents, and the Bishop has, as it were, instituted Sham (one of my newly ordained young men) as pastor among the people, first giving the people an address on their duties to him, and then addressing Sham, before them all, on the work that lies before him. I shall not forget soon the long rides I have had side by side with the Bishop, and the long talks we have had over mission work, as we have passed through this beautiful country together. To-morrow at daybreak we have to ride ten miles to the railway station, and so will finish our very pleasant tour. Thanks be to God for all His goodness!

## TWO BRAHMIN CONVERTS.

MONG the conversions to Christ reported from India this year there are some interesting cases of Brahmins. Let us look at two of these. The first, a faqir, was baptized by Bishop French last November at Narowal in the Punjab, in the church of which we gave a picture in the GLEANER of June, 1876. The story of this "babe in Christ," as he calls himself, is thus told by the Rev. R. Bateman:—

Years ago a Brahmin faqir was warned by a Mohammedan faqir that the truth lay in Christianity. Last year he had a striking dream to the same effect. Being an idolater, his first impulse on waking from his dream was to procure images of our Lord and His Apostles. He went on foot 60 miles armed with Rs. 18 to get them in Lahore. Happily he fell in there with the Rev. Imad-ud-din, who gave him a Testament, and with Babu Raha, who sold him for Rs. 2, instead of images, a complete set of Scripture pictures. These he bound up in a Bible, and on them he can now descant in a most interesting and profitable way. Long after this I found, however, that he was still keeping the balance of his money to make an image of the Saviour with. At last, feeling sure that he had turned to God from idols, I presented him to the Bishop for baptism. An infant was baptized at the same time. After the service he said, "Remember now that I am of the same age as this little one; we are both babes in Christ; feed me with milk, I pray you." Striking words to fall from the lips of a strapping fellow who had served his time in the army, and wore a presentation ring from the Maharajah of Kashmir, whose orderly he had been! He had a house of his own which was looted, and land of which he was dispossessed on becoming a Christian; so I was bound to find him a means of livelihood. He has been made Chowkidar of the Government Rest House at Narowal which adjoins the Christian graveyard. This, besides helping him, will be a means of protecting our graves, which the heathen are fond of disfiguring.

This same man was mentioned last year by the Rev. Bhola Nath Ghose, pastor of Narowal. From his letter it appears that in the dream the Brahmin thought the Mohammedan faqir, who had died, appeared to him, and threatened him with the heavy wrath of God unless he immediately got the "Injil" (Gospel) to read.

The other case is reported by the Rev. F. G. Macartney, of Malligam, in the province of Khandesh, in the Bombay Presidency. There is a small congregation at Malligam, and a Native pastor, the Rev. Shankar Nana, a Nasil Brahmin, baptized in 1849; but the work in the province, with its 2,758 towns and villages, has been a great trial of faith, and such a conversion as this is a real encouragement to the patient missionary:—

Paulus Ramchandra Patea is a young Brahman, twenty-one years of age, whose father died when he was quite a child. Paulus was then adopted by a respectable and educated Brahman, who was an assistant engineer in the Public Works Department. When a boy he was sent to our Anglo-Vernacular School at Malegam, where he first learnt about Christianity; but at the time of his leaving school it does not appear that he had the least leaning towards our religion. He was married to the daughter of the deputy-collector of Dhulia, and thus became influentially connected. His conversion is owing (humanly speaking) to the act of a pious officer, named Colonel Bell, who many years ago was the executive engineer for the Khandesh district. Upon his leaving this part of India he gave a large quarto Marathi Bible to Paulus's father. This book the worthy Brahman thought was a present, the utility of which would be of a very doubtful kind; and had he foreseen what it was destined to accomplish, it would no doubt have been committed to the flames long since. Between two and three years ago Paulus often heard our Dhulia evangelists preach in the town, and was so impressed with what he heard that he sought out our little school there, and began to visit the catechist. At the same time he commenced to study the Holy Scriptures at home. His relatives were very indignant at this. He was told that the Sahib's book was a present to be looked at, but not to be looked into. He, however, persevered in his determination to become acquainted with the Bible, so much so that he read through the whole from Genesis to Revelation. After some months he ran away from Dhulia, and came to Malegam, asking Mr. Roberts to baptize him. He remained here three days, broke caste by eating and drinking with our Native Christians, and it was thought that nothing would shake him in his determination. His friends, however, managed to decoy him away under false pretences, and with great expense he was taken to Nasik and received into caste again. For some months he abstained from visiting our people; but the old desires came back again, and after reading the New Testament for some time with the catechist, he sent me the following letter:—

Dhulia, Nov. 3rd, 1878.

Gracious Sir, many salaams,

Although I do not know you, yet, as you now occupy the place formerly held by the Rev. Roberts, I write to inform you that just as, ten months ago, I was drawn by the love of Christ (to declare myself a believer in Him), so now I am drawn. I therefore most importunately request that you will come to Dhulia as quickly as possible and baptize me. Do not let there be any delay in this matter. My faith and fortitude are known to the Rev. Shunka Nana, the Rev. Roberts, and Mr. Samuel.

Your unknown Servant,  
RAMCHANDRA PATEA.

A day or two after the receipt of this I went to Dhulia, and, after examining Paulus before four of our agents who were present with me, I sent and gave notice to his friends that he would be baptized that afternoon. When it became known, a crowd soon collected about our small Mission premises, and as many as could squeeze themselves into the front apartment of the house. Then commenced a scene I shall not easily forget. The entreaties, the threats, the adorations to which Paulus was subjected were distressing to behold. This went on for two or three hours; and when it was found that he turned a deaf ear to all that was said, all friends, except a few of the most intimate, left the house. Paulus was baptized before a crowd of Dhulia people, who remained very quiet during the ceremony. Great surprise was expressed at the simplicity of the service. They thought that at least Paulus would have been made to eat some cow's flesh, or drink some intoxicating draught, whereas the Fadre only poured clear water on his head!

After the baptism the crowd increased, and there was great excitement in the town. Vakeels from the court, and clerks from the Government office, came in to see and abuse the renegade. A meeting was held, at which it was determined to send letters to the great centres of Brahmanism—Benares, Nasik, Trimbuck, &c., asking if a baptized Brahman who had broken caste twice could be received into caste again. It was decided that if a Brahman had been a Christian ten years, and then wished to return to his old faith, he could be received. From this we see that Christianity is feared more than ever, and that the Brahmins are prepared to go to any lengths rather than lose one of their number.

This young man has lost a great deal, in a pecuniary point of view, by becoming a Christian; and rather than go to law with his relatives, he freely gives up his claim he has upon his share of the family property. He desires now to make himself useful as a preacher among his fellow-countrymen. Surely our friends will join in the wish and prayer that he may become a faithful witness for his newly-found Saviour in this part of Indiæ, unhappily, as yet, so barren in spiritual fruits.

## UP THE NILE TO UGANDA.

JOURNAL OF MR. R. W. FELKIN.  
(Continued.)

[During their stay at Khartoum, the missionary party received the greatest kindness from Colonel Gordon. On August 13th they bid him farewell, and proceeded in another steamer on their voyage southwards. (See the map in our last number.) The same boat took some Waganda, who had come to Khartoum as an embassy to Colonel Gordon from King Mtesa, and were returning to Uganda.]



UGUST 13.—Mtesa's embassy consists of two chiefs—one a thin sharp fellow, the other a very fat one, who keep their eyes open—and fifteen men, a dreadful-looking lot of fellows. One's heart sank when one saw them; they do indeed need the Gospel to elevate them. They cannot talk much, but wanted brandy, which of course they did not get. Gordon Pasha has bought and given to us with their freedom five slaves, a boy each, and a man cook, and a young woman to grind durak, wash, &c. This is a personal present to us.

Aug. 14.—A dismal sight met my eyes this morning. All was wet, the rain dropping down, and I wet through. All the morning spent in getting things dry, and a waterproof sheet put up to preserve our goods. Land all flooded on each side of river; nothing to be seen except trees submerged in water.

Aug. 16.—Got books out to-day; hope to do some work, especially Arabic. Our girl bitten by a scorpion, which we caught on her dress. Mosquitoes have made their re-appearance; are very large. River water very nasty.

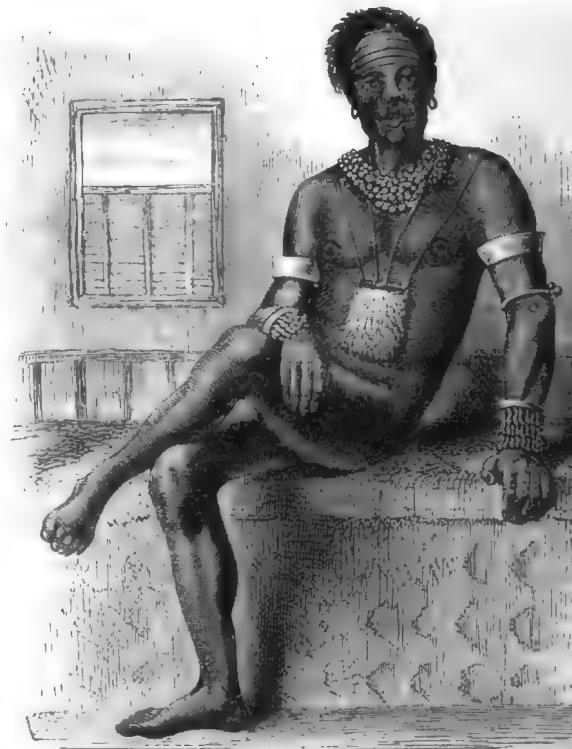
Aug. 17.—At 5.30 the cook brings coffee and a bit of bread; get up and read privately till eight; breakfast; dinner at 12.30; tea at six; prayers at eight, and then to bed soon after. We have now left off ties and shirts, with collars, &c., and are dressed in blue serge trousers and jacket, made like a Garibaldi shirt, only with military collars; under this we wear a thick under-vest. Our bread is mouldy, and has to be soaked in water before we eat it, so if you want to eat as we eat, keep your home-made bread till it is dry and mouldy, then soak it in cold water and eat it wet.

Aug. 18.—A great many grass islands passed us to-day; they are formed by the water undermining the banks, and then they float down stream. The grass is six to eight feet high; sometimes wild beasts are on them; huts, too, have been known to float off in like manner.

Aug. 22.—On going on deck this morning Fashoda lay before us. It is a fortified town, and the gate is about 200 yards from the river. The walls and Government houses are built of baked bricks, rest of the town of mud or wooden huts, thatched with sugar-cane. We had towed up a new Mudir to this place, the other being dismissed for slave dealing. He was on board to pay his respects to us, and ask us to go on shore with him; all the soldiers were in two lines from the fort to the ship to receive him. He wore the Cross of the Legion of Honour, having fought in Mexico, and two other French medals. We refused, however, and he went off. The troops presented arms, and the drum and bugle band played very well as he walked up the lines to his new home. This is a great garrison, generally 800 or 1,000 men, as the "Shilooks" (a neighbouring tribe) used to attack this place every night.



FASHODA, ON THE WHITE NILE.

CHIEF OF THE NUEHR TRIBE, NEAR SOBAT, ON THE WHITE NILE.  
(From Baker's *Albert Nyanza*.)

The people crowded round and were very much amused. Most of them were naked, or nearly so, here. We then went and paid a visit to the Mudir, and then I inspected the hospital and prison. They had no idea of letting light or air into these places. After this we went and bought some things from a Greek merchant, the last chance we shall have. We bought a native-made bell for our church in Uganda for 15s., a pair of penny looking-glasses for 3s. each, and half a dozen cakes of Windsor soap for 1s. 3d. a cake. This will give you an idea of the prices.

In the afternoon we saw a war dance. The Captain, Mayor, and Commandant of the town came on board for us, and we put on our best helmets and dresses to make as imposing a show as we could. On entering the fort, the company of soldiers on guard presented arms, and the cannon were fired. We were conducted to a raised platform before the Mudir's house, where seats were prepared for us, and the Mudir and his numerous attendants were assembled. On taking our seats the drum and trumpet band, stationed below on our left, began to play, and the music was good, but it was too near to be enjoyed.

A wide square was formed by soldiers, their wives and children, some people from the town. Soon a noise of bells was heard, and a body of Shilooks rushed pell-mell into the square, yelling and leaping in a remarkable manner; at the same time their young chief, Kakumang, by name, came up and kissed hands and sat with us. He is a splendid young man, tall and well built, and his beautiful face not spoiled by numerous cuts which so much disfigure the men and women generally. He gives one the idea of great power, both of body and mind. His interpreter was quite six feet four inches, a most massive-faced man, a regular study for an artist. Well, the warriors came up in a sort of line to the platform and saluted us, dropping their lance points to the ground and half bending the right knee; it is very graceful. Round each hand a band of leather was tied, into which was woven long grass, forming a band of "glory" round the face, and waving with each movement of the hand or wind. Round the left arm another leather was tied, to which hung a long black sheep's tail; the ankles and fore arms were adorned with rings of copper or brass, and small bits of metal were loosely tied round, or rather below, the knee. Some also had belts tied above the right elbow. Some were dressed in leopard skins just tied over one shoulder; others had skin round the loins; others nothing but a belt round the waist, fastened by these belts rows of iron rings hung.

Their arms are simple but very good—a 7 ft. lance, with broad shield, shields made of skins oval in form, bows, arrows carried in the hand, and clubs, being all they possess. A drum, however, I must not forget, as they keep splendid time to the beat of it, made by one hand and a stick. The noise is not pleasant even to my unmusical ear.

A circle was formed by the men round the drum, and they danced or rather went round it in long strides, sinking the whole body at every stride and covering it with the shield, at the same time making a lunge forward with the spear; yells and cries as unearthly as you like to imagine were uttered at regular intervals, and the whole had a certain rhythm about it. The dance lasted about two hours, coffee and sherbet (water, sugar, and lemon) being handed round.

It appears to be a rule here to marry your servants, the principal reason being that if the man wishes to run away, his wife gets to know of it and tells you, so the flight can be prevented. We left early next morning for Sobat.

Aug. 23.—Soon after leaving Fashoda we saw the old encampment of Baker on the right side of the river, marked by a remarkable tree, the name of which I cannot find out. At this place he lost more than half of his men from sickness. This was almost the last tree, as all round they had been cut down for fuel for the steamers. There is difficulty now in getting wood, and it will soon be much worse. On coming to the Sobat we noticed the great difference in the waters, the Sobat water being a dirty red white—the White Nile is blue. The village of Sobat is composed

of bell-shaped huts, thatched with sugar-cane, and surrounded by very strong stockades. There are some soldiers here and lots of woodmen.

Aug. 25.—We had started at six, and were going up the White Nile. Just as we sat down to breakfast a tremendous torrent of rain came down, which soon stopped the steamer, all hands taking refuge in the paddle-boxes or the engine-room. (In the paddle-box we have our only chance of a bath. When the steamer stops we get through a little door, climb down the wheel, and it is very jolly, as the crocodiles can't get in.) My nice clean things got a good soaking; I got to my cabin and sat under a waterproof sheet until the rain left off. It is fearfully damp and steamy; we all feel it much. May God keep us from all harm!

Aug. 27.—Finished taking in wood; piles as high as possible on deck.

Aug. 28.—Passed the Bahr-el-Ghazel, or Gazelle River, which has numerous branches, and was mapped out by Schweinfurth. It is about two hundred yards wide; before the mouth of the river a barrier exists across the Nile proper, and is formed of floating islands. There is the greatest difficulty in getting along, and sometimes the river is quite blocked up. The water channel is often only ten or twenty yards broad, though the real banks of the river are from six, eight, and ten miles off,



FLOATING ISLANDS ON THE WHITE NILE. (From Schweinfurth's *Heart of Africa*.)

the space being filled with floating marsh, as it is called. The grass is from 15 to 20 feet high, and you can't think how curious it is to be steaming through it, turning about so often and so sharply that water is only seen a few hundred yards at a time. Often and often the steamer has to stop till the current carries away the blocks of grass.

The wood does not burn well, so we don't make much progress, though we steam night and day. How the men manage to keep up is a mystery, for they work harder than I have ever seen men work.

Aug. 29.—One of the Waganda died in the night; the others said nothing to the captain, but just threw him overboard. Nothing to be seen all day but grass, grass. Have been working hard all day trying to make myself a pair of trousers of some strong cloth they use here, and when nearly finished found I had made a mistake and had to undo them. Don't I wish I had a wife, or a sewing machine!—which?

The river curves very much. To-day we steered N.E. and N., which is good when going to a place S. What a wonderful river it is! Saw several large expanses of water, but not in connection with the water-course. Had to stop at night, men tired out. Wood getting short.

Aug. 30.—Rather an exciting day. Wood is nearly finished, and if we do not get more to-day shall have to stay till a steamer comes from Khartoum, perhaps six weeks; as the wood got lower the excitement got intenser. However, at six P.M., we arrived at two trees growing together

in a remarkable manner in the marsh; they serve as a landmark. The captain, after a good deal of pressure, consented to cut down enough to go on a little way.

The noise the mosquitoes make is like what the buzzing of all the flies in all the butchers' shops in Wolverhampton collected on the hottest day would be, if you can imagine that. I fear you will think I have mosquitoes on the brain; well, I have, they are so very trying! Colonel Gordon told us, and we find it almost true, that we should have to stay in curtains fourteen hours out of the twenty-four.

Aug. 31.—After tea we went on the bridge, and found to our horror the wood would only last another hour. Neither the captain nor pilot know where they are, they keep no reckoning. Our anxiety was very great, for although we have been well so far, a long stay in such an unhealthy marsh is not desirable. It got darker and darker; from where we are they say it is still two days' journey to Shembah.

At about eight P.M. we got into a large lake, and then could not find the way out, and no more wood either, so we dropped anchor and waited for the day. We tried to get the captain to cut down parts of woodwork, but he refused.

Sept. 1.—We can now truly say we are in Central Africa, for if we were to walk N., E., S., or W., it would bring us to almost the extremes of the continent.

Sept. 2.—After working two days the men have enough wood to burn three hours. They have to go three-quarters of a mile up to the neck in water to the fast ground, and then it is knee-deep. For this reason we cannot get on shore.

Sept. 3.—I must tell you of last night. By the way, the nights are very damp, and although 80°, are very cold to us. We dress up in blankets, and handkerchiefs tied over our ears—old woman's dodge—to keep off our enemies. Big gloves preserve my hands, though I have forty bites on one; waterproof leggings, but they are not much good, as the mosquitoes get in at top and bottom.

At eight it was so misty we went down from the bridge, as the malaria is supposed to be in this mist. At last, after a battle royal to get into my curtains, I lay down, just getting to sleep when a splash of water in my face told me something was up. In a few minutes a storm was over us, torrents of rain coming down, so in a short time I was soaking, and a dark cabin reeking hot and lit up by lightning is, I assure you, no place to sleep in, especially when you are wet. At last I did sleep, rocked by the swing of the boat, and sung to by mosquitoes and waves, occasional drops of rain on my face beating time.

Read Isa. lxxiii. this morning. What did not our Lord bear for us, and shall I complain at these little things? No, never, by His help.

### DEATH OF THE REV. SAMUEL HASELL.



It is with the deepest regret that we record the death of the Rev. Samuel Hasell, Central Home Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, in the very midst of his usefulness. On the morning of June 3rd he rose apparently well, and as cheerful as ever; but when just about to leave home to come to Salisbury Square, he was struck down by apoplexy, never spoke again, and breathed his last early on the morning of the 5th.

Mr. Hasell was a student of the Society's College at Islington, and contemporary there with Rebmann, Koelle, and Hinderer. He went out to India in August, 1847, and for sixteen years laboured most zealously and efficiently at Calcutta and in Krishnagur. His journals were amongst the most graphic and full of interest which the Society's publications have ever contained. In 1863 he returned home in weakened health, and soon afterwards became Association Secretary for Lancashire and the North-West district. In 1871 he was appointed Central Secretary in London, the duties of which office are to supply deputations for meetings and sermons, to correspond with the Association Secretaries and other friends throughout the country, and generally to act as chief of this branch of the home work. How Mr. Hasell fulfilled these duties many of our readers know well; but only those who were associated with him in Salisbury Square know how arduous and wearing they are, or with what untiring devotion and unfailing cheerfulness our deeply-lamented friend worked on day after day, year after year, in the cause he loved. He was emphatically a whole-hearted man. His whole soul was in the Church Missionary Society. Yet not so much in the Society, dear as it was to him. Rather in the sacred mission it strives to fulfil, in the Gospel it preaches, in the service of its Divine Master. That the heathen are without Christ—that to preach Him amongst them is the very first duty of the Church at home—that to that duty everything else should give way—this was his profound conviction. To bring others to the same conviction was the work he set before him in the last fifteen years of his life, and if ever a man could rightly take up as his own St. Paul's words, "This one thing I do," it was Samuel Hasell.

The loss to his colleagues and fellow-workers is not to be expressed in the cold words suitable for print. The loss to the Society and to the missionary cause would be irreparable, but that we can turn to Him who "is alive for evermore," who "walketh in the midst of the golden candlesticks," and who in His unerring wisdom appoints "to every man his work," and when He sees that work is done, calls the faithful servant to receive the blessed welcome, "Well done! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

### EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

With reference to the paragraph on Ceylon in our last number, it is right to say that although difficult questions are still pending, even those occurred which warrant the hope that they may be satisfactorily settled. Any explanation in a few words could only be misleading, and we, therefore, again refer any who may wish to know more to the *C.M. Intelligencer*.

On Trinity Sunday, June 8th, the following students from the C.M. College at Islington were ordained by the Bishop of London:—Messrs. W. Banister, J. Ilsley, J. Johnson, A. Manwaring, C. Mountfort, C. A. Neve, J. B. Ost, G. H. Parsons, W. G. Peel, J. C. Price, J. Redman, J. C. Verso, T. C. Wilson, and G. S. Winter; also Mr. Nasr Odeh, native of Palestine. Mr. G. G. M. Nicoll, B.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge (Bishop Crowther's grandson), was prevented by illness from receiving holy orders at the same time.

Dr. E. Hoernle, the Medical Missionary appointed to Persia, was also ordained by the Bishop of London on Trinity Sunday.

Twelve of the C.M. students went up to the last Oxford and Cambridge Preliminary Examination for Holy Orders, two of whom, Messrs. Neve and Redman, passed in the first class, and the others, Messrs. Banister, Ilsley, Johnson, Mountfort, Ost, Parsons, Price, Wilson, and Winter, and Mr. Nasr Odeh, in the second.

Our last number mentioned that General Alexander had, among other things, been appointed a Vice-President of the Society at the recent Anniversary. At that time he was lying on his death-bed, and on May 16th entered into rest at the age of eighty. He had been a zealous member of the Committee for nearly thirty years.

Bishop Samuel Gobat, of Jerusalem, whose death we just mentioned last month, was for eighteen years a C.M.S. missionary. He was a native of Switzerland, and student of the Basle Missionary Seminary. From thence he came to the C.M. College at Islington (then just opened) in 1825, and sailed for Abyssinia in November of that year. For ten years he laboured there amid difficulties and trials innumerable. He was afterwards at Malta, then a C.M.S. station. In 1846 he was consecrated Bishop of Jerusalem, and in 1851 he invited the C.M.S. to the Holy Land, from which time, until his death, he proved himself a wise and true friend of the Palestine Mission.

We much regret to announce the death, in New Zealand, of the Rev. T. S. Grace. A sketch of his life, with a portrait, appeared in the GLEANER of February, 1877.

The King of the Belgians has addressed an autograph letter to Bishop Crowther, expressing warm interest in his work on the Niger.

The Rev. Reginald Shann, B.A., Curate of Trinity Church, Tunbridge Wells, has been accepted by the Committee as a missionary for China, where he will be associated with the Rev. J. C. Hoare (son of his predecessor) in the work of the Institution for Native agents at Ningpo.

Mr. Archdall Burtchell, of the Sierra Leone Mission, was ordained Bishop Cheetah at Freetown on May 11th. He and Mr. J. A. Allard are labouring with much encouragement at Port Lokkoh in the Timbo country.

The *Henry Venn* steamer has been in imminent danger, but has been mercifully preserved. Her light draught enabled her to ascend the Niger in the dry season, but when coming down again she struck, on April 3rd, upon a snag, and was with difficulty saved by being run up on a mud bank. She sustained much damage, but has since been repaired.

The leading persecutor among the Native chiefs at Bonny, who had taken the name of "Captain Hart," died on April 5th. On his death-bed he publicly renounced all trust in his idols, and ordered them to be thrown into the river, complaining that though he had been the upholder, they could or would do nothing to save his life. No sooner was he dead than the people turned in fury upon the idols, and threw two canoe-loads into the river, breaking in pieces those that would not sink. We must give the whole narrative more in full shortly.

A harassing war still prevails in the Yoruba country. The Rev. James Johnson, the Native superintending missionary, gives an interesting account of the Christian contingent in the army of Abeokuta, commanded by John Okenla, the Christian balogun, or war-chief. His men are conspicuous for their bravery, and the heathen will not go out to battle without them. After one skirmish with the Ibadans, some of these Christian warriors were missing, and the liveliest grief was manifested by the whole army. The same chief Okenla has taken a leading part in resisting the "rum and gin invasion," which is doing so much mischief in Abeokuta. At a meeting of the Christians on the subject of strong drink, he rose and said, "I for my part am resolved to have nothing more to do with it."

In November, 1876, Mr. W. H. Collison, then Mr. Duncan's helper at Metlakahtla, began a Mission in Queen Charlotte's Islands, which are off that part of the North Pacific coast. The natives are the Hydahs, the finest and fiercest of Red Indian tribes. We rejoice to say that this remarkable blessing has already been vouchsafed to the work. Chiefs and medicine-men have given up their degrading heathen customs, and a large number of men and women are candidates for baptism.

## THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

AUGUST, 1879.

## MARCHING ORDERS.

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

## VII.

"Prayer also shall be made for Him continually.—*Psa. lxxii. 15.*

ERY reverently yet rejoicingly let us accept these words exactly as they are written. Most likely we have read them with private revision of our own, and supposed them only to mean "Prayer also shall be made unto Him continually." But see! there it is, "For Him!" To many it may be a new thought, to some a very startling one, that we are not only to pray to our King, but *for* our King. Yet words cannot be plainer, and we lose untold sweetness by gratuitously altering them.

For whom shall prayer be made? There can be no doubt as to this. The glowing, far-reaching statements and promises of this most magnificent Messianic psalm could never apply to any mortal monarch. Solomon in all his glory is but the transparent typical veil through which we discern the far-excelling glory of Messiah, and "the glorious majesty of His kingdom." And the only word which for a moment seems to dim the clearness is this one: "For Him." But gaze once more, and let love arise and come to the aid of faith, and her quick eye shall pierce the shadow and trace new splendour through it.

The more fervently we love any one, the more we want to pray for them. The very thought of the loved one is changed into prayer when it glows under pressure of spirit. Intercession is the very safety-valve of love. We all know or have known this. There is solace and relief and delight in doing something for the object of our love; but the more our circumstances or ability or relative position hamper us, and make us feel that our acts can bear but small proportion to our love (especially when gratitude is a large element in it), the more we feel that prayer is the truer and greater outlet. And when we feel that we can *do* nothing at all in return for some remarkable kindness and affection, how exceedingly glad we are that we may and can *pray!*

Should there not be analogy here with the "depth and height" of the love of Christ? We have talked unhesitatingly, sometimes even a little boldly, of "working for Jesus." And even a glimpse of His "kindness and love" has been enough to set us working "for Him," as we call it. Then comes a clearer and brighter view of "the exceeding great love of our Master," and we are pressed in spirit, and all the work we ever could or can do for Him is seen to be just nothing, and oh! how we *do* want to do more "for Jesus!" Now has not our God provided a beautiful safety-valve for the full hearts of His loving children, in this most condescending permission and command? Not only "to Him shall be given of the gold of Sheba," but "Prayer also shall be made for Him!" Yes, we may pour out our hearts in prayer for our King, besides spending our lives in working for Him. And I do not know that there is any purer and intenser joy than such prayer pressed out by adoring love. There is no room for looking at self and difficulties and troubles and fears, when there is a gush of prayer summed up in "Father, glorify Thy Son!" We know that He hears this. And we go on pleading His own great promises to the Son of His love, rejoicing at the same time in their certainty; praying that Jesus may see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied, even in our own poor sinful hearts and lives, and in those for whom or over whom we are watching, and in myriads more; asking that the heathen may be given Him for His inheritance, and that all nations may call Him the Blessed One; and widening out to the grand prayer for Him with which the psalm closes, "And let the whole earth be filled

with His glory. Amen, and Amen." For this psalm is not only Messianic but emphatically Missionary; and the prayer which is so graciously suggested and ordered in it is really the sum and culmination of all Missionary intercession. And it is the spirit of it which ennobles, and ought quite to transfigure all our Missionary intercession. Let us keep the bright thought before us, that this is really, even if indirectly and unconsciously, making prayer "for Him"; and I would humbly say that if we take it up, and so frame our petitions that they shall be directly and consciously "for Him," we shall hardly fail to find freshness of power and gladness in thus entering simply and literally this singularly bright vista of prayer which God has opened for us.

## THE GLEANER AS A PAROCHIAL MAGAZINE.

BY THE REV. W. ALLAN, M.A., *Vicar of St. James's, Bermondsey.*

ANY parochial clergymen find a difficulty in deciding what is the best magazine to localise in their parishes. Four years' experience enables the writer to speak confidently of the advantages of introducing the CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER, of the success which has attended its introduction, and of the means whereby that success has been attained. It has repaid tenfold the trouble which it has cost. (1) For localising purposes it offers a larger blank space than any other magazine. (2) It is well and profusely illustrated. (3) It possesses an educational value. Instead of pandering to the popular taste for tales and novels, it imparts in a pleasing style varied information of the most recent date, and thus tends to instruct and elevate the reader's mind. (4) And, best of all, it kindles an interest in the spread of the Gospel in foreign lands, in those who have been heretofore uninterested, and deepens that interest in those whose sympathies have been previously awakened. Thus it is the best possible handmaid to the local Church Missionary Association.

Instead of proving a drain upon the clergyman's pocket, it may become, as it has in the case of the writer, a constant and steady source of income, supplying means of helping parochial charities, as well as home and foreign missionary work. The direct and actual profits which the writer has gained in four years, after paying every expense, have amounted to £35, of which £9 4s. have been given to the C.M.S.; £17 10s. to home missionary societies, and £8 5s. spent in parochial charities. The largest profit was made when two pages were filled with advertisements, and one only retained, besides the title page, for local matter. But this arrangement was inadequate for the necessities of a large parish, though it would probably be the best plan where the clergyman did not need much space each month for himself. For the last three years, three pages have been filled with advertisements, and two additional pages, and not unfrequently four, filled with parochial information, have been given monthly. The increased expense for printing and for paper has not been covered by the increased number of advertisements obtained, so that the balance in hand at the close of the year is less now than it was at first, the profit the first year having been over £11, and since then having averaged over £8. On the other hand, the circulation has increased largely, the average number sold during 1875 having been 350, whereas it has now a steady sale of about 550, and having risen on special occasions as high as 800. Its popularity has been materially aided by the gift each February of a chromo-lithograph to every regular subscriber, the cost of which has been paid out of the profits of the magazine, without trenching upon



GRAVES AT MOMBASA. (From a Sketch by Lieut. Gordon, R.N.)

the sum specified above as given to parochial charities. On two occasions also engravings of a local character have been introduced. The price charged is invariably a penny.

But in order to make it such a pecuniary success, it is needful to find a cheap printer, to secure by diligent effort a good circulation, and to obtain plenty of advertisements. As a check upon unnecessary expenditure in printing, it may be stated that in 1875, when the monthly circulation averaged 850, and there were two pages of advertisements and one of local matter, the printing account averaged 15s. Last year, with a monthly circulation of 550, the printer's monthly bill amounted to £1 13s., when there were two pages of local matter in addition to three of advertisements, and the title-page, and £2 5s. when there were four extra pages given. These amounts include the expense of providing the extra paper. Each blank page is divided into eight sections, and the price charged for an advertisement for one section is one guinea for the year, or half a crown for a single insertion. During the whole time the GLEANER has been in circulation, every space has been filled. If no extra pages are introduced, and space is therefore valuable, it will be found to pay better to have twelve or even sixteen spaces in a page, charging somewhat less than the figures mentioned above.

It is not so easy to calculate the increased measure of missionary interest which the circulation of the GLEANER secures, but it is the chief means which the writer has adopted for that purpose, and the interest now felt by his people in the work of the Church Missionary Society is shown by the fact that whereas in 1874 nothing whatever was contributed to its funds, £36 was contributed in 1875, £42 in 1876, £61 in 1877, and £68 in 1878, besides several young men having been led to volunteer for personal service, one of whom is now in the Nyanza Mission.

The writer hopes that many may be induced by these facts to adopt the CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER as a parochial magazine, for though other magazines may possibly secure a readier sale, none, he is convinced, will tend so greatly to benefit the flock, or to promote the extension of the kingdom of Christ.

### GRAVES AT MOMBASA.

 THE sketch engraved above was sent to us by the Rev. W. Chancellor, of the Seychelles Islands, to whom it was given by Lieut. Gordon, R.N., one of the officers attached to the British squadron on the East African coast. It shows the high ground at Frere Town, and one of the mission buildings appears a little way off on the left. On the right is seen the harbour of Mombasa, and the Indian Ocean stretching away in the distance. Mombasa island and town lie further to the right.

The grave of Mrs. Krapf, which is the most conspicuous one, has most touching association with the spread of Christ's kingdom in East Africa. She died July 13th, 1844, only two or three months after Mr. Krapf first landed at Mombasa; and the bereaved missionary wrote home these memorable words: "Tell our friends that there is on the East African coast a lonely grave of a member of the Mission cause connected with your Society. This is a sign that you have commenced the struggle with this part of the world; and as the victories of the Church are gained by stepping over the graves of many of her members, you may be the more convinced that the hour is at hand when you are summoned to the conversion of Africa from its eastern shore."

Among the other graves is that of an infant child of Mr. Sparshott's.

One thing, writes Mr. Price, the picture does not show, viz., the bullet marks on Mrs. Krapf's tombstone, the handiwork of some mischievous Wa-suahili.

### UP THE NILE TO UGANDA.

#### JOURNAL OF MR. R. W. FELKIN.

(Continued.)



EPT. 6.—At 12.30 our wood was finished, so five days' wood was burnt in four and a half hours. Shembeh still about 100 miles off by river, and no wood near, nothing but marshes. The captain will not burn the mast, &c., so there is nothing for it but to send our boat on. Seeing her got ready was quite an excitement; she has only two oars, and is a very heavy boat, and does not look as if she will make the journey. The tide, or rather current, is very strong, and the number of floating green islands is very great. Six men went to row, taking it in turns, the pilot

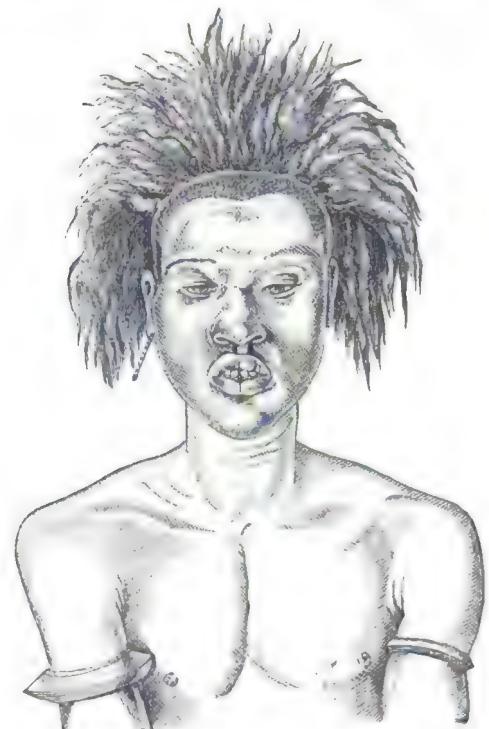
DINKA VILLAGE, WHITE NILE. (*From Schweinfurth's Heart of Africa.*)

and second engineer. They took with them coffee and durah, a box with a small charcoal fire, and three guns, which were very rusty and blocked up with dirt, so we cleaned them. They much fear for the safety of the boat, as several villages of natives have to be passed, some of whom are not over friendly [the Dinka tribe—see the illustrations, and the map in the June GLEANER]. The captain took the anchor out of the boat so that they could not stop (a questionable proceeding). After repeating two verses out of the Koran, which they always do on starting on a journey, they pushed off. The note they took we put in a bottle sealed up to keep from the wet. Poor fellows! what a time they will have of it, as it must take them six or seven days, unless a strong wind comes from the north. Now we must wait. We have been obliged to open a case of English provisions, and have no bread but durah; this is ground between two stones, mixed with water, and baked on an iron plate. It is not nice.

Sept. 8.—Just finished breakfast, when P— saw a native, who was soon joined by another. I— ran for his telescope to look at them; no sooner did they see it than they vanished. The captain told him to put it to his mouth and lick it, as if you lick your gun (which they thought it was) it is a sign of peace. He did so, and they appeared again. All was

done to get them to come across in their boat, but it was no use, they were too frightened. This was a great pity, as they could get to Shembah in two days in their light boat.

Sept. 11.—Our boat came back. They told the following story. That after rowing three days and nights they had found the river blocked up with grass islands, and could not force their way through because

DINKA PROFILES. (*From Schweinfurth.*)A DINKA DANDY. (*From Schweinfurth.*)

they had seen some natives who had threatened them, and they found, although they had guns, powder, and balls, they had forgotten to take any caps with them. But this is like the natives.

We came to the conclusion that they were frightened and so they came back, as if the river is blocked up, as they say, where do all the islands come from which pass each day? They say they come from the lakes, but we can hardly believe it, as in all the lakes we have seen there is *no current at all*. We asked the captain what we should do. Oh! nothing at all, but wait till a steamer comes from Khartoum; but as there is only food for the men for two more days, and in all likelihood the river is blocked behind us, that will not do. So we held a consultation, and have sent him a letter saying we think it his duty to burn the wood of the ship, and if he will not we shall take the command. Litchfield has gone in the boat to see if they can force a passage to some trees we see in the far distance.

Sept. 12.—Boat gone to try and get wood. Worked hard all day and got out eight large cases for them to burn, in each case three small cases of provisions. We have now to use English meat every day, as we have nothing else to eat.

The boat came back at six with a good load of wood. We had hard work to pull her in; the men were quite done up; we had to throw them a rope and haul them in, a bad thunderstorm going on at the same time.

Sept. 13.—We shall stay here till we get enough wood to take us to Shembeh (perhaps). The men unload the wood in perfect time, singing a song which translated means, "Give wood, take wood, oh yes, oh yes! oh God! oh God! all the wood we see must come on board the safr. Give wood, take wood, oh yes," &c. &c.

Sept. 15.—We were all ill to-day. If we could get out of this marsh! But God is very good to us in keeping us thus far in health.

Sept. 17.—Another bad night for all of us. The captain says he shall still stay five more days in this place. The marsh is full of snakes and leeches. One of the men had a lot on his leg; they were surprised to see how we took them off with salt.

Sept. 18.—Bad night. Several men ill. I much worse. The boat brought a lot of wood to-day. The poor fellows have to work up to their necks in water to bring the boat through the marsh.

Sept. 19.—Better to-day. Half the men of the ship are ill one way or another, and if we do not go soon we shall not be able to do so.

Sept. 21.—Started at last this morning at six, but made very slow progress—partly on account of the immense quantity of "toffs," as the grass islands are called, partly because the engine does not work well, and also the wood does not give much heat.

Sept. 23.—Pearson has begun to go through the Gospel of St. Luke with the two Waganda chiefs, who speak Arabic; they are very pleased. Gave them each an Arabic Bible. Kanagrubá kissed the book, and then put it under his shirt over his heart. He was reading it most of the day. May God touch his heart!

Sept. 25.—It is a splendid day. We started at seven. No "toffs" so are going about five or six miles an hour. Passed one very large solitary tall palm-tree on the right bank, marked on the map. Aspect of the country the same "gush" or marsh on all sides; trees, a few in the far distance. You must understand this gush properly; it all floats through the grass; is in many parts fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five feet high. From the deck of the steamer nothing can be seen, no river, before or behind, for any distance, even from the high bridge, only a wide expanse of grass, and a hundred or so yards of the river. The work of forcing the boat through this gush is great; most of the men up to their necks in water pushing her, others push with long poles, and so slowly, very slowly, we are forced along. A great many small birds about singing so sweetly. At about six we came into a large lake, and turning sharp round to the north, came to a standstill in a *cul de sac*. The captain and pilot say it is the river, but we do not think so, as there is no current to be seen, except a slight one passing to the north. Water-lilies were growing there, and to every appearance there has never been any passage through. Well, we must wait for some light, so steamed into the middle. I should say we see a strong current running from the south to the place where we came out into the lake, and toffs keep passing along.

Sept. 26.—Late last night the captain decided to send a boat round the lake to see if there was an outlet in the direction we indicated. We made up our minds for one of us to go with the boat, and told him to keep the boat for us in the morning, but although we were up at daylight, found he had already sent it; returning at eight, saying there was no way. The captain then said he should send to Shembeh, to which we had no objection, but that he should send to the south. No, he is determined to send north. We have only one hope, and that is, that he will find out his mistake, and when the boat is out of sight take it round. Any way, we are once more left for an indefinite period. Pearson went up the masthead, but saw only water as far as he could see to the south.

The Waganda are so pleased with their Bibles, they are spelling them out all day. I have begun to teach Kanagrubá to write.

Oct. 1.—Fiftieth day out from Khartoum. We thought of celebrating this jubilee, but did not quite know how. No signs of the boat; it is

getting very serious. Our cook and his better half are not very good. I am afraid we shall have to give them leave of absence for an unlimited period at Lado. In the evening we had a talk with the captain, and last he told us he would get up steam in the morning and go to the *cul de sac* and commence pulling away the toffs, and asked us if we would work too. Of course we said, Yes, with pleasure, as anything is better than this inaction.

Oct. 2.—Disappointed. We got up steam and went to the *cul de sac*. When we got there the captain refused to begin to work, saying that the wind is in the wrong direction, as if that had anything to do with it. Then he steamed out, after wasting an hour's wood in looking at the grass, and steamed up the channel, down which the current and the toffs kept coming, and then to our great disgust, after going 200 yards with plenty of water in front of him, he refused to go further and steamed back to the old place in the lake, from which he says he will not move. It is hard work not to give way to despair.

The Litany was more beautiful this morning than it has ever appeared. I seemed to take courage, and came on deck happy and contented. Sat down to write, and soon I heard a cry, "A steamer, or vapour, vapour!" There was a rush at once to the bridge with glasses and telescopes, and there, sure enough, in the far distance, hardly a steamer, but we could see a mast, and every one began to shout. Ran up the flag at the masthead, and then saw a man go up to the masthead of the coming boat, so that there is a chance of help, and our boat is not lost, as we had feared; some even thought they had been taken prisoners by Suleiman, who has rebelled near Shembeh. We are now most anxious to know where the real river comes; perhaps we may soon. It will take some time to open the way. You cannot think how our spirits have gone up.

At about seven P.M., all of a sudden the pilot turned up; he had got unnoticed in native boat. He told us with great exertion he had got to Shembeh in four days. All the people were nearly mad with joy when the pilot came, and yelled and shouted themselves hoarse; and in less time than it takes me to write, he was nearly hugged to bits by the men. It was very amusing to see him sitting cross-legged telling his story, and all the people sitting round listening, the whole lit up by the moon and occasional flashes of lightning.

At eleven our old boat came, bringing wood, bread, and two goats for us, Hassan Bey, captain of the soldiers, and a few soldiers. Their dress very curious and picturesque.

Oct. 5.—Started at 5.45, towing the nuggar, and our black friends on board. We went by a most tortuous course, sometimes very narrow, then turning sharply round. We passed three or four huts, and about thirty men and women. They had never seen a steamer before. The black men called out to them to dance, but they would not. Very large water-lilies grow here; the stalks, which are very long, are dried and made into bread by the natives. A most difficult passage had to be made, and just at the edge of the river, which has always been used, she stuck fast on the bar. It required all the efforts of soldiers, sailors, and every one to get us off; so that if we had not brought the nuggar we should have been in a fix. The nuggar had then to be pulled through. When this was done a tremendous shout was raised, as after forty days in the marsh we were at last safe.

From this point the river is very broad and has a swift current, but we got along very well, and soon turned to the right into a lake on the shore of which Shembeh is situated.

## OUR HOME IN THE WILDERNESS.

Recollections of North Tinnevelly.

BY THE REV. R. R. MEADOWS.

### CHAPTER VII.—A CONTRAST.

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."—Isaiah ix. 2.



In our first chapter we just alluded to the sad condition of Hindu widows. An extract from our journal will more fully illustrate the misery of their lot. Rāmanādān, of whom mention is made, was one of the wealthiest of the head men of our town. He was very friendly with us; he often paid us a visit; occasionally was present at our church services, and seemed not far from the kingdom of heaven. He, however, died a heathen:—

Rāmanādān has had a great sorrow of late. His son-in-law has died and his only daughter of eighteen is doomed thereby to perpetual widowhood. But his chief sorrow is that there is now no hope of having a grandson to perform his funeral ceremonies and to inherit his large property. It was a painful day to that poor young widow, the day of

her husband's death and burial. For the last time she was permitted to put on all her weighty and costly ornaments. She sat in the midst of her female relations with dishevelled hair. They were all wailing, beating their breasts violently, knocking their heads against the floor and walls, and so crowding her with their noisy sympathy, in a small windowless room, that she fainted away. Her husband's corpse, attired as a bridegroom, holding a bouquet of flowers in his hand, in a sitting posture, was carried in a palanquin, amid the discordant din of native music, to the burning-ground. Then began a widowhood which, unless she becomes a Christian, will be miserable for life. The ornaments are all taken from her. Her handsome coloured garments are exchanged for the white one of mourning. If we could get a glimpse of her now we should probably see her garments, her hair, and her person neglected, and perhaps even filthy. She will never be allowed to leave the house, unless it be to go to mourn and wail the death of some relative.

A few weeks afterwards a visit was paid to this poor widow:—

We went to Rāmanādān's house with the hope of talking to the women. His mother, however, was the only one of the family we were permitted to see. I was particularly anxious to see his young widowed daughter, in the hope of persuading her to learn of me how to do wool-work, and thus to forget her sorrow in some useful employment. I had the further thought of eventually teaching her to read. I was disappointed to find her in the next room with an aunt, who had already passed many years in monotonous widowhood, broken only by the customary and periodical wailing with her friends. There the two widows were making most piteous lamentations. We heard it so distinctly that my little boy, who had accompanied us, asked what that strange noise was. We tried to have it stopped, but no one was disposed to go and quiet them. I told them how foolish and wrong it was to give themselves up to a lifelong sorrow. Pointing to my matron, I said to Rāmanādān, "She is a widow, and became so when very young. She learnt her A B C after her husband died. Look at her usefulness, her cheerfulness, her happiness in making others happy. See how she is glorifying God in the work she is doing for my school children. Is her condition a happy one? Or is the condition of these miserable women, whose piteous wailing we so distinctly hear, a happy one?"

The "school matron" mentioned in this account was Nallammal. She, too, was a widow, who had lived with her husband about a year; but she was a Christian. Soon after the birth of her daughter he had died. It was an irreparable loss to her, "but," as her brother says, "it eventually became her gain, and she learned rightly to understand the words of our blessed Saviour, 'What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' For, humanly speaking, she would not have been so useful in the service of God if she had been privileged to live with her dear husband till now." A more useful life she could not well have lived. First, as the companion of her brother's wife, her help was invaluable. He had to be absent six weeks at a time itinerating in North Tinnevelly in his tent. His wife had a temporary home in a little heathen village, and Nallammal was her companion there for two years. Under these circumstances, had it not been for her society, her brother would have felt it impossible to leave his wife, and his work would have been greatly hindered, if not entirely abandoned. In 1864 we asked to have her as the matron of the Boarding Schools. She was an immense comfort to us. We had perfect confidence in her. Her judgment was good, and she studied the best interests of the school. She used to conduct the Wednesday Bible-class of all the women of Sachiapuram, and no one can forget the earnestness which she showed in her instructions and prayers. Every one seemed to look up to her for advice. They carried all their troubles to her. We parted from her in 1870, when we were obliged to visit England for a time. Nothing touched me more than the parting scene between her and Mrs. Meadows. Mrs. Meadows kissed her, and the good woman seemed as if she could not break from her. We never saw her again, for before we returned she had succumbed to a painful disease.

I shall copy out parts of two letters, one of her own to a friend in England, and one from a native brother to ourselves giving details of her illness and death:—

My dear madam, I noticed in your letter your desire that my poor daughter and relatives may grow in the Lord. When I think of my

relations I remember the promise, "They shall be all righteous; they shall inherit the earth for ever, the branch of My planting, the work of My hand, that I may be glorified"; "Thy children shall be all taught of Me." This He says like a dear father to his children. Dear madam, you know the verse, "Hath He said and will He not do it?" I humbly desire that all the families whom God hath made may look for the coming of Our Saviour. My dear mother, after our precious "teaching father and mother" left, you will be glad to know how the Lord has led us. It is, as you say, a very responsible work. But it must not be said that I carry it on. I am a weak and ignorant vessel. But He who gives strength to an earthen vessel like me has Lordly dominion, is "the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." This mighty God carries on this work for me. After they had gone some winds of trouble did beat upon me; but we go on according as they, by the help of God, wisely planted. Till they come back restored to health, I am not going to let go my hold of Him, but hold firmly on as Jacob did.

The writer of the following account of her death has himself been also called to his rest. His life, which we had peculiar opportunities of watching, was specially consistent and upright. Though of low caste he gained the respect of men of all castes, and the most touching incident connected with his death was the following. The place where he died was crowded with excited mourners. Amongst them were his two little boys, weeping profusely. But with his arm about the neck of each, doing his best to comfort them, stood a man who, four years before, would have accounted even their near approach a defilement. Now the Brahmin Christian was caressing and comforting two Pariah lads at the death of him whom he accounted among his most valued friends. D. Antony, for that is his name, was buried side by side with Nallammal, at, I believe, his own request:—

Reverend and kind father in Christ. Our dear sister and mother, Nallammal, has passed the waves of this troublesome and sinful world and is gone to the bosom of her Father. This news will cause you not so much sorrow as great rejoicing. For in conversation with her while she was suffering, her trust was such as to give us great confidence, and we learnt a lesson of patience. One said, "A saint has said, Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." She replied, "Yes, Job said that." One day when she was suffering less pain, she told a woman who was reading to her to read Ps. xci. and Ps. ciii. and to pray with her. One day she called the children and asked them to sing softly, "I have a Father in the promised land," to which she listened with eager joyfulness. When the disease was at its height, one reminded her of the verse in her "Golden Treasury," which she was very fond of reading—"Fear not, daughter of Zion." With beaming face she repeated it, and John xii. 15, and Zech. ix. 9, and Zeph. iii. 14, without a single mistake. When the suffering was very great she would say, "My heavenly Father! my Master!" She never showed the least sign of murmuring. Her daughter said to her, "You will die. Whom shall I call mother?" She replied, "Why are you so worldly-minded? Trust in the Lord. Am I in the place of God?" A person present said, "What message have you for me?" She replied, "The Lord is your help." Her daughter seeing her sickness and weakness increase kept wailing and saying, "Will my mother live? Will my mother live?" She said, "Trouble me not, my thoughts and my treasure are in paradise," and then turning to Pakkiam, her attendant, she said, "Pakkiam, cannot you speak to her?" The attendant said, "The Lord is trying you," to which she answered, "Yes, He is trying me; He will make me like fine gold." Seeing how much trouble she gave to others, she said, "My brothers and sisters, and children, the Lord will reward you for all you have done for me since the day that I bowed my head. He will not send you away empty." When she was too weak to speak, or open her eyes, she was asked, "Mother, are you meditating on the Saviour Jesus?" she nodded her head in sign of assent. This is all I remember, but she said more. Who but the Lord's child, who with his mind set on earth, could open his mouth to speak thus? None but those who have their trust in the cross of Jesus; therefore, dear sir, be not cast down with over much grief, but remember that your labour in the Lord is not in vain.

D. ANTONY.

Another native brother wrote of her thus: "The news that your right hand in Sachiapuram is broken and that the voice of lamentation is heard throughout all North Tinnevelly, such as David uttered on the death of Abner, namely, that a 'great one is fallen,' will fill your mind with trouble and anguish."

Hundreds missed her. Who will miss the heathen widow, when she is called away? Rather, who will not be glad that she is gone?



CAUCUTTA: THE ESPLANADE, AND GOVERNMENT HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF LORD LAWRENCE WHEN VICEROY OF INDIA.

## LORD LAWRENCE.

 OT only a great statesman, but a warm and true friend of Christian Missions, has been taken from our midst by the death of Lord Lawrence. Of his career as a civil servant of the Queen in India it is not the part of the *GLEANER* to speak; but our readers will like to have his portrait (for which we have to thank the Religious Tract Society), and also a few lines respecting his interest in missionary work.

From the first, both he and his brother, Sir Henry Lawrence, were hearty supporters of every good work in India. When, shortly after the annexation of the Punjab, a Punjab Church Missionary Association was formed, Sir Henry became President, and John Lawrence was a leading member. The same fearless Christian profession marked both the brothers while they were engaged in the government of the new province; and when, after ten years' strong and able administration, Sir John Lawrence opened the first Punjab railway, he publicly ascribed all his success to the blessing of God. The turbulent population had become as quiet and loyal as any in India; the resources of the country were rapidly developing; peace and prosperity reigned undisturbed; and in the supreme crisis of the Mutiny, the Punjab had saved British rule in India. "For all these great advantages," said he, "I acknowledge myself indebted to the great Author of all good. Without His guiding and protecting hand, what would indeed have become of us all?"

On his return home after his subsequent term of office as Viceroy of India, he became a Vice-President of the Church Missionary Society, and occasionally attended the Committee meetings, besides frequently giving valuable counsel upon matters submitted for his opinion. He was Chairman of the Victoria Nyanza Sub-Committee, and signed its first Report recommending the General Committee to undertake the Mission. When Bishop Copleston had an interview with the Committee before first going out to Ceylon, Lord Lawrence, being present, addressed him, and dwelt on the importance of co-operation between the missionaries of different

Protestant societies. And when, in 1877, the Committee had to consider some important Resolutions agreed to by the Indian Bishops, it was interesting to see two ex-Viceroy of India, Lord Lawrence and Lord Northbrook, sitting side by side.

Most emphatic has been the testimony again and again publicly borne by Lord Lawrence to the reality of missionary work. When, on the first Day of Intercession in 1872, a very incredulous article on Foreign Missions appeared in the *Times*, Lord Lawrence replied in an able and conclusive letter; and at

a missionary meeting at which he spoke in 1870, he uttered, with regard to India, these memorable words—"I believe, notwithstanding all that the English people have done to benefit that country, that the missionaries have done more than all other agencies combined." He went on—

They have had arduous and uphill work, often receiving no encouragement, and sometimes a great deal of discouragement, from their own countrymen, and have had to bear the taunts and obloquy of those who despised and disliked their preaching; but such has been the effect of their earnest zeal, untiring devotion, and of the excellent example which they have, I may say, universally shown to the people, that I have no doubt whatever that, in spite of the great masses of the people being intensely opposed to their doctrine, they are, as a body, remarkably popular in the country. . . .

In God's good will the time may be expected to come when large masses of the people, feeling the want of a religion which is pure and true and holy, will be converted to Christianity. . . .

I have a great reverence and regard for them (the missionaries) both personally and for the sake of the great cause in which they are engaged; and I feel it to be a pleasure and a privilege to do anything I can in the last years of my life to further the great work for which they have done so much.

May God raise up men like-minded to govern our Indian Empire!



*From off  
Lawrence*

## AN EXMOOR PARISH AND ITS MISSIONARY BOXES.



T is well and good when two fair and useful powers work one with another, each helping and strengthening each: it makes a harmony by the dusty highway of life, which the angels love to stoop from heaven and hear.

In a large scattered parish in the west of England, on the very borders of Exmoor, where the red stag makes his frequent haunt,

where a steam whistle has never yet been heard, except now and then perhaps from a travelling threshing machine, which with its busy whirring disturbs the music of many-voiced brooks and murmuring woods, where the so-called roads are in winter one uncomfortable patchwork of mud and stones, where the golden gorse and the purple heather dress the hills in August in a royal mantle of glory, where men still believe in strange, beautiful, old-world traditions: in such a parish as this, home work and mission work walk hand in hand together, each giving the other a firm but loving support.

Let us glance for a moment at one or two of the holders of our missionary-boxes, to see how brave home work is the friendly companion of brave mission effort. Across yonder breezy field, from which the church and vicarage make so winsome a picture, comes stepping a tidily-built, bright-faced young fellow. His arm is the strongest and most skilful on his father's farm; when he mows, the old people say that the sweep of his scythe is like the sweep of the scythe of his grandfather, who built up the fortunes of the family, working at enclosing his own little spot of land by moonlight while the rest of the parish were asleep; and Fred will build up the family fortunes yet higher, and will found them too on the Rock of Ages, for his young feet stand already firmly upon it. He is the treasurer of our reading-room committee, which is composed of all good men and true of the rare old west-country type, and keeps his account book as neat as a flower garden. He is one of the heads of our large Bible-class, where farmers' sons and farmers' servants, artisans and their apprentices, all sit down to read the Word of God together. When Fred is bending over the sacred page, there is something in his earnest face that makes us think of the look which the widow's son must have fixed on the Lord who called him back to work, and live, and love for Him yet a while on this earth. If there is any good new thing to be set going in the parish, his words to his companions always are, "Come along, I'll give the first helping-hand," and give it he does with a downright will. One might think that Fred's hands were full enough, but added to all this bravely-done home work he is the holder of a missionary-box, and it is a box that always returns a very cheery ring to an inquiring rattle. The brightness of Gospel light in which he himself walks, makes his generous heart long to spread that light through lands that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; he feels, too, how all tender Christian courtesies, all gracious household Christian observances, have worked sweetly upon his own young life, and he will do his utmost to help towards their finding their way into far-distant homes, where flows the grand, deep-gliding Ganges of which he reads so wonderfully, and where dusky forms, yet forms of brother men for whom the blood on Calvary was shed, bow down to monster shapes beneath the feathery palm. He owns with manly joy the glorious freedom of the law as it is in Christ Jesus, and he would have it bid those arise and walk who lie chained in the bondage of black heathen superstition. Thus with him home work and mission work march along side by side like friendly comrades.

Let us look now for a moment at another of our missionary-box holders. The face bending over this cottage hearth might be the embodiment of some old Italian painter's dream, who had gone to sleep trying to imagine a picture to be begun on the morrow of the Virgin Mother in the home at Nazareth; and that face is the true outward and visible sign of the heart and mind within. Ever since she was a baby, Patty has been, by some sweet law that seems to rule as a matter of course everybody that comes near her, a darling. The old rector, who first christened, and then in due time married her, used, when she was a little toddling thing, to call her, as he caught her up for a kiss, his "beautiful butterfly." When she grew to girl's estate, Patty found her way into the house of an old lady, who petted, but could not spoil her. When the honest, sturdy blacksmith who is

her husband took her to his home, she mounted at once the throne as a household queen, from which she governs with gentle sway even the dainty fairy playing at her feet, who otherwise is supreme equally over her father and the kitten. Patty's house is as neat and bright as if it were a doll's house, and as if Patty herself spent her time playing at house-keeping; Patty's husband would tell you that his dinner every day is cooked well enough for the master of the West Somerset stag-hounds himself, always the most exalted of men in a west-country farmer's or village mind; Patty's child, the saucy fairy before mentioned, is always the trimmest little maiden in the school; Patty's kindly hand is always ready to help an old or a sick neighbour; Patty's husband apprentice is, through her motherly influence, become the steadiest and prettiest-mannered lad in the parish. Yet with all this, Patty is very true to her duties as a missionary-box holder; she has heard that there are lands where the crown of woman's dignity is cast in the dust, where the sanctity of woman's kingdom, the home, is profaned. She cannot join the band of brave, tender, high-spirited Englishwomen who are making it their life's noble work to clear away some of the foul mists that fill the seraglio and zenana; she will do what she can, even if sometimes it may be but little she can do, to help those sad, degraded sisters. I can no one say, after looking into Patty's home—we know full well that there are some good people who do say so—that interesting mission work makes a woman cold, and inactive, and unsympathetic in family life.

But nowhere in the parish do mission work and home work go on so briskly together as beneath the roof where we hold, in different rooms, but in one Lord and one faith, our Sunday-school and our adult Bible-classes. Here the most popular character in the whole place is a little Negro kneeling on the top of a box with a hat in his hand, a Negro of most exceedingly polite habits, even a farthing donation will draw from him the most courteous of bows. The children all regard him in a double light, partly as a protecting genius, partly as a pet and protégé. When a visitor enters the school, the Negro is pointed out to him with a host of universal pride; the handsome lad who is the head Sunday-school teacher, and whose face is such a merry mixture of thought and fun, constitutes himself his especial champion and guardian. It is at once a pretty and a pathetic sight to see a class of little girls that surround a lady who is the presiding spirit of the room, a lady with all the mother in her eyes, who moulds the prayerful baby lips, and trains tiny voices to chant about "The green leaf is far away, without the city wall," making spring music for the thoughtful soul. How that little maiden's cheeks flush and her eyes sparkle as she advances and drops, half importantly, half shyly, her penny into the wonderful hat; what a heroine she is evidently considered by the rest of the group as she trips back to her place. What a depth of touching meaning for us all there is in the act of that pale, wistful-faced child who takes the small coin from the pocket of her shabby frock, and turns it into treasure that neither rust nor moth can corrupt, as tremblingly, and scarcely believing in her own good fortune that she has at last attained bringing a half-penny for the loved missionary-box, she steps forward and deposits it.

The Negro is also a very welcome guest when he is brought in state and placed on the Bible-class room table. The wit of the class—a young fellow whose spirit of adventure once made him run away to sea, but whose heart brought him back in time to his sick mother's side—introduced him on his first arrival as a foreign gentleman, who was come to give bowing lessons. The soberer elders (there are many married men at the class who have children fill the Sunday-school room) are much troubled in their brave, honest hearts at the thought of lands where that precious yet familiar Book they hold in their broad brown hands is unknown; what a dark, almost incomprehensible, picture for them it is—the picture of a country where there is no Bible, no Sabbath,

rest; and how sadly the eyes of their minds dwell upon it as they take out their own small contributions, which have been spared from the weekly family earnings, and slip them into the Negro's box. Then they turn to their lady teacher, and ask her, in true west-country dialect, to tell them "Summat about what them poor souls believe;" whereupon, feeling a trifle uncomfortable as to her capabilities for the task—for the study of the Bible lesson for the week has certainly not included such subjects—she has to deliver a lecture on Mohammedanism or Buddhism.

A day of great interest is the day when all the missionary-boxes are opened. What a rattle there is of pence, what a clatter of tongues, what a lively general rivalry; what a deal of recollecting about last year's collection, what a deal of wondering about the collection of to-day; what a volley of merry chaff the pair of young lovers have to go through, whose boxes produce exactly and miraculously the same sum! The ceremony of emptying the boxes is naturally, and as a matter of course, followed by a tea, of which Devonshire cream forms the most remarkable feature.

It is a bright Sunday among our village Sabbaths, when the soldier-like form of the preacher, who for many years has represented the Church Missionary Society in the parish, ascends the pulpit, and his clear voice, full of heart music, rings through the pillars, round which twine in delicate carved work the simple wild flowers of the deep west-country lanes, the ferns that drape the hedges of Somerset with fairy feather patterns, and the stag's horn moss, which is the prime glory of Exmoor, as it creeps about among the heather. The old women puckor up their faces into lines of solemn attention; the bronzed, weather-beaten working men look up with thoughtful expectancy in their gaze; the young people turn towards him bright earnest eyes: they all love the Bible pictures he draws for them, and the stories he tells them of strange, distant lands. They are thankful they can do a little in the grand cause he advocates, and they long to do still more.

The double work for God goes on bravely and with quiet success, and both are blessed, because their mainspring is one and the same—combined love for Christ and for His people.

ALICE KING.

### A BLESSED CHOICE.

"I often walk in that Afghan cemetery where sleep six of Christ's faithful Missionaries to the Afghan people. On the grave of one of these, a young Missionary who laboured there for a year and died (Roger Clark), are the words, "Thankful to the last to have been a Missionary."

*Sermon by Rev. T. P. Hughes.*



IS fair young soul the world essayed to woo,  
And of her charms the brightest pictures drew;  
Faith stepped before and bade him lift his eyes,  
And see enthroned the Saviour in the skies.

That sight behind the world had power no more,  
The Lord had won, and Him would he adore;  
To Him he bends obedient heart and knee,  
And there resolves His messenger to be.

To India's land in faith his way he wends,  
To take the word which Jesus' mercy sends;  
Nor back he looks but bravely labours there,  
In zeal and love, in patient hope and prayer.

In one short year his faithful soul was tried,  
And then in faith he fell asleep and died,  
And on his grave these hallowed words are seen,  
His thanks that he Christ's missioner had been.

How blest are they whom Jesus deigns to send,  
On work for God so glorious in its end;  
O hear His voice whene'er it speaks to thee,  
And thou at last shalt likewise thankful be!

### AN AGED BABALAWO EXCHANGING IFA FOR CHRIST.

[The following is from the Rev. James Johnson, the Native African Missionary at Abeokuta. A Babalawo is a priest of Ifa, the most popular of the Yoruba gods. A full account of Ifa was given by the late Rev. E. Reper in the GLEANER of June, 1876.]



OSIMU, a baptismal candidate of about seventy years of age, and of the township of Ikeska, brought me his Ifa on September 21st. He practices in medicine, and has been an important and influential Babalawo or priest. The practice of medicine is invariably an accompaniment to priestly functions in heathenism, and priests profess to learn by consulting Ifa, or Ofele his messenger, the remedy that may be suitable for a particular disease. As a rule, cures are attributed more to Ifa than to the doctor's knowledge and skill and the power of his drugs.

Babalawo Dosimu has been suffering for about two and a half years from a very painful ailment; the exercise of his priestly functions and the employment of his own medical practice and those of others his brothers in the profession failed to give him any relief and secure for him a wisp of sleep for a long time. But Jonah Shekere, a communicant member of the Ake congregation, told him in his despair of recovery that prayer to God through Christ might and would give him the help he had failed to find in lying divinations and in medicine, and invited him to meet with him at his place regularly for prayer on his behalf. God was not long to answer, and in a few days Dosimu experienced much relief, and began to be refreshed with sleep. This immediate answer to prayer, though recovery was not yet perfect, together with remarks and teachings from Jonah, made a very strong impression upon him and decided him at once to embrace Christianity and renounce Ifa entirely. This he has done, and he has since been a very punctual and earnest attendant at the public means of grace and at instruction meetings.

He is so anxious thoroughly to understand the religion he has taken up, and enter into Church connection that, old as he is, he has set himself to learning to read; he does not content himself with what he hears at instruction meetings and other gatherings, but visits some advanced Christians, from whom he receives instruction in reading, and hears and learns in familiar conversation more of our religion. When he brought me his Ifa as a proof of his sincerity and earnestness, he said, "I cannot tell how much I have spent in vain upon this useless thing. I sought recovery from it in illness and it promised it, but its promises and assurances have not been fulfilled. Prayer to God has been of real help to me. I renounce Ifa and will follow Christianity that the Lord may give me perfect recovery." There is in this a worldly motive; but a babe must speak a babe's language. God elects His own auxiliary ways to bring a sinner to salvation through Christ.

I was struck with what he said as to answers to prayer, and those happy coincidences which heathen priests and others of their school often take advantage of and set forth as answers from the gods they pray to. "Such answers to prayers," he said, "I have found to be not answers from Ifa whom I had prayed to, but from God Himself whom I ignorantly addressed as the holy, sinless, and good One when I addressed Ifa thus, and who was pleased to apply to Himself the prayers and addresses offered in simple faith, though in ignorance, to a thing that could not help." Light was gradually dawning upon the benighted soul, and he saw men as trees walking.

When on Sunday, June 9th, I preached on the power of the Holy Spirit to renew the heart and life, he was almost breathless attention, and was heard afterwards to express his surprise at such a new doctrine, and to say to a daughter of his who is secondary wife to a polygamist and makes profession of Christianity, "Have you heard what the minister teaches? You have a bad temper; go and ask for the Holy Spirit's power to change it." He had blamed her also for not having invited him before to the Christian religion. His eldest son is a Babalawo; he had taught him Ifa worship, and advanced him to the priesthood. This son comes with him to church sometimes, but is still blind and sticks to Ifa. His father speaking to him some time ago said, "It is strange that when I who gave you Ifa say I have found that there is no truth in it, you should still hold to it as truth."

Dosimu attributes his conversion entirely to God. "What else," he says, "could have brought me?" His chief anxiety is to be baptized—"pinodu," as he calls it. Pinodu is an abbreviation of "Pa-ina-Odu," to kill or put out the fire of Odu. Odu is a companion of Ifa, and is represented by charcoal, powdered camwood mixed with water, and mud. He is the god who afflicts mankind with sickness, death, and other troubles, and is said to be always in wrath against them. This wrath is "ina" fire. To put out this fire is to propitiate him, remove his wrath, and secure his favour and exemption from his inflictions. Propitiation is made in a private house with the blood of a goat or sheep, and fowls slain at night at the time of offering. When Dosimu says he wants to "pinodu," he means to dedicate himself to God by baptism.

## THE LATE MRS. DEVASAGAYAM.

**F**OR many years the name of the Rev. John Devasagayam was a household word among the friends of the Church Missionary Society, and missionary boxes used to be adorned with a picture of him preaching to his Tamil congregation at Kadachapuram in Tinnevelly. He was the first native clergyman in South India, being ordained by the Bishop of Calcutta (Dr. Turner) in 1830, and he died in the midst of his people, full of years and honours, in 1864. Almost his last words were, "Oh, Jesus, precious Jesus, He is my treasure; love Him." One of his sons, the Rev. Jesudasen John, is now pastor of Palamcotta, and his daughter is our good friend Mrs. Anna Sattianadhan.

A few months ago Mrs. Hobbs, wife of Archdeacon Hobbs of Mauritius, and formerly of the Tinnevelly Mission, sent us some pretty sketches made by her five-and-thirty years ago, which have been engraved for the GLEANER, and will appear in an early number. One of these was a delicate pencil drawing, from life, of *Ammal*, or (as she was always called) "Mrs. John," the wife of Mr. Devasagayam. Hardly was the engraving from this sketch ready, when a letter from the Rev. W. T. Sattianadhan informed us of the death of his venerable mother-in-law on the 23rd of February last; so that in looking upon the pleasant face in our picture, we can think of her whose likeness it is (or rather was, thirty-five years ago) as now reunited to her husband in the presence of the Lord they both loved so well.

Mrs. Devasagayam was (we believe), like her husband, born of Christian parents, and descended from the early converts of Schwartz and other missionaries of last century. Mrs. Hobbs, in sending us the sketch, writes thus of her:—

Dear Mrs. Devasagayam—one loves to think of her as we knew her in Tinnevelly—the bright, shining light in the midst of her fellow-country-women. Her manners, at once so dignified and unassuming, were the index to her well-regulated mind. She was a devoted Christian and an able teacher. During the time of our residence at Sattankulam, Mr. Devasagayam was in charge of the neighbouring district of Kadatchapuram, when it was my privilege to cultivate Mrs. D.'s acquaintance and friendship, and to glean from her many a valuable hint with regard to our work.

At the time the portrait was taken (April, 1844) I have the following entry in my journal:—"Yesterday we visited Mrs. John's Adult and Girls' Day Schools, with both of which I was delighted; but I cannot attempt to convey, although I think I never can forget, the impression made on my mind whilst listening to her classes, first with the 'female helps' who teach the Lord's Prayer, &c., to the women, and afterwards with the Catechists' wives, about twenty in number. On each occasion a hymn was sung, and a lesson, given at the previous meeting, repeated; then a chapter in the Bible was read, and Mrs. John gave an address and concluded with an extempore prayer. Such an address, and such a prayer! both so simple and earnest, so full and so much to the point. I could only 'covet earnestly' the gift of tongues, and that better gift of the Spirit, whose teaching was so manifest in my native friend."

In her daughter, then the "little Anna" growing up under that Christian mother's influence and training, how many points of her character do we now see reproduced!

## OUR PEKING MISSION.



VERY reader of the GLEANER knows that Peking is the capital of China; but not every reader knows that the Church Missionary Society has a Mission there. In the five years and a half of the GLEANER's existence, the work at Peking has, we fear, not once been mentioned. But in that respect it is only like a many other stations—so vast is the Society's field of labour.

"Whoever has not seen Peking does not know what it means," wrote a traveller some years ago. Yet in spite of decay, it is believed to be still the second city in the world, its population being variously estimated at from one to two million. The first picture on the opposite page shows one of its bridge parts. The broad causeway is a marble bridge crossing a canal, though the canal itself cannot be seen. This bridge is

within one of the principal entrances to the city, the Chien Lung gate, which may be noticed at the very edge of the picture on the left hand. It is called the Beggar Bridge, from being a favourite sort of beggars. The covered carts are standing for hire, cabs, and it is in these that missionaries travel. Bishop Burdon says of these carts, that "the discomfort they surpass all other conveyance of the kind to be found in any part of the world where he has been." One of the memorial arches so common in Chinese cities, built in commemoration of some event or man, appears beyond the bridge. The second picture represents a monument erected by the Emperor Chien Lung to a famous priest.

It was on October 12th, 1858, that Peking fell before the assault of the British and French allied troops. The peace that followed permitted foreigners for the first time to reside at the capital. In 1862 Bishop Smith and Mr. Burdon visited Peking, and the former remained and began mission work. The following year he was joined by the Rev. W. H. Collins, and they two (together or separately) carried on the Mission

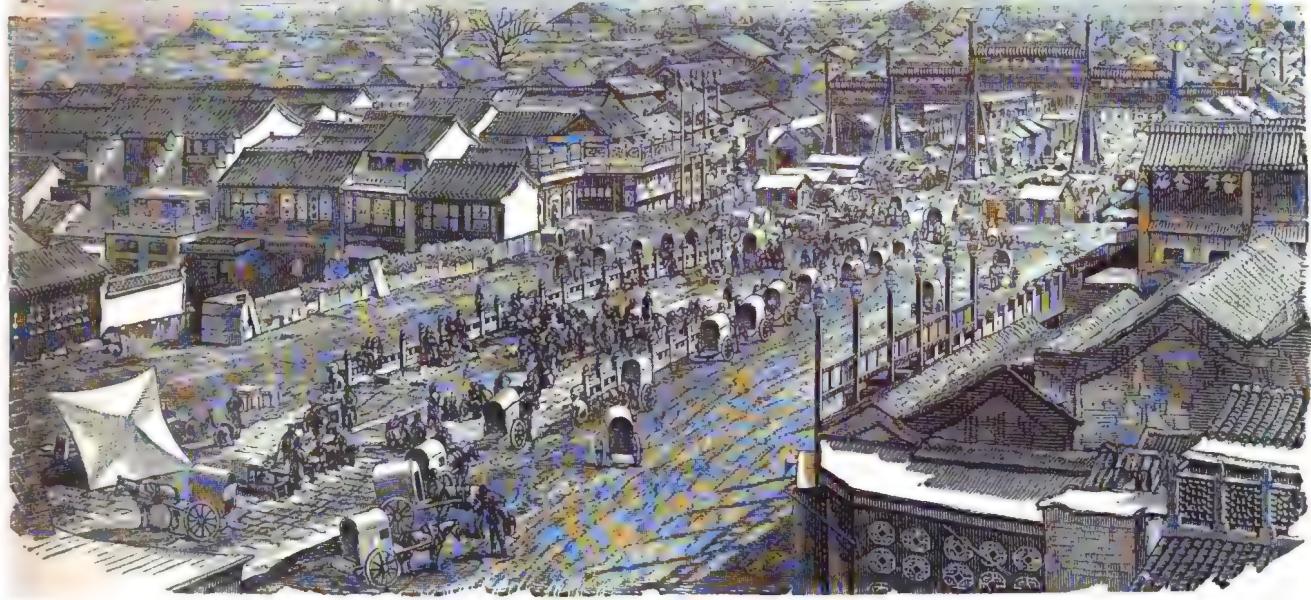


THE LATE MRS. DEVASAGAYAM.  
(Sketched by Mrs. Hobbs in 1844.)

Mr. Burdon was appointed Bishop of Victoria in 1874. From the first, the preaching of the Gospel proved a difficult and almost fruitless task; and after some years Mr. Burdon wrote, referring to the missionaries of other English and American societies, as well as to himself and his colleague, "We all seem as husbandmen trying to till the soil still bound by the frosts of winter. Nevertheless, although Peking is not a Fuh-chow or a Ningpo, the blessing of the Lord has not been withheld. Connected with different societies, there are now more than 800 converts in the city and neighbourhood. The C.M.S., which has never tried to carry its strength into Peking, can claim only a tenth of these."

The following extracts are from the last Report of the Rev. W. Brereton, who is associated with Mr. Collins. Very significantly do they illustrate the saying that the Chinese are religious people like the Hindus, but "of the earth, earthy."

Our usual afternoon preaching to the heathen is carried on in



PEKING : THE BEGGARS' BRIDGE.



PEKING : MONUMENT TO A BUDDHIST PRIEST.

chapels, opening each on alternate days. Sometimes, even with the attraction of a foreigner to stare at and listen to, we do not get a single soul to come in. But this seldom happens. It is comparatively easy to get a few dozen people to sit and listen to a discourse, but almost impossible to stimulate them to ask questions concerning what has been said. They listen and assent to everything with a provoking coldness. But of the many hundreds who have listened to the Gospel in our public chapels during the past year, we can only point to one man—a bannerman—who has come forward as an inquirer. He has two satisfactory points about him, viz., diligent attention to the books of instruction put in his hands, and anxiety about the conversion of his wife and children. There is another regular attendant at our chapels, about whom I am very anxious, and have some hope. He is a Buddhist priest, who became acquainted with Christianity three years ago through reading the New Testament. He got this copy of the New Testament from a Christian in connexion with the American Mission, who once was a Buddhist priest also. His story evidently shows that he has been all his life seeking a satisfactory religion. He is now very much dissatisfied with Buddhism. But what his views of Christ and His work are is not so clear. He is very anxious to throw up the office of priest, and I am afraid he will meet with a good deal of malice and perhaps persecution from his fellow-Buddhists. The punishment said to be laid down for the priest who becomes a "renegade" is burning to death—an "orthodox" way of disposing of heretics. Fortunately the civil law does not allow this part of the Buddhist penal code to be put in force. I feel our duty towards him for the present is merely to set forth Christ crucified, his Redeemer and God.

During the past year I made five journeys into the country, three of them being on famine relief business. My first journey was a preaching tour of three weeks in the Yung-ch'ing district in company with a catechist. We generally preached from the steps of shrines and temples, and sometimes in private houses. Without exception I found the people friendly and willing to listen. But, as we find in Peking, I found it next to impossible to get them to talk or ask questions about Christianity. Most probably, if they had done so, I should have been often nonplussed. Yet I had much rather be puzzled by questioners than listened to with formal and polite assent. The general impression I got of the people was that their minds are an utter blank in matters of spiritual religion. As I live among them I am more and more confirmed in this opinion. There are indeed shrines and temples in every village, but the "gods many and lords many" worshipped in them seem to be looked to for temporal good only. Again and again we were asked, Would the Lord Jesus give them rain, good crops, and such things, if they believed in Him and worshipped Him? And when I could not answer that such blessings would, without doubt, be bestowed upon them in return for their worship, they ceased to question further or take any interest. I found the farming classes more accessible than the traders or Government servants. I remarked on this to the catechist, and he told me a story about a shopkeeper who declared that Christianity was "all correct," but that it would be very inconvenient for mercantile people to believe in Jesus, seeing that the religion of Jesus calls upon men to give up lying and fraud.

During these journeys in the country I have found the people very friendly, and far more polite to the foreigner than the Pekingese. But it takes a long, long time to get their thoughts fixed upon any subject outside the very limited range of their daily lives. If there is no open opposition to the Gospel, there is the secret hostility of hearts hardened by sin and besotted by gross ignorance. And if it were not that we have the sure promises of the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of the converting grace of the Holy Spirit, we might well give up in despair.

### EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The Special Fund to meet the deficiency of £24,000 in the Society's funds for the last two years has now reached £12,000.

The vacant bishopric of Jerusalem was offered to and declined by the Rev. Canon Tristram, who, amongst his many avocations—clerical, literary, and scientific—is the active Association Secretary of the C.M.S. for Durham and Northumberland. Dr. Joseph Barclay, who has now been appointed, was for ten years minister of the English Church at Jerusalem, and Examining Chaplain to Bishop Gobat, and was also for four years at Constantinople. He is a Hebrew, Arabic, and German scholar, and has translated parts of the Talmud, with a commentary.

A Valedictory Dismissal of Missionaries took place at the Islington College on July 1st. The Instructions of the Committee were delivered to the following, who are returning to the mission field after a period of rest at home:—The Rev. J. B. Wood, to Lagos; Revs. Dr. Baumann and A. Clifford, to Calcutta, and Rev. H. Newton, to Ceylon; also, Mr. Isaac Oluwole, of Fourah Bay College, Sierra Leone, and a B.A. of Durham University, who goes to Lagos as Principal of the Grammar School; and the Rev. Nasar Odeh, returning to Palestine after educa-

tion in England. Also to the following, who are going out for the time:—Rev. J. C. Price and Mr. H. Cole, to Mpwapwa; Rev. A. I. waring, to Nasik, Western India; Rev. G. H. Parsons, to Krishn. Rev. J. J. Johnson, to Benares; Rev. A. R. Macduff (late Vicar of John the Baptist, Leeds), to the North-West frontier of India; Rev. A. Neve, to the Cottayam College, Travancore; Rev. R. Shann Curate of Holy Trinity, Tunbridge Wells), to Ningpo; and Rev. Ost, to Shaobing.

In addition to the foregoing, the following will also (D.V.) return to the field this autumn:—The Rev. A. and Mrs. Mann, to the F. Institution, Lagos; Rev. R. A. Squires, to Sharanpur, Western India; Rev. H. Stern to North India; and Rev. R. Clark and Mrs. Elmsh, the Punjab. The Rev. Dr. E. F. Hoerule is also to proceed to Persia as a medical missionary; and the Rev. C. S. Harrington, M.A., former Oriel College, Oxford, who has just offered himself to the Society, to Old Church, Calcutta.

Seven of the Islington men ordained on Trinity Sunday are not mentioned above. The Committee have been compelled, in view of the Society's financial position, reluctantly and regretfully to keep these seven for the present:—The Revs. T. C. Wilson and J. V. appointed to East Africa; Rev. C. Mountfort, to Western India; Rev. Redman, to Sindh; Rev. J. Isley, to North India; Rev. W. Bannister to China; Rev. W. G. Peel, to Japan.

The Rev. G. S. Winter sailed for York Factory, Hudson's Bay the Company's annual ship, on July 1st.

In consequence of the article in the last number, entitled "Refugee for lack of Funds," a lady has offered to provide the £60 a year required to occupy the village of Abud, in Palestine.

Messrs. Stokes and Copplestone reached Kagei on the Victoria Nyanza on Feb. 14th, all well. They had heard nothing of Mr. Wilson or Mackay; nor have we any news of these brethren, or of the Nile party.

On Easter Sunday, the first adult baptisms of the freed slaves at Town took place. Previous baptisms have been either of the "Born Africans" or the Wanika and Girima people in the neighbourhood. These belonged to the cargo of slaves landed from H.M.S. *Thetis*, in 1873. Although they have proved mostly quiet and tractable, it has been extremely difficult to instil Christian truth into their minds; but thirty-two adults (with nine children) now baptized give evidence of a true and simple faith in Christ. Mr. Streeter writes a deeply interesting letter respecting them, which we hope to print next month.

The Chinese mandarins have brought an action of ejectment in the British Consular Court at Fuh-chow against the Rev. J. R. Wolfe, with a view to turn the C.M.S. Mission out of the convenient ground on Wu-shih-shan, or Black Stone Hill, which it has occupied for nearly thirty years (see the picture in the GLEANER of April, 1876). The case came on before Chief Justice French on April 30th, and lasted nine hours. Judgment was reserved, and we do not yet know the result. The case excited much interest in China, and is regarded as of the greatest importance, not only to missionary enterprise, but to British rights generally.

During his recent visit to the Yoruba Mission, the Bishop of Sierra Leone held eight confirmations, at Leke, Otta, Shunren, Abeokuta, Oshieille, and in and around Lagos, laying his hands on 563 African candidates. On March 2nd, at Lagos, he admitted to priest's orders Rev. C. H. V. Goilmer, and three Native clergymen, the Revs. Charles Phillips, Nathaniel Johnson, and Daniel Coker.

The famine in Kashmir has again been very severe, and our missionaries, Mr. Wade and Dr. and Mrs. Downes, have witnessed distressing scenes. They have been working nobly to alleviate the sufferings of the people, and have under their care several hundred orphans.

The Rev. James Stone, who was the first student of St. John's Highbury, to offer for C.M.S. work, and joined the Telugu Mission in 1876, has lately settled, with his wife (a daughter of Archdeacon H. Leone), at Raghapuram, the remotest and loneliest station, and the scene of Rev. T. Y. Darling's labours. There are 750 Native Christians in the district, and a very large heathen population.

The Rev. A. Schapira is now actively carrying on the new C.M.S. mission at Gaza. There is a large population almost wholly Mohammedan. Two schools, hitherto maintained by Mr. W. D. Pritchett, have been adopted as a nucleus for the Society's work.

The C.M.S. Committee have been considering the possibility of establishing a sanatorium for missionaries labouring on the West Coast of Africa, on the Cameroon Mountains, which rise to a height of 13,000 feet, just in the angle of the Gulf of Guinea, opposite Fernando Po. February last, Mr. Ashcroft and Mr. Kirk, the Society's industrial agents, went thither in the *Henry Fenn*, and ascended the mountain to its highest peak. They found a most suitable site, but the expense of the project will probably prevent its being carried out at present.

A fund, amounting to Rs. 7,800 (about £650), has been raised in memorial to General Lake, the interest of which is to be applied to provide two annual prizes for Biblical and useful secular knowledge, to be competed for by natives of the Punjab. The C.M.S. Committee will administer the fund.

## THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

## MARCHING ORDERS.

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

## VIII.

"Talk ye of all His wondrous works."—*Ps. cv. 2.*

 WONDER how many of us have observed this among our marching orders? and how many of us have been obeying it? Think of the last month, for instance, with its thirty-one days; on how many of those days did we talk of all His wondrous works? and if we did so at all, how much less did we talk about them than about other things?

Just consider what a power in the world *talking* is! Words dropped, caught up, repeated; then ventilated, combined, developed, set brains and pens to work; these again set the tongues to work; the talking spreads, becomes general; public opinion is formed and inflamed, and the results are engraven in the world's history. This is what talking can do when exercised about the affairs of "the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them." And we, who have been translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son, we have tongues too, and what have we been talking about? how have we used this same far-speaking power? Only suppose that for every time each English Christian had talked about the day's news of the kingdoms of this world, he had spent the same breath in telling the last news of the kingdom of Jesus Christ to his friends and casual acquaintances! Why, how it would have outrun all the reports and magazines, and saved the expense of deputations, and set people wondering and inquiring, and stopped the prate of ignorant reviewers who "never heard of any converts in India," and gagged the mouths of the adversaries with hard facts, and removed missionary results and successes from the list of "things not generally known"!

God intends and commands us to do this. We often quote "All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy saints shall bless Thee." That sounds tolerably easy, but what comes next? "They shall speak of the glory of Thy kingdom, and talk of Thy power." Is this among the things that we ought to have done and have left undone? Are we not verily guilty as to this command? "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law!"

Perhaps we say we have kept it; we have had sweet converse with dear Christian friends about the Lord's kingdom and doings, and surely that is enough! No, read further; there is not even a full stop after "talk of Thy power." It goes on to say why and to whom: "To make known to the sons of men His mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of His kingdom." Not just talking it over among our likeminded friends, exchanging a little information maybe, but talking *with purpose*, talking so as to make known what great things our God is doing, not gently alluding to them, but *making* the sons of men *know* things that they did not know were being done. Some very intelligent and well-educated "sons of men" do not seem to know that there is such a thing as "His kingdom" at all; and whose fault is that? They do not and will not read about it, but they could not help the "true report" of it reaching their ears if every one of us simply obeyed orders and *talked*, right and left, "of the glory of Thy kingdom," instead of using our tongues to tell what we have just seen in the *Times*.

But the bottom of not talking is generally the not having much to talk about. When our Lord said "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," He knew what was in man better than we know ourselves. We don't give ourselves the trouble to fill our hearts so that they cannot help over-

flowing. If we gave even the same time to supplying our minds with the telling, yes, and thrilling facts happening day by day in His kingdom, that we give to the "other things" reported in papers and periodicals, we should quite naturally talk of all His wondrous works. We should *want* to tell people what we had read and heard, not stale news picked up accidentally months ago, but something interesting from its very freshness in our own minds. When we have just read of a remarkable political event or military victory, don't we forthwith *talk* about it? and if the next person we meet has not heard of it, do we hesitate to tell them all we know about it on the spot? It does not look as if we cared very much about our glorious Captain when we are not sufficiently interested in His latest victories in the Mission field even to talk about them, *especially* to those who know nothing at all about them.

Now, what can we find, even in this month's GLEANER, which we can tell and talk about to those who have not read it? Begin at once.

## THE NEW MISSIONARY BISHOPS.



RIDAY, July 25th, is a day to be remembered in Church Missionary annals. For some time past the Society has been desirous to obtain the consecration of Missionary Bishops for three or four of those countries or districts where its Missions are in an advanced state; and on that day, in St. Paul's Cathedral, two C.M.S. missionaries were solemnly admitted to the Episcopal office for two of these fields of labour, viz., the Rev. William Ridley, formerly of the Punjab Mission, for the new Diocese of Caledonia, which will include Motlakatla and other stations in the North Pacific; and the Rev. J. M. Speechly, for Travancore and Cochin, where he has worked for nearly twenty years. Caledonia is a Colonial Diocese, carved out of the existing Diocese of British Columbia, and will have an ecclesiastical position similar to Moosonee and Athabasca, or to the New Zealand sees. Travancore is not in the Queen's dominions, and its Bishop has to be consecrated under the Act passed forty years ago, at the time when the Bishopric of Jerusalem was founded, which enables the Crown to authorise the Archbishop of Canterbury to consecrate Bishops of the Church of England for service in foreign parts. Bishop Russell in China, and Bishop Crowther in Africa, come under the same Act.

Two other Bishops were consecrated at the same time, one of whom, Dr. Barclay, the successor of Bishop Gobat at Jerusalem, will be closely associated with the C.M.S. Palestine Mission, and has expressed his hearty desire to promote the Society's work in every way; while the other, Dr. Walsham How, "Suffragan Bishop of Bedford," may almost be called a missionary bishop in view of his work in East London.

The consecration was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishops of London, Rochester, St. Albans, Lichfield, Gibraltar, British Columbia, and Bishop Alford. The Dean of Ripon (Dr. W. R. Fremantle) preached from Acts i. 7; in which verse our Lord commands His apostles to be witnesses unto Him "both in Jerusalem and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." They did, we know, go forth and preach everywhere; and the verse that tells us so adds, "The Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following." May all the four new Bishops find a like happy experience!

A notice of the Diocese of Caledonia appears on the following pages. Next month we hope to give some account of Travancore.

## AN APPEAL FROM BISHOP RIDLEY.

[We are glad to be able to give, with the portrait of Bishop Ridley and the map of the country in which his new Diocese is situated, the following statement from his own pen.]



THE Diocese of Caledonia stretches from Cape St. James and Dean Channel 52 deg. north latitude to the 60th parallel; from the Rocky Mountains to the North Pacific Ocean, and also includes the numerous adjacent islands. The best known place in it is Metlakatla. [See GLEANER of July.] Our lay missionary, Mr. Duncan, laid the foundation of that Indian settlement in simple faith, and it has become the most prosperous of its kind. To the 60,000 aborigines of the province the Metlakatla community of Christians is as a star of hope. Before it arose we feared that as a race they were doomed to extinction. The 20 millions of Indians our forefathers found in North America have dwindled down to two millions. The 200,000 natives found by Captain Cook in 1776 at Tahiti have been reduced to 8,000; the Sandwich Islanders from 400,000 to 80,000; the Maoris in forty years from 1836 have decreased from 180,000 to 40,000; the Tasmanians are gone. Brainerd's translations are unintelligible; not one of his Delaware Indians survives. The subjects of Montezuma have vanished like a dream; gloomy is the prospect of the Moravian Missions in Greenland and Labrador. Humboldt met with only one creature that could then speak any words of a once mighty Indian nation's language, and that survivor was a parrot that had outlived its teachers. Civilisation threatens to blot out these inferior races, but on it their disappearance leaves a blot and a crime. Its pioneers—drink, violence, and debauchery—destroy their few virtues, leaving them more wicked than before, and only less dangerous because less vigorous. I thank God that most of the Indians of my Diocese, especially the Hydahs, have been so savage as to make the trader's risk greater than his hope of gain.

This section of the people now draws upon our sympathy. A great opportunity is ours. The material prosperity of Metlakatla has aroused in them a spirit of emulation, and shed upon them a gleam of hope. The Christian's heart cries, "Is there a future for them among the nations?" and from Metlakatla comes the answer, "Yes, only do as you have lovingly done here." The trial is being made at four other mission stations in my Diocese, and success is already visible. The greater the breadth of sea between the islanders and the mainland the better for their future. Their ignorance of the benefits of civilisation is a greater good than a knowledge of them, until they are fortified morally and spiritually by the Gospel against its evils. The enterprise of commerce, which we shall be glad of then, is beforehand with us now in bridging over the broadest channels, so that the plague is begun. We must enable the missionary at once to emulate the merchant. The very noblest Indians must be enriched with the pearl of great price, or they will sell themselves to perdition while we tarry.

My first thought and most tenacious endeavour will be to snatch a victory from Satan, and upraise and keep aloft the banner of Christ and Him crucified before the eyes of the perishing Indian population. With them the present must be sown with Gospel seed, or despair will soon ring its knell over them. Provision must be made for the English colonists and the thousands that I shall welcome before many years are past; but for the Indians this is the only day of salvation. We must go at once to the rescue of the thousands that by their unwittingly cling to Christ's Church for pity, or the rising tide of immigration will sweep them out of sight speedily. Will the Church only send me forth as a Bishop with best wishes and prayers? I want a little ship by which to reach the present Mission stations regularly, and also to visit every tribe, whether found among the islands, or along the shores, the fiords, or the rivers of the mainland. What has been done at Metlakatla can be done anywhere among similar people, and many thousands are now in a state of apparent helplessness and unpreparedness for the reception of the Gospel.

I have written chiefly of the Indians of the coast. At a future time I hope to know more of the inland tribes, and shall gladly supply the readers of the GLEANER with the best information I can obtain. I have now to repeat my wish for special help. It is already stated in a former appeal that it is obvious that a small strong steam ship, as Admiral von Steuben's vessel urges, is an absolute necessity. The alternative will be to argue the need. Without such a diocesan ship the voyages across hundreds of miles of dangerous sea must be made in native canoes. The crew for paddling these decked and often rotten craft must be much more numerous than in small steamer's; the time spent in the waves five times longer, the risk immeasurably greater. It is therefore ensure greater despatch, avoid needless discomfort, and be also less costly and much easier to have a sea-going vessel than to depend on the only alternative of a hollowed-out tree—for battling with the storms at Christ's command.

Formerly His disciples gladly placed their little ships at His service. Will some of the readers of the GLEANER kindly contribute or collect sufficient money to provide only a plank for the ship to be launched on the North Pacific as a life-boat to rescue souls from death? Donations may be sent direct to me until September the 10th at Lauriston Villa, Brixham, Devon, or to me at the Church Mission House, Salisbury Square, E.C.; or to the Rev. Canon Gibbon, High Harrogate.

I hope to sail from Liverpool September 18th, before which date I trust the £750 already subscribed will be made up to at least £1,000. Besides this, I also ask for earnest prayer. To every helper I pray God to send down His favour and blessing.

August 1st, 1879.

W. CALEDONIA.

[The Bishop's need of a steamer is forcibly illustrated by the touchingly true story on the opposite page, showing the dangers of a canoe voyage on every route he will often take, between Metlakatla and Queen Charlotte Islands.]



THE RIGHT REV. W. RIDLEY, D.D.,  
First Bishop of Caledonia.

## THE NEW DIOCESE OF CALEDONIA.

OUR Map is taken from the new edition of the *Church Missionary Atlas*. It represents British Columbia, which is the westernmost province of British North America. The boundaries of the province are the 60th parallel of latitude on the north, the United States border (see the dotted line) on the south, the Rocky Mountains on the east, and the Pacific Ocean on the west. Its capital is Victoria, at the south end of Vancouver's Island. The territory of Alaska, a corner of which is seen in the northwest, formerly belonged to Russia, but is now part of the United States. The "North-West Territory," which is *north-east* of British Columbia, means the north-west of Canada. It is the field of the Society's "North-West America Mission," and the part seen in this map is in Bishop Bompas's Diocese of Athabasca.

The new Diocese of Caledonia, to which Bishop Ridley is appointed, comprises the northern half of British Columbia. A line drawn from the "M" in "Rocky Mountains" to the south end of Queen Charlotte Islands about marks its limits. Within this territory the C.M.S. has its "North Pacific Mission," with stations at Metlakatla, Kincolith on the Nass River, and Massett in Queen Charlotte Islands. These places will all be seen in the map. One other station is at Fort Rupert, at the north end of Vancouver's Island.

The small map in the corner shows the neighbourhood of Metlakatla on a larger scale. It will be seen that many places are named from those connected with or interested in the Mission: thus, Duncan Bay, Tugwell Island, Doolan Point, Cridge Islands, Alford Reefs, Ryan Point, Venn Creek, Straith Point, Dawes Point, Knight Island.

The Fort Rupert Mission was described in our January number, and Metlakatla in July.

## THE PRAYER OF THE DROWNING INDIANS.

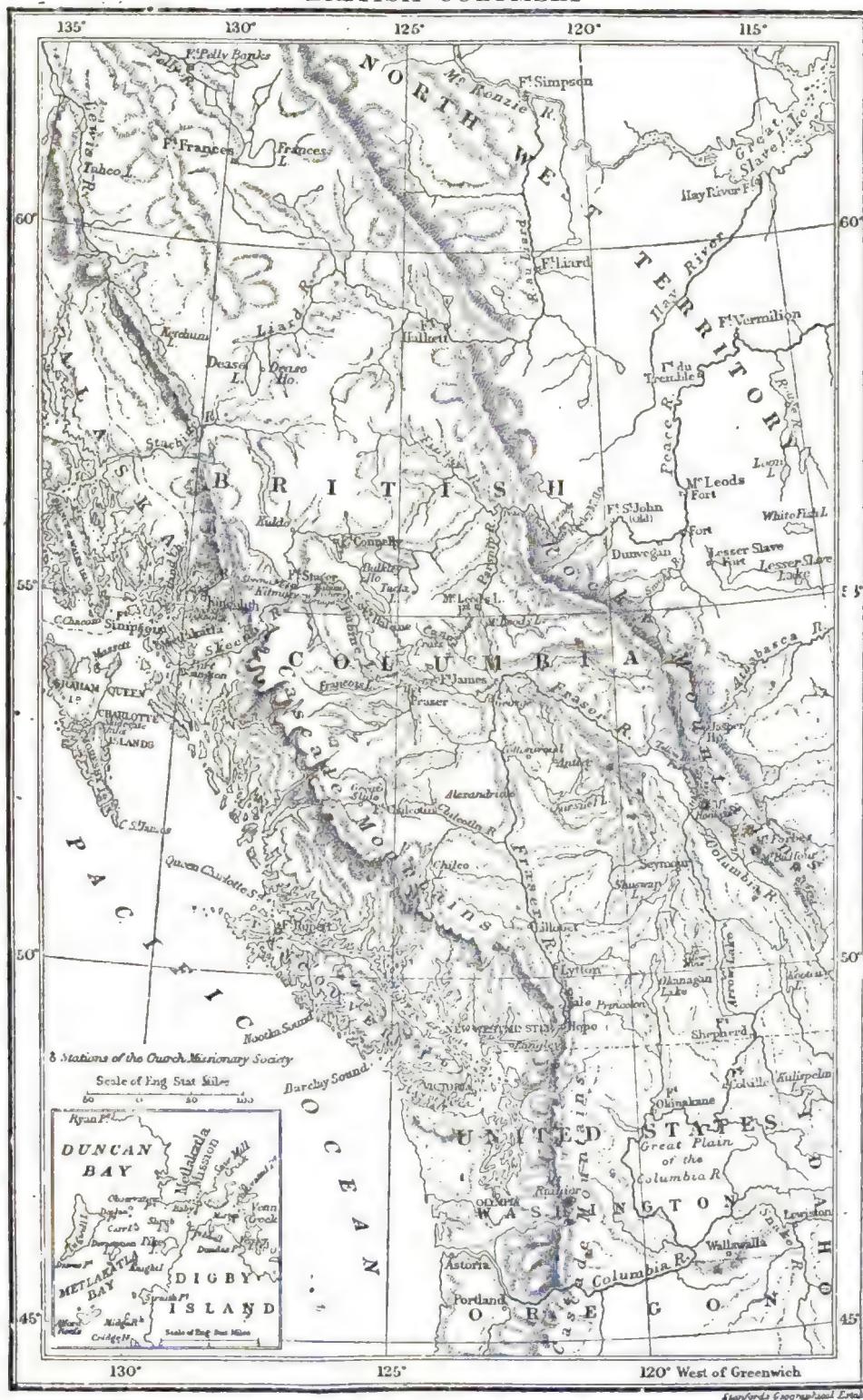
ON the 8th of June, 1877, Mr. Williams, an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, was crossing the sea from Queen Charlotte's Island to the western shore of British North America in a canoe. His crew were Tsimshian Christians from Metlakatla. A gale sprung up; the boat was capsized; and all were drowned except one Indian. Our missionary, the Rev. W. H. Colison, writes:—

Only one young man survives to tell the story. He was in the water four days and nights lashed to a piece of the canoe, and was at length drifted on the American coast, where some Indians found him and brought him to Fort Simpson.

The survivor and five of his companions were present at a little meeting which I had the evening before they started, when I addressed them very earnestly, and we sang and prayed together. On the following day they were wrecked. The survivor states that poor Mr. Williams clung to the wreck for some time, but as the waves washed over him, and he felt his strength failing, he cast away his hat, and called upon all to pray with him, which they did aloud. Having prayed they sang together, and in a few minutes more he had to relinquish his hold of the wreck and sunk. Not long afterwards Sha Shaht, who was the owner of the canoe, and a chief, went down. Some others might have succeeded in reaching the shore, which must have been thirty-five miles distant from the place where the accident occurred, but one of the party became delirious, and with his knife succeeded in cutting the rope with which they had managed to lash the wreck together.

Mr. Williams was beloved and esteemed by all who knew him.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA



## HINTS ON JUVENILE AND SUNDAY SCHOOL CHURCH MISSIONARY ASSOCIATIONS.

### I.

[The following is the substance only of a paper just issued by the Committee of the Church Missionary Society. Copies of the paper in a complete form can be had on application.]



IN many of our English parishes, where claims are many and means are small, it is the children that raise the bulk of the money subscribed for the spread of the Gospel. Many a devoted worker and generous giver of mature years can look back to the days when he was a child, and spake as a child, and thought as a child, and trace, under God, the source of his interest in the Society and its holy enterprise, which has been growing with his growth, and strengthening with its strength, to the Juvenile Meeting, the *Juvenile Instructor*, and the Juvenile Missionary Box; and if he has since put away these childish things, it has only been to take up other methods of helping the great cause. "It is nearly forty years," said Bishop Thorold at the last Anniversary Meeting, "since, as a boy, I sent in my first humble contribution to the Society." And many of the Society's oldest friends could testify to a like experience.

Is it not, therefore, natural and right that, at a time when willing labourers cannot be sent forth, and when open doors all over the world cannot be entered, for lack of adequate funds, the Committee should ask the question, Cannot the children, who are in so many places our best friends, come forward with loving hearts and zealous hands to the help of the Society? Strenuous exertions are necessary if it is even to maintain its existing Missions; much more, if it is to follow the leadings of God's Providence, and respond to the loud calls for extension. Many friends are ready and desirous to make these exertions; but they scarcely know in what direction to move. Perhaps the easiest and most fruitful work that can be undertaken is that of organising Juvenile and Sunday School Associations; and large as is the aggregate sum now raised by these agencies, that sum might unquestionably, with very little effort indeed, be materially increased. Some hints upon the subject may therefore not be unwelcome.

Considerable diversity exists in the proportion of contributions raised by the young in different parishes. In not a few, even, this fruitful field is entirely unworked: there are no juvenile contributions at all. For example, taking the Annual Report for 1877-8, two churches in one neighbourhood may be noticed, which raised in that year £196 and £152 respectively; and, as far as appears, no part of this came from the gifts or the efforts of children. On the other hand, here is one parish, where out of nearly £38 all except 10s. was from the Sunday-school; and here is another where out of £193 just £100 was raised by the Juvenile Association.

There is also much diversity in the organisation employed to collect money from young people, or by their means. In some places the Juvenile Association has its Treasurer, its Secretary, its regular meetings, its separate funds. In others, though the children's Missionary-boxes are put under the heading "Juvenile Association," the Association does not seem to be regularly organised. In others again, although a very few Missionary-boxes appear to be held by children, and perhaps a small contribution is acknowledged from the Sunday-school, there is nothing of the nature of a Juvenile Association at all. Thus in one parish, which raised £184, the only indication of juvenile work is that £6 14s. was raised by "Missionary-boxes," some of which are apparently held by little girls; and similar cases are numerous.

It is quite true that the form of organisation is of secondary importance. The true principle in Christian effort of every kind

is, Not the machinery, but the man. Find the worker, and work will be done somehow. Humble, prayerful diligence effect more than the most carefully planned rules. Still, taking human nature as we find it, a good organisation is a real help; and if conceived and planned, begun, continued, and ended by the Lord, it will be a true blessing both to those who work, and to those for whose benefit it is worked.

Every Local Auxiliary, therefore, supporting the Society, whether it be a Parochial Association or a larger one covering a town or district, should have a Juvenile Association attached to it. Let each Juvenile Association, whether parochial or otherwise, have its own officers and its own meetings. In most cases a lady is the best secretary. One who has held office many years in a large Association writes: "Choose as secretary a lady of energy and firmness of purpose, with a great love for the children and for missionary work, and who possesses the power of organisation and management. She should seek to gain personal influence over each member; she should always be on the look-out for new members, and never let old ones drop off."

The value of a properly organised Association connected with the Society consists (1) in its tendency to foster the sense of actual membership in those who are regular subscribers, (2) in its continuous corporate life independent of the coming and going of individual workers. A regular member of any Association has a far more lively personal interest in it than an occasional contributor; and a body of members can, if President, Treasurer, or Secretary be removed, appoint a new one and carry on as before.

A question will arise in many places—What is the relation of the Sunday-school to the Juvenile Association? The growing sense of the value of Sunday-schools, the large amounts raised by many of them, and the still larger amounts they might easily raise if well worked, render the question an important one.

On this point, however, no rigid rule can be laid down which shall be applicable to all parishes. In one parish there may be no middle or upper class population, and here the Juvenile Association will naturally be altogether worked in and from the Sunday-school, or at least have the Sunday-school as its centre. In another parish the population may be wholly middle or upper class, and there may be no Sunday-school at all, or a *quasi* Sunday-school for the children of the congregation. Still, in most cases, there are both classes of young people; and the usual plan then is to have a general Juvenile Association through which the Sunday-school contributions are paid, without any distinct organisation within the Sunday-school itself. When individual children of the congregation are enrolled as "members," the Sunday-school is simply regarded as an irregular adjunct of the Association, without any attempt being made to enrol the Sunday-scholars as individuals. Nor can this be easily done by a secretary unconnected with the Sunday-school. We may, therefore, to have an organised Association within the Sunday-school, with its own officers and enrolled members, which will, as a rule, be a branch of the Juvenile Association.

In the case of Sunday-schools supporting an extra-parochial Juvenile Association for a town or district, it is still more important for each school to have its own missionary organisation in order to keep up local interest.

In some cases, however, where the "Sunday-school" includes large Bible classes of young men and women, it is a question whether the Sunday-school fund should go through the Juvenile Association at all, and whether the two agencies should not have independent branches of the general Parochial (or District) Association. In one *quasi* Sunday-school in London, comprising some eighty boys of the middle and upper classes, the members would be much offended if their contributions (about £12 a year) were credited to the "Juvenile Association."

(To be continued.)

## THE EASTER BAPTISMS AT FRERE TOWN.

**N**EARLY four years ago, on September 19th, 1875, two hundred and forty poor creatures, men and women, boys and girls, naked, ignorant, miserable, rescued out of Arab slave ships, were landed at Frere Town by H.M.S. *Thetis*, and handed over to the care of the C.M.S. Mission. Other batches came at intervals, making some four hundred altogether. The first attempt to tell these degraded yet immortal beings about a Father in heaven was described in Mr. Price's journal at the time, which was printed in the GLEANER of April, 1876. It has proved a long and arduous task to get into their dark minds the merest glimmerings of Christian truth; but a few months ago some of them, who had been very attentive and well-conducted, were accepted as candidates for baptism. George David, the Native catechist, writing in March last, describes the way in which they have been instructed:—

On Sundays, at eight o'clock, I give instruction to the candidates for Baptism for half an hour; and the other half hour I interpret for Mr. Streeter. The people are slow in learning, owing to their not knowing well the Swahili language. Notwithstanding, through much patience and perseverance of myself and others, they have managed to learn the following number of texts:—

Eighteen texts about our state by nature.

Seven texts about our state by grace.

Fourteen texts about the way, how the believer is kept.

Six texts about our burden of sin, and the invitation to come to the Saviour.

Beside these, they have been taught several other texts. Mr. Streeter, through me, has already gone through explaining to them the Ten Commandments, and the Christian steps to heavenward, such as Faith, repentance, obedience, hope, prayer, and study of God's Word. And at the present, he is going on with our Lord's parables. At the time he was explaining to them the steps to heaven, in order to make it easy for them, he had a small ladder made, carriable in a coat pocket, containing six steps: the sides of which were named faith; the first step repentance; the second, obedience; the third, hope; the fourth, prayer; and the last one, study of God's Word.

And now, with great thankfulness, in which all our readers will share, we have a letter from Mr. Streeter relating the baptism, on Easter Day last, of the first fruits from among these poor creatures:—

As many of them wished to be baptized, I thought we could not do better than keep the time that was in like manner consecrated on the West Coast seventy-three years ago [Easter Day, 1816]; so I got George to form a class, and every day they came to him for instruction, and sometimes I went. On one occasion I asked them unexpectedly why they wished to be baptized. Would you like to know some literal answers? Matanya said, "I want to be a soldier of Christ our God;" Nakoa said, "That we may be clean of our sins;" Muili said, "That we may be the people of God." These three are men. The next three are women:—Salama said, "That our sins may be forgiven, and we reconciled to Jesus Christ;" Rabunga said, "Because it is the order of Jesus Christ;" Hidoya said, "That we may leave off that which is evil, take hold of the Word of God, and follow that which is in accordance with Jesus Christ."

These were answers to be thankful for, especially when you remember that none knew even their letters (although some are now learning), and what they were three years ago. For some time they have led blameless lives. I know them at their homes, though I am not what is called, and what I believe in, a "house-going pastor"; I know them at their work, at class, and at play; and although I could wish that they knew more, yet, as their desire seemed to be sincere, "Who could forbid water that they should not be baptized!" There were more than I at first thought for, but not nearly so many as wished to come forward. As it was, on Easter Sunday afternoon there came before Mr. Binus to receive that sacred rite twelve men, with their twelve wives and five little ones, three separate adults, five grown lads, and four other little infants, forty-one in all—a young Church in itself.

When the first two couples knelt down, Abraham and Sarah for the Old Testament, and John and Mary for the Gospel, my heart was filled with joy, and all present felt that God had done great things for us. I gave them mostly significant names. Of those mentioned, Abraham Baraka is one of the oldest men, and was always first in answering questions, sets a good example to the others, not having done a week's work for the Mission the last twelve months, but supported himself on his shamba, fetching wood and making mats and bags. His wife Sarah God has blessed and given her a son, but as they always called him James, I could not alter it to Isaac. John Namayawalla was so glad that

he was going to have *Magi ya Maungu*, i.e., Water of God, put upon him, and a "new name" given. His wife Mary is a nice woman, and both, I believe, "disciples whom Jesus loves." Then there was Jacob and Rachel Nakoa, with their pretty little son Joseph in a scarlet jacket; and a James (Mr. Lamb's gardener, after him, to whom much of all this is due), and his wife Esther, a queenly-looking woman, amongst the rest; and they all looked so nice, "clothed and in their right minds," with a white veil over their heads, which some one had given them for the occasion, for they have little means of buying such. I wish some kind friend who reads this would send me out a dozen small shawls, so that they might have a "warm bonnet" for the cold rainy season. [These shawls, we ought to say, are already provided twice over.]

When the ceremony was over, and before George gave the address, we all sang the hymn, "Onward, Christian soldiers." This is the third we are learning at our little room. It is hard work, but a great pleasure teaching these grown people; they forget so soon; but Tom cheerfully helps me Sunday evenings, and Ishmael refreshes their memory during the week. I am now getting them to learn a short prayer, and I know that in some of their little huts, night and morning, a humble petition goes up to our Heavenly Father to teach them more of His love, and give them strength to fight against the devil. Thus are the first fruits of the adult freed slave on the East African Coast being gathered in to help swell, I trust, that multitude which no man can number of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues. Strange, but true, there were no less than eight different tribes represented.

On Easter Monday we all met again to keep our Christmas, for as the place was in disgrace at Christmas time, we had no proper holiday then. First we met at Church to witness a double marriage ceremony, two of the school-girls having been wooed and won. Mrs. Harris having kindly interested herself in them, they looked charming with the wreath of orange blossom upon their marble brow—none of your waxy petals and arsenical leaves, but the real thing, with its sweet perfume, and it looks better on black marble than white. The sight of one of the bridesmaids broke a black boy's heart, and I had her asked for the next day. After Mr. Binus had officiated, George gave a short address, and soon we adjourned for our sports—boat-racing (had a capital four-oared race with the crew of the *Highland Lassie*, and beat them), wrestling, jumping in sacks, tug of war, orange-dipping, &c., and hearty were the laughs that resounded on the green. All seemed to enjoy themselves.

## GIVEN UP FOR THE HEATHEN.

**D**URING one week two pleasing instances have occurred of young persons, unknown to each other, though members of the same congregation, resolving to deny themselves for Christ's sake and the spread of His Gospel in heathen lands.

A young lady, recently confirmed, sent a pretty gold ring as an offering for this purpose. In a note to the clergyman she said, "I send you the ring, which I should like given to the Church Missionary Society. I shall never regret having parted with it, and I only wish I could do more for Jesus, and serve Him better."

Very glad and thankful was the clergyman to receive such a note as that, and his prayer that day was that the Lord would both accept the offering and bless the offerer.

The other instance was of a young girl, in humble circumstances, who came to the clergyman and requested a Missionary Box. When he asked her how she meant to fill it, she said, "I never mean to buy any more sweets." It reminded him of that verse of a hymn:—

"Some needless pleasure I'll resign,  
And this one pleasure choose,  
To teach the heathen they are Thine,  
And send them Gospel news."

W. E. C.

## AN EXAMINATION THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW.

**D**OUR readers know about Mr. Lash's schools for the high-caste girls in Tinnevelly, of which Professor Monier Williams has spoken so highly. (See GLEANER, June, July, Sept., 1875.) This is how a Government Inspector reports that he examined one of these girls:—

I am happy to say that when I had to examine one of the "Sarah Tucker Branch Girls' Schools," one of the girls having attained her (marriageable) age, and not being able to come to the examination hall, requested her father to let me hold the examination in his house. As a matter of encouragement I complied with her request, and examined the girl standing at an open window, with her face towards me, though the door was shut. She passed successfully in every subject, and her father and brothers, who were present, were highly satisfied. It is very satisfactory to see that these high-caste people do not only send their girls to school, but are also punctual themselves in attending to witness the examinations of their daughters.



## THE MOST MOHAMMEDAN CITY IN THE WORLD.



ECCA, of course!—says some one, reading the heading above. No, it is not Mecca. It is a city which has been much in the thoughts of French and English statesmen lately, and from which the newspapers have been receiving daily and almost hourly telegrams. It is CAIRO, the capital of Egypt. "Cairo," writes the Rev. T. P. Hughes, "is said to be the most Oriental city in the world. It is certainly the most Mohammedan, not even excepting Mecca itself." There are five hundred mosques in Cairo, and the chief one, in which ten thousand enrolled students from all parts of the Mussulman world are educated, has been called the Mohammedan University. (See the picture in the GLEANER of February, 1877.)

We are not now going to describe Cairo. But at a time when Egyptian affairs are exciting so much attention, it is well to be reminded that *Egypt is a country needing Christ*. There is indeed a corrupt and fallen Christian Church there, but its members are grossly ignorant and superstitious. "None of the ancient Churches," justly remarks Mr. Hughes, "have fallen so low as the Alexandrian Church." There are also an American Mission, and a Scotch Mission, and Miss Whatley's Mission; but their work, excellent as it is, is mostly confined to schools and visiting, public preaching to Moslems being prohibited.

The Khedive who has been compelled to abdicate—Ismail Pasha—may, with all his faults, be remembered gratefully by the Church Missionary Society. It was he who sent that great Englishman, Colonel Gordon, to rule the vast territories acquired by Egypt in Central Africa, and thus opened a way for our missionary party to go to Uganda up the Nile. And when Mr. Streeter was in Egypt on his way to East Africa, the Khedive's Government spared neither trouble nor

expense to enable him to see the methods of cultivating and preparing cotton.

When Mr. Hughes was in Egypt in 1875, he saw a scene which showed how thoroughly Mussulman Cairo still is, despite all its imitation of the civilised ways of Europe. He saw the *Mahmal procession*, of which we give a picture on the opposite page. This is the grand ceremony of the annual departure of pilgrims for Mecca, which takes place on the 25th day of the

Mohammedan month *Shawal*, and which Mr. Hughes saw on the 20th November, 1875. He thus describes it:

The *Mahmal* is a velvet canopy which the pilgrims convey to and from Mecca. It is a square frame of wood with a pyramidal top, with a rich covering of embroidered velvet, surmounted with silver balls and crescents. As far as I could ascertain, the canopy was empty, it being merely carried with the pilgrims as an emblem of royalty. The origin of the ceremony is said by Lane to be as follows:—"Sheger-ud-durr, a beautiful Turkish female slave, who became the favourite wife of Sultan Saleh, on the death of his son caused herself to be proclaimed Queen of Egypt, and performed the pilgrimage in a magnificent *hodag*, or covered litter, borne on a camel. For several successive years this empty *hodag* was sent with the caravan of pilgrims for the sake of state. Hence succeeding princes of Egypt sent with each year's caravan of pilgrims a kind of *hodag* (which received the name of *mahmal*), as an emblem of royalty; and the kings of our countries followed their example." I found some difficulty in obtaining information as to the exact origin and meaning of the ceremony, even from the natives themselves.

At seven o'clock in the morning all the leading officers of state assembled in a portico erected below the citadel to receive the two Egyptian princes, a vacant seat being left for the Viceroy. The officers were all dressed in French uniform, with the usual Turkish fez, the only persons with turbans being two Muhammadan Moulies. The roads were lined

with troops, and as the royal party arrived the bands struck up the Egyptian national air. There were a number of European visitors, including the American ambassador from Berlin, one English peer, and an English member of Parliament.

After the arrival of the princes there was a pause in the ceremonial, and the uninitiated in Egyptian etiquette were on the tiptoe of expectation. Were they waiting for the Khedive? After a few minutes a



AN EGYPTIAN GIRL.

carriage drove up in regal state, and there stepped forth an old Muhammadan priest. It was the Sheikh-ul-Islam, the Archbishop and Lord Chancellor of Egypt. Of course royalty must be kept waiting for this representative of orthodox Islamism—it would have been *infra dig.* for the Sheikh to have arrived before the princes. The whole assembly rose and received the venerable old man with becoming respect, and then the signal was given for the Mahmal procession to move on.

Amidst the beating of fifes and drums and the wild Egyptian national air, the shouts of the dervishes "Allah! Allah! Allah!" and the tinkling of bells, the canopy, which was borne upon the back of a fine tall camel, approached the Sheikh and the royal princes. The procession was headed by a fat, long-haired, brawny fellow, almost naked, who incessantly rolled his head to and fro, shouting "Allah! Allah! Allah!" The Mahmal was surrounded by a guard of horsemen, and the people kept running round it, shouting in the most frantic manner. When it came opposite the princes, they, in company with the Sheikh-ul-Islam, approached it with the greatest veneration, and touched it, uttering some pious ejaculation. This was done by all the officials, then the procession moved on, and encamped outside the city gate until the next day, when the caravan left to perform the Hajj, or Pilgrimage to Mecca. The merits of it are so great that *every step taken in the direction of the Kaaba [the great shrine at Mecca] blots out a sin, and he who dies on his way to Mecca is enrolled on the list of martyrs.*

There is a purpose of mercy for Egypt yet. "The Lord," says Isaiah (xix. 21), "shall be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord. . . . They shall return even to the Lord, and He shall be intreated of them, and shall heal them."

### A RE-UNITED FAMILY.



OME twelve years ago the Bible Society made an offer of a New Testament in the vernacular tongue to any heathen schoolmaster in India who would promise to read it. Such a promise was made by a man in Kalugumalei, a place in the Sivagasi district of Tinnevelly, who, as it afterwards appeared, had long been anxious on the subject of religion, and who had not found satisfaction in his own religious systems, which he had long and carefully studied. After reading his new book for some time, he spoke to a Brahmin friend about it; and they two commenced to read it together. Some six years elapsed before the schoolmaster made up his mind to become a Christian, but he has been ever since a firm believer, and an aggressive evangelist. The Brahmin, with whose history we have now to do, followed his example soon after, but his action involved the loss of all things. He had been the paid priest of the Zemindar of Ettiapuram. His salary was stopped. His wife and children all deserted him, and his relatives took possession of his lands. After two years he succeeded in persuading his youngest son, Krishnan, to accompany him, and the boy became a scholar in our boarding-school. The elder son did pay a few visits to the father, but they were hardly friendly; they were rather with the object of enticing the boy away, or of getting money from the father, for Brahmins are shameless beggars. The wife came once, and visited my wife, but was frightened at sight of me, and hid herself behind the door while I remained in the room.

A few months ago the Brahmin went to his native village to preach at a large annual festival. He was the guest of his Christian brother, the schoolmaster. Little Krishnan accompanied him, after four years' absence. He went to see his mother. She was evidently struck with his manner and conversation, and her motherly affection overcoming all obstacles of pollution, she embraced and kissed him. The elder brother, at the first visit, refused to speak and turned away from him. At the second visit he relented and spoke kindly to him.

I have received a letter this morning to say that now wife and son have joined the husband, that they have reached Sachiapuram, and have joined in Christian worship. The native clergyman who writes to me about it, adds, "To God

be all the praise." Brahmin converts are very rare in Tinnevelly. I hardly remember one who belonged to Tinnevelly. We trust that this is the first fruits of an abundant ingathering.

Little Bredy, June 12, 1879.

R. R. MEADOWS.

### UP THE NILE TO UGANDA.

JOURNAL OF MR. R. W. FELKIN.

(Continued.)

CT. 5.—Shambé now came into sight; it is a small native town with about 150 bell-shaped huts, one or two Government sheds, and from a tall flag-staff floated the crescent and star. The town is very nicely situated with a large forest all round, in which are lions and buffaloes. When we got within 200 yards of the place we were asked to our revolvers, and some gave a salute of twenty-one shots. On shore all the people had turned out to see us come; guns were fired. The men shouted, and the women uttered their shrill, trembling cry. The Deputy Mudir asked us not to land at once, as we were to be received with military honour, so he left, and we steamed round the lake half an hour. We used the time to dress in our best, as our ordinary dress is not very brilliant. At a given signal our whistle blew, and we came on the bridge as we steamed up level with the Government Divan before which all the soldiers were drawn up in line with their bugle band, drum, and flags, and officers; the Deputy Mudir, Hassan Bey, standing about 100 yards in front of the soldiers; the people round the soldier's beautiful banana grove forming a background to the whole. As we came level, the soldiers presented arms, band played, people yelled, and Bey saluted us, which we returned, and then went on shore and "inspected" the "troops"—about sixty men! The officers were all dressed in European uniforms, very gorgeous with gold braid, the men in white with Remington rifles and leopard-skin cartridge belts. They are well-drilled, splendid soldiers, will go anywhere, and do not fear death in the least.

Oct. 6-7.—We remained at Shambé, and were very kindly treated by Hassan Bey and the agent. Shambé is a village of native huts, but could not see much of the place, as it is all flooded. The huts are made of grass platted on to a wooden framework, and have to be renewed each year. The people here are quiet, rather timid people; they give trouble. They live on fish, and bread made out of the water-lily stalk. There is a great deal of ebony, but it is regarded as common wood, and burnt for fuel. It grows inside the trees.

We had to give the Bey and agent a dinner to-day. This is our bœuf fare: first soup, then fish; then sardines and ship-biscuits; then onions, pickles, and cheese, maccaroni and biscuits; then rice, dates, and coffee. We had no meat to give them, and you are expected to give a great number of dishes.

Oct. 8.—Left Shambé at six A.M., and steamed all day along a winding watercourse, sometimes even going N. At seven we passed the site where the Holy Cross Mission used to stand. All that now remains to mark the spot where so many brave men lie is a lemon tree, a palm tree, and some bushes; all else is gone. For years they fought against the climate, but in 1866 they lost twenty men on the Nile, and so had to give up. At about nine met, to our great surprise, a steamer from Lardo with Dr. Emin Efendi on board. We stopped and went on board, and were most kindly received by him, and he promised to do all he can for us. He arranged to go back with us at once.

Oct. 9.—Passed Bohr at four, and stopped a couple of miles further for wood.

Oct. 10.—In the afternoon we all went with Dr. E. to Bohr. Pearson got a mule and Litchfield a horse. I got a donkey; but it had no saddle, so I walked. It was a winding way, leading through high grass and primitive native huts. All the people here are naked, and cover themselves with ash to keep mosquitoes off. Bohr is a small but well-built town. At the top of the huts ostrich eggs are stuck for ornament; two or three huts have broken bottles in place of the eggs. The town has a palisade very well made and some 150 soldiers. There is a nice banana grove, and we got some fruit for the first time since Alexandria; we have missed fruit and bread more than anything. Both men and women wear large iron rings round legs and arms, and some of the men wear ivory rings, but this is only allowed when they have killed either a man or an elephant single-handed. Lions, buffaloes, leopards and snakes are in great number here.

Oct. 16.—Stopped for wood at a lovely place, beautiful trees and shade walks. Elephant and hippo's spoor to be seen almost everywhere; a leopard passed Litchfield, he thinks, as he was looking for something for dinner, as we are short of meat again. Eight days out from Shambé to-day.

Oct. 19.—Lardo and Gondokoro Mountains in sight. It is very pleasant to see the hills again. Arrived safely at Lardo at one P.M., sixty-eigh-

days one hour out from Khartoum. We cannot thank our Heavenly Father enough for His goodness to us in this remarkably long and dangerous journey.

Oct. 20.—Nov. 1.—We have been very busy repacking the whole of our goods. The porters can only carry forty-pound loads here, and so *all* our boxes, being over fifty or sixty pounds, had to be re-arranged, and hard work it has been. Our cook and his wife go back from here, and we have engaged the young men as porters and to carry our personal things required each night, also a woman to grind the dhura for our cakes. Lardo is a very nice small town, huts built of cane, mud, and grass. We have had one each, and very nice they are. At nights the wild animals in river and round the stockade make a great noise, and the natives seem never to sleep, although the bugle sounds each night at 9:30, "Shut the gates, put out your fires, and go to sleep." A good part of the night they dance and sing. To-morrow we leave by steamer at six A.M., for Regiaf. May God, who has been so merciful to us in the past, go with us and bring us in safety to our journey's end!

[*Here ends the Journal so far. The next three months were occupied by the journey from Ledo to Uganda, of which we hope shortly to receive full details.*]

## WHO IS THE TRUE MAN AND WHO THE COUNTERFEIT?

A Parable for Hindu Sceptics.

COMMUNICATED BY THE REV. C. B. LEUPOLT.

HERE are among the Hindus in the present time a great number of sceptics. They are not such openly, but in conversation we find out that they doubt everything; and it cannot be otherwise. Education has taught them to think, and however much they may be inclined to reasoning, they cannot help doubting the veracity of things asserted in their Shasters, which they well know have no real existence. But, although doubting their own religion, they endeavour to appear before the people to be real believers in their respective religions, when, in fact, they are hypocrites. In arguing with such men we never gain much. The best is to give them a parable to think on their state, and here is one, which I know has made a deep impression on one mind at least. C. B. L.

There lived in a certain town four men, who, though of different religions, occasionally met together. They were known as good, honest, and holy men, who professed their religion in sincerity. Their names were Ram Charran (a Hindu), Muhammad Ali (a Mussulman), Isai Das and Dharam Sewak (Christians).

It happened one day that there was a great festival near Benares, at a place called Shewpore, where Hindus and Mohammedans used to meet. At this mela every kind of amusement is going on, such as drinking, gambling, and the husbands of such wives as go there like to see their spouses return before dark. Melas of this kind were, of course, not visited by such holy men as the above named; but it so happened one day that Ram Chander had some business with a friend, and went. Muhammad Ali, not feeling as he thought quite well, wanted a little change, and believed that Shewpore was the best place to go to. Isai Das imagined that a little recreation would do him good, and accidentally wended his way to the same place, and thus they all three met at Shewpore, and spent the day and part of the night there. Of course Ram Chander and Muhammad Ali were particular about their caste.

On returning home, to their astonishment, they met Dharam Sewak. "Where do you come from so late?" was the question. "From my village," was the reply. "Why, have you still some property there? We thought the people had taken from you all you had and turned you out." "So they have," Dharam Sewak said; "but you remember old Bisheshwar with his poor sick wife? They are in great distress, and I went to see them." "O yes! you did, and yesterday was pay day, so you old sly fox, you took some money to them. We know you, old hypocrite." "Well, brethren, whatever I may have done in that village, or elsewhere, you know God is near, sees everything, and from Him we cannot hide anything." "Well, well!" exclaimed the Mohammediyan, "God is merciful!" The Hindu called out "Ram, Ram!" and Isai Das was silent. Thus conversing, they reached their homes.

As Ram Chander came up to his house, he saw a light in his little room. Astonished at the sight, he entered with fear and trembling, and what did he see? Himself, sitting on his seat, looking at the Shasters. He was terrified; but after a minute or two he took courage and asked, "Who art thou?" The Spectre, looking up, replied, "I am Ram Chander, a Brahman, and this is my house."

"Not true," was the indignant reply, "Avant! I am Ram Chander, the house is mine." "Let us see," said the Spectre, "who is the true Ram Chander, and who such in appearance only. Describe thyself."

Ram Chander answered, "I am a Brahman, a Sanscrit scholar, learned in the Shasters, perform my Pujas regularly, and bathe daily in the holy Ganges. As to my morals, I am good and holy, I never ask for alms, and to-day I was at the mela on some business."

To this the Spectre replied, "Then we are *apparently* one, but *in reality* two different persons. I am also a Brahman, renowned of being a Sanscrit scholar, and acquainted with the Shasters; but the truth is, I know but little of Sanscrit, and less of the Shasters, though I pretend to know a great deal, and talk largely. Whilst I perform Puja I usually think of something else. I talk of the Vedas, Shasters, and Puranas, as divine books, but I doubt them all, and in reality I am a hypocrite and deceiver. Who is now the true Ram Chander, and who in appearance only?"

"You are the true one," replied Ram Chander, "I am the counterfeit."

On Muhammad Ali reaching his house, his first exclamation was, "Allah Akbar! who is in my room?" The person sitting on his carpet replied, "I am Muhammad Ali. Who art thou?" "Not true," shouted Muhammad Ali, "I am he, thou art an impostor." "Let us see," the Spectre calmly replied, "who of us is the real one. Describe thyself." Muhammad Ali began, "I am a Moulevi, known as an Arabic scholar. I read the Koran Sharif in Arabic, say my prayers, give alms, fast, believe the traditions and the books, the Tauret, Zabur, Jujil, Furgan (Pent., Psalms, New Test., and Koran). I believe that God is One and Mohammed His Prophet. As to my morals, who can say anything against me?"

"Alas!" the Spectre replied, "if you are such, then I am only in appearance what you are in reality. I too read the Koran in Arabic; but do not understand it. I say my prayers, provided people are near. I pass for a true Mussulman, but have my doubts whether Mohammed was a Prophet and the Koran is the Word of God. Alms I give as few as I decently can, and as I have four wives, who constantly quarrel, I make that a pretext to follow my own way, as I did to-day at Shewpore. I am but a hypocrite, mean, sensual, deceiving the people by pretending to be what I am not. Who is now the genuine Muhammad Ali?"

"You are," was the reply, "I am the impostor."

Fatigued and tired with the day's dissipation, Isai Das also reached his home, and on entering his room he found his place occupied by his second self. Dismayed at the sight, he exclaimed, "Who art thou?" Answer, "Isai Das, a Christian." "Thou art not Isai Das, for I am he. Thou art but a counterfeit." "Prove what you say," was the challenge.

"I am a Christian," Isai Das began, "and a good Christian, as all my brethren say. I am honest, pious, and true." "Then we are different from each other. I am only in name what you are in deed. I, too, am called a Christian. I talk much about reading the Bible; but, for myself, I scarcely ever open it. I recommend secret prayer, and urge it upon my fellow-Christians; but if all the moments were added together which I myself spend in the year in secret prayer, I fear I could count them by minutes. I go to church, for what would the people say if I did not? but whilst at church, during prayers and sermon, I think of something else. As to my duties, I try to keep up a good appearance. As to my morals, it is true my thoughts do not bear the light, nor would my doings at Shewpore to-day. The truth is, I have a name that I live, but I am dead."

Hearing the Spectre thus speak, Isai Das exclaimed, "Alas, alas! thou art the true Isai Das. I am such only in appearance."

Dharam Sewak, too, found his place occupied at home, and seeing himself sitting with his testament open, felt in his pocket to ascertain whether he had his testament still or not; but he had it. So he asked, "Who art thou?" The Spectre, looking up, replied, "My name is Dharam Sewak, from Farebpur, a convert from Hinduism." "So am I," the other replied. "But who of us is the true Dharam Sewak? Describe thyself," the Spectre said.

"I was a Hindu," Dharam Sewak began, "a Brahmin of Farebpur, but being dissatisfied with my religion, and tired of practising deceit by telling people of things which I am persuaded in my heart are untrue, I examined Christianity, and finding in Christ a Saviour such as I needed, I believed in Christ and embraced Christianity. But I am but a poor Christian—my prayers are cold, the Word of God is not so precious to me as it ought to be. I love the Saviour, but considering what he has done for me, my love is not so warm as it should be, nor as I wish it to be. The money I gave away to-day was, I fear, not from love to Christ alone, but merely because God had prospered me, and old Bisheshwar and his sick wife are so poor, and then it gave me an opportunity to tell them of the love of Jesus. I have to confess many failings, so that it sometimes appears to me as if I was a hypocrite; but God is rich in mercy, and as I have nothing that I can bring before God, I cling to Jesus, my Saviour, and trust in Him alone for my salvation."

The Spectre, hearing this, exclaimed, "Brother, yours is exactly my case, I feel as you do; we are one, and let appearance and reality be always one. We will continue to trust in Jesus, love Him, labour for Him, and die in Him, so that we may live with Him for ever."

The Lord saw these four persons and judged, giving to each according to his works.

## PICTURES FROM TINNEVELLY.



WE are indebted to Mrs. Hobbs for the sketches from which the five pictures on these pages have been engraved. Her husband, Archdeacon Stephen Hobbs, late of Mauritius, was a missionary of the C.M.S. in Tinnevelly, from 1839 to 1856; and these sketches were taken in 1844. That was before the days of photography; but few photographs could surpass the delicacy of the drawings.

1. In the first picture we have a most life-like representation of the face of a Tamil Christian, an Inspecting Catechist in the Sattankulam district, named Jacob. Mrs. Hobbs writes that he was "a superior and excellent man."

2. The small landscape takes us to the southernmost point of India. Elanjenny is resorted to by the missionaries, for its refreshing and health-restoring sea-breezes, during the height of the hot season. The bungalows they occupy, shown in the picture, are, writes Mrs. Hobbs, "very rough, but very snug, with mud walls and olei (palmyra leaf) roofs; and sometimes a partition of coarse calico or matting divides the interior into two rooms." In this view we see the tall, straight, stiff, palmyra-trees, which fill such an important place in Tinnevelly life. It is the only vegetation the sandy plains will support. While all around is parched and arid, this tree strikes its root forty feet below the surface, gathers up the moisture, and daily gives forth quantities of sap, which, collected in small vessels and manufactured into sugar, forms the chief subsistence of the rural population, besides being largely used by builders to mix with their *chunam* (mortar). The *olei*, or leaf of the palmyra, roofs the houses, or, cut into strips, serves as paper for writing on with iron pens; its fibres provide the people with string; its trunk with timber for laths and rafters; while its root, scooped out, and with a dried sheep-skin stretched over it, becomes the drum in universal use at festivals, &c. The larger portion of the Native Christians of Tinnevelly belong to the palmyra-climbing, or Shanar caste.

3. The larger view shows us one of the most interesting of the Tinnevelly stations. Paneivilei was for twenty years the scene of the faithful labours of the late Rev. J. T. Tucker, during which time he baptized no less than two thousand men, women, and children, with his own hands. No English missionary now lives at Paneivilei. The district belongs to the Native Church, under Bishop Sargent's general supervision.

4. Of the little girl who is so plainly pointing out Tinnevelly on the Map of India, Mrs. Hobbs writes:—

Jesuadyal (servant of Jesus)

was one of the most promising girls in our Sattankulam School. Her father was a palmyra climber, and, during six months of the year, had to climb many trees, from forty to seventy feet high, twice a day, in order to take the juice which oozes out of the stalks from which the fruit has been cut off. This juice is sweet and nutritious, and, together with rice, Jesuadyal and her parents subsisted almost entirely upon it, either in natural state, or made into jaggery—in Tamil *karapoo-cutdi* (black lump). The women boil down large quantities of the *puthaneer* (juice) into jaggery and sugar candy for sale. You see, Jesuadyal's parents worked hard

do not think they knew how to read, but they were Christians and, unlike their heathen neighbours, who thought that "learning was not for girls" they were very glad when told them that Jesuadyal, being nearly six years old, might come to our infant school. I think the dear child was very good, for she always had a bright, happy face. She was one of the merriest on the playground and always near the top of the class in the schoolroom. I believe there are few little English children who have a better knowledge of Scripture than she had, and her memory well stored with beautiful tales and hymns. She soon learned to read, and to write, first on sand and then on olei (palm leaves), which were in those days the general substitute for paper. These leaves are about three feet long, fan-shaped, thick and tough. The Indians write on them with an iron style called a "yellow nail" (writing-nail). Oleis are used for thatching, making boxes, mats, and other purposes.

Jesuadyal made such rapid progress that she was soon promoted to the upper school, at the time the portrait was taken, was in the first class, which is shown by her being allowed to learn geography.

She is pointing to her Tinnevelly home. We were very hopeful that dear girl would have grown up to be a useful Christian woman, a true "servant of Jesus," but, "His thoughts are not our thoughts." Soon after we left India, in 1852, it pleased Him to call away His "little one" after a short illness of cholera. This was sad news for us, but those who were with her told us that "she died trusting in Jesus," so we can rejoice to know that she is happy with Him.

5. Mrs. Hobbs also sends an account of the little girl writing on sand:—

Pakkiam (Pearl) is a favourite name with Tamil Christians, and an appropriate one to the gentle little girl in the portrait. Perhaps you be puzzled to know what she is doing. She is learning to read; yes, to write at the same time. Those queer-looking characters to which her finger is pointing are her morning lesson—“doo” (sheep), “Mahdoo” (a &c.)—and then comes her name “Pakkiam.” Tamil children want neither books nor slates, only a little sand, for their writing lessons. And “why,” you may ask, as some of the little friends have done, “they get the sand, and how do they use it for writing?” I suppose it was seeing it scattered around them, that made the people think of turning it to account in this way. The soil of Tinnevelly is sandy; there are large plains with, here



TINNEVELLY SKETCHES: JACOB, AN INSPECTING CATECHIST.



TINNEVELLY SKETCHES: ELANJENNY, NEAR CAPE COMORIN.



TINNEVELLY SKETCHES: PANEIVILEI MISSION STATION.

there, hills of sand which rolls along like ripples on the sea, with every gentle breeze. Sometimes clouds of sand, raised by a high wind, will cast a reddish hue over the sky, and the atmosphere will soon become dense as in a London fog. Our children have only to go outside the schoolroom door and bring in their hands full of sand, which they put in heaps, in a row on the mud floor, and, seating themselves cross-legged behind it, spread it out with their hands. Then one child well up with the lesson spells each word, intoning in the Tamil fashion, while she writes it with her forefinger on the sand: the rest imitate her, all the little voices and fingers keeping time and time together until the lesson is learnt.

You will be glad to know that little Pakkiam was not only diligent in her lessons, but was early taught to know and love her Saviour. I have not seen her since she was the tiny child in the portrait a great many years ago, but her kind teacher afterwards told me that "she was one of four little girls who often went by themselves to pray." If still living, I hope she is in some way useful to her fellow-countrywomen.

In my box of Indian treasures there is a small sampler, on which is marked in red the words, which I now give you as her request on behalf of herself and those she loves, "Pray for us.—Pakkiam."

The Tinnevelly Mission has wonderfully grown since Mrs. Hobbs took these sketches in 1844. There were then *ten* European missionaries; there are now only *five*. Is that progress? asks some reader. Certainly; for as the Native Church advances, fewer Englishmen are needed. There was then *one* Native clergyman; there are now *fifty-eight*. There were then 338 Native lay teachers; there are now 630, besides a large number of voluntary helpers. There were then about 16,000 Christian adherents, of whom 1,800 were communicants; they now number over 50,000, and 8,000 are communicants. These figures refer only to the C.M.S. districts. The S.P.G. has nearly as many adherents, and 31 pastors.



TINNEVELLY SKETCHES: PAKKIAM'S WRITING LESSON.



TINNEVELLY SKETCHES: JESUADYAL'S GEOGRAPHY LESSON.

## FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL MEMORIAL CHURCH MISSIONARY FUND.



THE Church Missionary Society had no more true-hearted friend than the devoted and accomplished lady whose stirring words have this year occupied the first column in our monthly numbers, and who has so lately been taken from our midst. The missionary cause lay very near to her heart. Most appropriately, therefore, are her sorrowing yet rejoicing friends inviting contributions to a Fund in her memory, to be employed in missionary work. The money is to be handed to the Church Missionary Society "to expend in the training and employment of Native Bible Women, and in the translation and circulation in India (and, should the Fund allow, other Mission fields) of suitable and selected portions of Miss Havergal's works."

Among the chief promoters of this Fund is the Rev. Charles Bullock, through the medium of his admirable periodicals, *Home Words*, *Hand and Heart*, the *Fireside*, and the *Day of Days*, and it is a happy coincidence that publications holding so honourable a position in what we may term *home mission* literature, should thus be engaged in aiding to provide *foreign mission* literature. It will indeed be a happy day when books such as Frances Havergal's, translated into the various languages of India by Natives able to stamp an Oriental style on the translations, are read and valued in the zenanas by Indian Christian women.

In the meanwhile we have to *make the readers*; and to effect this, there can be no more effective plan, under God, than vigorously to ply the other oar of the Fund, so to speak, and send forth Native Christian Bible-women throughout the length and breadth of India. Mrs. Elmslie has told us in the *GLEANER* how valuable these agents are. Mrs. Weitbrecht writes:—

"I could tell how after passing through most harrowing ordeals, even seas of sorrow, at the time of their own conversion, when all had to be forsaken for Jesus' sake, they were carrying rays of sunshine into dark dwellings by reading that Word whose entrance gives light, and shedding radiance around them by their own bright lives. At Madras, Calcutta, Lahore, Bombay, to say nothing of intermediate places, it was my happy privilege to hold converse with them, hear their stories from their own lips, and listen to their earnest words. One very young woman I can never forget, for she kept more than a dozen village women entranced as she spoke lovingly to them of their deep need of Jesus."

And Mr. Lash, of Tinnevelly, in a report which has come to hand while we write, gives a deeply interesting account of one Bible-woman, which we must extract at once:—

Bible-women are becoming of increasing importance as an agency for influencing the women of this country. The desire for information and education has grown to such an extent that in most of the large towns and villages they would be eagerly welcomed by the inhabitants. . . .

M—— is not a widow, but the wife of one of our native clergymen. Her husband had to spend some months in Palmacottah last year while preparing for Holy Orders, and M—— came to me and asked permission to attend the Sarah Tucker Institution as a day scholar and be trained to be a schoolmistress or Bible-woman. I gladly granted her request, though as she would be obliged to bring her little son with her, and walk nearly a mile daily from her house to the Institution, I feared her attendance would not be very regular. In this respect, however, I was agreeably disappointed. Day after day I found her punctual in her attendance at class, with her bright baby boy, as good as gold, sitting by her side, playing at her feet, or falling asleep on her knees. When the latter happened, she would carry him gently out and lay him to rest in one of the adjacent dormitories. I was much pleased with her strict attention to all the lessons, and the quick intelligence shown in many of her answers to questions. She made rapid progress, and when it came to her turn to practise as a teacher, we all observed that she had natural talent for teaching. She was always present at my Bible-classes, and filled her journal with notes of lessons. In December last, after the ordination of her husband, she appeared for the Government Certificate Examination, and passed in the first class.

She has now been working as a Bible-woman in Ambasamudram, where her husband is stationed, for the last three months, and is in such request that she finds it impossible to visit all the houses to which she is invited.

I find that in the three first months of the year M—— paid 160 visits

to houses, and instructed a total of 523 women and 98 children. A few extracts from her daily journal will throw a little light upon her arduous work:—

"Jan. 10th, 1879.—Told three Brahmin women about Christ on the Cross, praying for His murderers, and taught them that they also should not return evil for evil, but should follow the example of Jesus by doing good to their enemies."

"21st.—Read Luke 21st to four women and spoke to them about the poor widow who cast two mites into the treasury. Showed how that Christ was his true treasure and only hope."

"27th.—Eleven women assembled in T.'s house. I read the 25th chapter of Matthew, about the Ten Virgins, and told them that Christ was the Heavenly Bridegroom, and spoke of the necessity for us to be ready when the Lord should come. Showed them that Christ had revealed the true religion to us. To this they replied, 'Who knows the way to heaven?' So I turned to John xiv. 6, and showed them that Jesus is the Way. They listened attentively."

"28th.—Read the 15th chapter Luke to seven women and two children, and showed them that as the prodigal reflected on his sins and returned to his father and found mercy, so if we feeling our sins seek our Heavenly Father through Jesus Christ, He will remember our sins no more, but will forgive them. They all listened eagerly."

"29th.—Read to seven women, Mark v. 1—20, and spoke to them of the wickedness and malice of Satan. I told them that Satan was always trying to ruin man, and therefore we should give our hearts to Christ, for He alone can deliver us from the devil and the power of sin. Showed them that Christ is more powerful than Satan, and spoke to them of His power and mercy. They said to one another, 'He had great power, had He not? to heal such a man.'

"27th.—In order to show what good women should be like, I read to five women in V.'s house the account of a wise woman in Prov. xxxi. Showed them that her fear of the Lord was the motive power of all her good works. And then I passed on to show that our God is the true God. They were very much pleased, and said, 'This is the book to teach us good knowledge.'"

To provide such agents as these will be a boon to India indeed.

We may here mention, and heartily recommend, a pretty little book just issued by Mr. Bullock in *memoriam* of Miss Havergal, entitled, *Within the Palace Gates*. From it we take the following:—

"Frances Ridley Havergal from her earliest years took the deepest interest in the God-commanded work of Missions. At one time 'she had very real thoughts of becoming a missionary herself; but her health forbade it.' So lately as April last, she said on one occasion, 'If I were strong I must and would go, even now, to India.' Last July she sent almost all her jewels to the Church Missionary Society. When reminded of the pleasure of leaving them to others, she replied, 'No, my King wants them, and they must go; delightful to have anything to give His King. I can't go to India, but I can help to send some one.'

"It may be the offering of 'jewellery' is not the sacrifice required from many for the King; but it is felt that some offering of a grateful heart will be prompted in the case of thousands who will feel it a high privilege to be thus far associated in spirit with one of the noblest and truest-hearted and most loyal of His servants."

## EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The early date of printing the *GLEANER* prevented our giving last month the welcome news that a telegram had been received at Alexandria from Colonel Gordon stating that he had received letters from the C.M.S. Nile party dated February, from Mruli, seven days' march from Mtesa capital, all well. They had met Wilson and Mackay; and the king was ready to receive them.

The Rev. A. E. Moule, of Hang-chow, arrived in England last month. A second edition of his interesting book, *The Story of the Che-kiang Mission*, is now ready.

Interesting letters have been received from Mpwapwa. Mr. Last sends a detailed account of the various tribes between that place and the Zanzibar coast, and Dr. Baxter, a journal of a recent tour in Uganda. They are everywhere kindly received, and regard the whole country as a field white unto the harvest. The Rev. J. C. Price and Mr. H. C. Streeter sailed July 31st, *via* the Cape, to join them.

The Rev. A. Menzies, who arrived at Frere Town on June 1st, writes:—"On the 6th I met the communicants' class. It was like meeting old friends on the West Coast. I felt as though I had been suddenly dropped down in the midst of my old class at Christ Church, Sierra Leone. We had a delightful time together, and again on Sunday, when I administered the Lord's Supper to thirty-three persons. I was greatly pleased with the day-school. It presents very much that is full of promise. There is a prospect of a good harvest of rice and other fruits, for which Mr. Streeter is very thankful. The air is delightfully cool and pleasant."

In April last the Rev. H. Maundrell, of Nagasaki, Japan, visited Kagoshima, an important city 150 miles off, where Stephen Koba, one of his native Christians, had been preaching the Gospel. He found a little company of converts already gathered in, and baptized twenty persons.

## THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

OCTOBER, 1879.

*All the pictures in this number of the GLEANER, and the greater part of the letterpress, are illustrative of the new Missionary Diocese of Travancore and Cochin, for which our missionary brother the Rev. J. M. Speechley was consecrated the first Bishop on July 25th.*

## TRAVANCORE: THE LAND, THE PEOPLE, AND THE MISSION.

HE kingdoms of Travancore and Cochin, at the southern end of the Malabar or western coast of India, are separated from Tinnevelly by the Western Ghauts. No two contiguous regions present greater contrasts than may be seen from those mountains in the two opposite directions. While Tinnevelly is a flat and uninteresting plain, with a sandy soil and dry climate, Travancore boasts of some of the most beautiful and diversified scenery in the world, and is emphatically "a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills," "and that drinketh water of the rain of heaven." The line of coast is generally flat, and fringed with multitudes of cocoa-nut trees, which may be regarded as the characteristic tree of Travancore, like the palmyra of Tinnevelly. A remarkable series of backwaters or lagoons extends for nearly 200 miles parallel to the sea, separated from it only by a strip of land varying from a few yards to some miles in width; and almost the whole traffic of the country is carried on by means of boats on this convenient water-way. Bordering on these lagoons stretch vast paddy-fields, which are overflowed in the rainy season. Behind these rise the lower spurs and slopes of the hills, intersected by picturesque valleys filled with tropical vegetation; and beyond them come the mountains themselves, clothed with magnificent forests, and rising here and there to a height of 7,000 feet. The average breadth of the country is but forty miles from the sea to the watershed, nearly half consisting of broken mountain country.

The kingdom of Travancore itself extends about 170 miles northward from Cape Comorin, and comprises an area of 6,730 square miles, with a population of 2,908,891. The smaller kingdom of Cochin, immediately to the north, embraces an area of 1,180 square miles, with a population of 601,114.

Travancore and Cochin are two of the semi-independent protected states of India. The Rajahs of both kingdoms took the side of the English in the wars with Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sahib at the close of last century, and were accordingly confirmed in their thrones. Indeed, the war of 1790 originated in an attack by Tippoo upon Travancore. The present Maharajah of Travancore and his family have shown an enlightened spirit in many ways, and a desire to improve the condition of the people and promote Western refinement. A census of the kingdom taken three or four years ago was the first ever made by an Indian Native Government; and a report of the results—a volume of 330 pages—which has been published in English, gives much valuable information respecting the country and people.

This census has brought to light a fact which makes Travancore unlike every other part of India, viz., that the "Native Christians" (i.e., as statistically reckoned) are one-fifth of the whole population. This is mainly owing to the existence on this coast of the ancient "Syrian Church of Malabar," as it is commonly called. The exact figures are—Hindus, 1,700,817; Mohammedans, 139,905; Jews, 151; Native Christians, 466,874; European and Eurasian Christians, 1,644. The Native Chris-

tians comprise 299,770 Syrians, 109,820 Romanists, and 61,284 Protestants. In Cochin the proportion is still larger, the number of "Christians" being returned as 140,262. These are not subdivided, but it is believed that 40,000 are Syrians, 1,000 Protestants, and the rest Romanists. Both in Travancore and Cochin at least one-half of the Romanists are probably descendants of the Syrian Church.

In another respect Travancore has a pre-eminence in India. Nowhere else is the caste system so elaborate. In a Hindu population less than that of the West Riding of Yorkshire the census enumerates 420 distinct castes. And although it is stated that the differences between some of these are minute, a list is given of seventy-five, "which," says the compiler of the Census Report, "can be broadly distinguished from each other, and which serve to show the different strata in the formation of Hindu society." And nowhere else is the tyrannical power of caste more manifest. It is, indeed, now gradually yielding to the potent influences at work against it, but it has still immense power.

The Nairs, a branch of the Sudras, form the most important section of the population. They comprise the landed gentry and almost the whole class of Government officials, civil and military. None of them engage in trade. The Chogans are the most numerous of the castes. Most of them are "toddy-climbers," climbing the cocoa-nut tree as the Shanar of Tinnevelly does the palmyra. They are an industrious people, and some of them are influential. While low in the social scale as compared with Brahmins and Nairs, they in their turn are reckoned far above the out-caste slave population. These distinctions are enforced by a rigorous system of distances to be observed by lower castes in approaching higher. Thus, a Nair may approach but not touch a Brahmin; a Chogan must keep thirty-six steps from a Brahmin, and twelve from a Nair; a Pulayan, one of the slave communities, must keep ninety-six steps from a Brahmin or Nair, and must not even approach a Chogan. Even a Pulayan is defiled if he is touched by a Pariah. And besides all these there are the wild jungle and hill-tribes.

The most interesting section of the population, however, and that which led to the establishment of the Travancore Mission, is the SYRIAN CHURCH OF MALABAR, or, as its members call themselves, Christians of St. Thomas. The origin of this Church is not certainly known. It claims to have sprung from the preaching of the Apostle Thomas himself; and some of the best authorities are of opinion that this tradition may be accepted, though others doubt it. Colonel Yule, the translator of *Marco Polo*, thinks it is "so old that it probably is in its simple form true." Certainly the Church is very ancient. Pantænus of Alexandria undertook a journey to visit it in the second century. At the Council of Nice, A.D. 325, a bishop named John signed the decrees as Metropolitan of Persia and "Great India." Alfred the Great sent an embassy to the shrine of St. Thomas in India. A Syriac MS. of the Bible, brought from Cochin, and now in the University Library at Cambridge, which Canon Westcott says is the only complete ancient MS. of the Syriac Bible in Europe (except one at Milan), probably dates from the eighth century. It has been generally believed that the Malabar Church in the Middle Ages was Nestorian; but some now think it was always, as it has been for the last 200 years, connected with the Jacobite Patriarch of Antioch.

When Vasco de Gama, the great Portuguese navigator, reached India by sea round the Cape in 1498, he was received with open arms by the Christians of Malabar; but the connection with

Portugal brought sad trouble upon them. Just a century later the Church, which had successfully resisted the persuasions of the Jesuits, became subject to the jurisdiction of the Pope; the work of subjugation being effected, partly by force and partly by fraud, by Alexius Menezes, Archbishop of Goa. All the married priests were deposed; the doctrine of transubstantiation and the worship of the Virgin were enforced; the Inquisition was established; and in 1654 a Metropolitan sent from Antioch was burnt alive at Goa as a heretic. In 1661, however, the ports of Quilon and Cochin were captured by the Dutch, who expelled all the Romish priests, and thus made way for another Syrian Metropolitan, who arrived from Antioch in 1665, and was welcomed as a liberator by the majority of the Christians. The Malabar Church has from that time been free from Papal domination, but has acknowledged the supremacy of the Jacobite Patriarch. Many, however, remained in connection with the Church of Rome, and became the progenitors of the numerous body of Romanists now in the country.

When Travancore and Cochin came under British protection in 1795, the Syrian Church began to attract attention, and in 1806 Dr. Claudius Buchanan was sent by Lord Wellesley to visit it. It was he who discovered the MS. already mentioned. His speeches and sermons in England—particularly his speech at the C.M.S. anniversary in 1809—and his published *Christian Researches*, awakened among Christian people a strong desire to enter into friendly relations with an ancient Church which seemed to offer a promising base for the extension of Christianity in India; and a few years afterwards, an invitation from the British Resident in Travancore, Colonel Munro, who took a great interest in the Syrians, and had befriended them in many ways, led to the establishment of the C.M.S. Travancore Mission in 1816.

The object of the Mission was expressly to benefit the Syrian Church—not to interfere with its liberty to "ordain rites and ceremonies," but to encourage and aid it to reform itself—"not to pull down the ancient Church and build another, but to remove the rubbish and repair the decaying places." For though free from some of the grosser errors of Rome, it was overlaid with most of the corruptions of doctrine and practice common to the Oriental Churches; and its lack of spiritual life was evidenced by the total absence of any effort to evangelise the surrounding heathen. It was proposed to undertake the training of youths for holy orders in a college which Colonel Munro had induced the Native Government to endow; to translate the Bible—which the Church only possessed in Syriac—into Malayalam, the vernacular of the country; and generally to influence clergy and people in favour of purer doctrine and simpler worship. The missionaries entrusted with this noble task were Benjamin Bailey, Joseph Fenn, and Henry Baker.

At first all went well. The missionaries were cordially received by the Syrians, and during the life-time of two successive Metrans (bishops), their educational and translational work went

on prosperously, and there seemed good hope of a gradual reform. But after the death of the second in 1830, his successor headed a reactionary movement; in 1835, notwithstanding the friendly efforts of Bishop Wilson, it had become clear that the effort to resuscitate the decayed Church, and raise her up as a witness for Christ on the Malabar coast, had failed; and in 1837, when not a single Syrian catanar (priest) had abandoned superstitious practices, although half of them had passed through the College, the Society determined to change its policy, and to sever its connection with the Syrian Church.

From that time the Mission has prospered. The separation, so far from causing ill-feeling, resulted ultimately in more friendly intercourse. Some thousands of Syrians have joined the C.M.S. Protestant congregations, without forfeiting the regard of their fellows. Eighteen Syrians have received Anglican orders, but are still frequently invited to preach in the Syrian churches, as also are the English missionaries. In the Society's Cottayam

College, founded after the separation, Syrian youths study for the Madras University. In the Mission Schools the children of Syrian boys and girls, are educated in large numbers. Meanwhile, an important reforming movement sprang up a few years ago in the Syrian Church itself. In a few churches a revised Liturgy, translated into Malayalam, is now issued; the Lord's Day better observed in many places; Sunday-schools, Bible-classes, and prayer-meetings have been introduced, C.M.S. catechists being sometimes asked to conduct them; and there is a large and increasing sale of Bibles and Testaments. The reform party, however, are but a minority; and they lost a good friend by the death of the Metran, Metropolitan Athanasius, in 1877. There are now several rival Metrans, and discord prevails in the Syrian Church.

But the efforts of the Society in Travancore have by no means been confined to the Syrians. Of the 20,000 Christians now composing its congregations, two-thirds are converts from heathenism. The greater number have been drawn from the Chogans and the Pulayars slaves; but Brahmins and Nairs have



THE RIGHT REV. J. M. SPEECHLEY,  
First Bishop of Travancore and Cochin.

furnished their quota, and some 2,000 belong to the Arrians, a Kolarian hill-tribe found in the recesses of the Ghauts. Few episodes in missionary history are more interesting than those of Mr. H. Baker junior's work among the Arrians [see GLEANER of June last] and Mr. Hawksworth's among the slaves. Nor must we omit to mention the name of Joseph Peet, who for many years a very prominent figure in the Travancore Mission, and to whom in particular it pleased God to give some remarkable Brahmin converts.

Considerable advance has been made in Native Church organisation, the District Councils and the Provincial Councils being in full operation. In progress by accessions from without, Travancore for some time held the first place in all the Society's Missions, though it was distanced last year by Tennevally. The adult baptisms in the three years 1875, 1876, 1877, were 702, 429, 641. They would probably have been considerably more but for the unhappy schism which has troub-



LOW CASTE WOMAN WEAVING A GRASS MAT.



MARANA, A CASTE OF MUSICIANS.

PICTURES FROM TRICHUR, COCHIN.



BRAHMIN YOGI ENGAGED IN MEDITATION.

the Church. The religious revival of 1878 took place both among the Syrians and the C.M.S. congregations. It promised to have a wide-spread and blessed influence, and undoubtedly much good has actually resulted from it. But great extravagances ensued; some who professed to be prophets proclaimed the Second Advent of our Lord in six years' time; a sect called the Six-years' Party was formed, which was joined by 5,000 Syrians and 800 Protestants; and, to the deep distress of the Church, one of the ablest of the C.M.S. clergy, a Brahmin convert of Mr. Peet's, fell into the snare, and became the leader of the move-

ment. The party has been much discredited by the failure of some shorter predictions, and is now rapidly losing ground; but it has been a master-stroke of the great adversary.

The sixty-one thousand Protestants returned in the census before mentioned include not only the C.M.S. congregations, but also those connected with the London Missionary Society in the southern part of the kingdom. The population there is not Malayalam, but Tamil, and some 40,000 have embraced Christianity. Trevandrum itself, the capital of the kingdom, is occupied by that Society.

THE Masters and Students of Oundle School, Northamptonshire, have offered two Scholarships of the value of Rs. 5 per month for competition in the C.M.S. College, Cottayam, Travancore. Bishop Speechly, and the Rev. J. H. Bishop, B.A., late Principal of the Cottayam College, were *alumni* of this School. The Rev. H. St. John Reade, M.A., is the present Head Master.

The Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Bishop are anxious, on their return to India, to establish a Girls' Training School on the plan of the Sarah Tucker Institution in Tinnevelly, to be called the Buchanan Institution.



TRAVANCORE: MAVELICARA CHURCH.

## CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

### Of the C.M.S. Travancore and Cochin Mission.

1795. The kingdoms of Travancore and Cochin taken under British protection.

1806. Dr. Claudius Buchanan sent by Lord Wellesley to inquire into the condition of the Syrian Church.

1809. Dr. Buchanan, by sermons and speeches in England, awakened public interest in Travancore.

1813. Colonel Munro, British Resident in Travancore, established a College for the Syrian Church.

1814. Colonel Munro invited the C.M.S. to Travancore.

1816. Rev. T. Norton, first Missionary to Travancore, arrived at Allepie, May 8th.

Rev. B. Bailey, second ditto, arrived November 19th.

1817. Bailey established the station at Cottayam.

1818. Revs. Henry Baker and Joseph Fenn joined the Mission.

1818—1835. The Missionaries worked in connection with the Syrian Church, promoting its reform and the education of its people, and translating the Bible, Prayer-book, &c.

During the same period, Missionary work among the heathen carried on by the Rev. T. Norton at Allepie, and the Rev. S. Ridsdale at Cochin. Communicants in 1835, about 150.

1824. Bailey set up a printing press, and printed the Scriptures with Malayalam types made by himself.

1825. The arrival of a new Bishop sent from Syria caused confusion in the Church. The Native Government expelled him from the country; but soon after, a new Native Metropolitan, hostile to reform, succeeded to power, and the Missionaries found great difficulty in carrying on their work.

1833. Rev. Joseph Peet joined the Mission.

1835. Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, visited Travancore, and recommended reforms to the Syrian Metropolitan.

1836. The Synod of the Syrian Church rejected the proposals for reform.

1837. Under the advice of Bishop Corrie of Madras, the Missionaries separated from the Syrian Church, and founded a new College at Cottayam.

1838. Peet began the Mission at Mavelicara.

1839. The first stone laid of Cottayam Mission Church, November 21st.

1840. Rev. J. Hawksworth joined the Mission.

Rev. J. Chapman Principal of Cottayam College.

1841. Trichur Station established by Rev. H. Harley.

Bishop Spencer confirmed about 400 converts at his Primary Visitation.

1842. Cottayam Church, built by Mr. Bailey, opened July 19th.

1843. Rev. Henry Baker, jun., joined the Mission.

1844. George Matthan ordained by Bishop Spencer, June 2nd, the first Native in Anglican orders.

1845. Peet's Church at Mavelicara opened, built chiefly with a legacy from Hannah More.

Mavelicara Station established by H. Baker, jun.

1847. Jacob Chandy, second Native clergyman, ordained.

1848. H. Baker, jun., began the Mission to the Hill Arrians.

1849. Tiruwella Station opened.

1850. Rev. J. G. Bentler joined the Mission.

Number of baptized converts 3,364.

Movement among the slave population in favour of Christianity.

B. Bailey retired, after 34 years' service.

1851. Mundakayam Christian Arrian settlement founded.

1852. First Arrian baptisms, January 15th.

1854. Kunnankulam Station established by Rev. J. G. Bentler.

Rev. R. Collins Principal of Cottayam College.

Mar Athanasius, a former C.M.S. student at Madras, became Metran of the Syrian Church.

First slave converts baptized by Hawksworth, September 8th. Bitter persecution followed.

Adherents, 5,550; Communicants, 1,870.

1855. Mundakayam became a regular station.

Slavery "virtually abolished" by the Travancore Government.

Rev. H. Andrews joined the Mission.

1856. Koshi Koshi, Jacob Tharien, Oomen Mamen, and George Curean ordained.

1859—1861. F. N. Maltby, Esq., British Resident in Travancore, gave the Mission much sympathy and aid.

1859. Cambridge Nicholson Institution, for training Native clergy and school-masters, opened by Hawksworth.

First Confirmation of Arrians at Mundakayam by Bishop Deatly. 178 confirmed. At this time 800 Arrian converts.

In this year, 117,300 copies of books, &c., issued from the Cottayam Press.

1860. Rev. J. M. Speechly joined the Mission.

K. Kiruwella ordained.

1861. Adherents, 7,900; Communicants, 1,720.

Remarkable conversion of a Brahmin family of ten persons at Mavelicara.

1862. November. Bishop Gell confirmed 1,010 persons.

1863. January. Hawksworth died.

Mr. Peet, reviewing thirty years' work, reported in the Mavelicara District eleven congregations, seven stone churches, 2,323 baptized Christians, 100 Catechumens.

Rev. R. H. Maddox joined the Mission.

1864. Mr. Speechly Principal of the Cambridge Nicholson Institution.

1865. Peet died at Mavelicara, August 11th, after 32 years' service.

1866. H. Baker, sen., died at Cottayam, July 22nd, after 48 years' service.

1867. Revs. J. H. Bishop and F. Bower joined the Mission. Mr. Bishop Principal of Cottayam College.

1868. Adherents, 12,732; Communicants, 3,174. Villages containing Christians, 100; Native Clergy, 14; Native Teachers, 175; Scholars, 3,220. Church Contributions, Rs. 1,987.

1869. Native Pastorate organisation began. Twelve Pastorates formed. First Meeting of Church Council, September 22nd. Hopeful prospect of reform in the Syrian Church, under Mar Athanasius.

1870. Rev. G. Matthan, senior Native clergyman died, March 4th, after years' ministerial labours.

1871. Revs. J. Caley and W. J. Richards joined the Mission.

1872. Adherents, 15,165; Communicants, 3,417.

Great progress of reforming movement in the Syrian Church.

1873. Remarkable religious awakening both in the Syrian and Protestant congregations, through the preaching of Peet's Brahmin converts.

1875. January. H. Baker baptized 593 catechumens in a few days, in Cottayam and Pallam Districts.

May. Commencement of the "six years" schism. Joined by Protestants, including the Rev. Justus Joseph (one of Peet's Brahmin converts), and 4,000 Syrians.

November. Bishop Gell confirmed 970 persons in H. Baker's districts.

1876. Rev. W. Smith, of Trichur, died.

1877. Mar Athanasius died, July 16th—a serious blow to the reform movement in the Syrian Church.

1878. Henry Baker, jun., died at Madras, after 35 years' service. Among Christians, 2,000.

Adherents, 19,931; Communicants, 4,930; Villages containing Christians, 254; Native Clergy, 17; Native Teachers, 225; Scholars, 4,600. Church Contributions, Rs. 5,067.

1879. July 25th. Rev. J. M. Speechly consecrated first Bishop of Travancore and Cochin.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN TRAVANCORE:

### As Conducted by the Students of the Cottayam College

BY THE REV. F. W. AINLEY.



E are early risers in India, and our first Sunday school meets soon after seven in the morning. Let me describe it to you.

An oblong room with two windows, both on the same side (no glass in them, but shutters to keep out the sun and rain), and two doors, one at each end, with walls glazed with chunam (a kind of lime), and for the rest, a sanded floor and a black-board on trestles. Nothing else, unless a little boy of nine or thereabouts (with very thin legs and arms, and very black all over, for he works all day in the hot sun, wearing scarcely any clothes and getting little to eat) comes in and sits cross-legged on the floor; then another, a year older or younger, enters and sits by his side, and so on, till a group of seven or eight sit in a line, smoothing the sand on the floor with the palms of their hands, to make it ready for their lesson in the alphabet.

At the other end of the room is a different group. There you may see, Sunday after Sunday, an old man, perhaps sixty years old, and his son, with three or four others, all of a low caste, who have got in their hard hands copies of the Gospel of Mark in the Malayalam language, and are learning a verse or two, chanting it in a monotone, until the two teachers who conduct this school arrive. They presently come in, fresh from their morning bath in the river, nicely dressed in white linen coat and trousers, looking ready for work. They are sons of some of our native clergy, and are being educated during the week for some profession, but are glad to work for Christ's sake on Sunday.

Then the school begins. They can't sing. Most of them can't read, but are able to understand a simple prayer, and join in the Lord's prayer very heartily. One of the teachers then takes a piece of chalk and writes on the black-board a letter of the alphabet in the Malayalam character, and the scholars try to trace the letter with the finger in the sand on the floor, repeating the letter aloud until it is learnt, and so at the same time learning to read and write. Meanwhile, the rest, who have already gone through all this, and are now able to read,

standing round their teacher and reading verse by verse a chapter of the Gospel. These are afterwards baptized and prepared for confirmation, and several have become regular communicants. This school goes on for about an hour, after which the children are given a good meal and dismissed.

This is our lowest school, but we go up higher. The country hereabouts is agricultural, with much jungle and wood, and scattered up and down for miles round are the huts of those who till their own bit of ground (growing plantains and cocoanuts, and sweet potatoes), or are employed on the rice fields of their richer neighbours. There has risen up in late years, even amongst the poorest, a desire for education, and strolling school-masters wander from place to place seeking employment. If they can gather together some twenty or thirty children in one place, they put up a rough shed for a school, and continue to teach there on the week-days as long as the children will come. All their teaching is secular, and nothing is done by them on Sunday. We take advantage of this, and paying the native schoolmaster a small sum monthly to get his scholars together, go out on Sunday to these schools and teach them the Word of God.

I well remember paying a visit to one of these schools in the jungle. Starting about half-past three in the afternoon, when the power of the sun was beginning to fail, we walked the first part of our way along the side of rice fields, the green blades springing up out of the water, giving promise of plenty in due time. Presently we came to a small canal, not very deep, but broad, and, there being no bridge or boat, were carried over on the shoulders of a native man-servant who was with us. This happened twice, and, after some scrambling through bushes and winding ways in the wood, we reached our school in a small clearing in the jungle. Here was the heathen teacher, with his head all shaven save one long lock of black hair growing from the top of his head, which was coiled (after the fashion of the country) into a large knob on his forehead; here, too, were his pupils—the boys belonging to the caste of smiths standing by themselves; those to the caste of woodmen by themselves; and the little girls, with brilliant black hair and eyes and very many rings (sometimes eight or ten) in their ears, forming another group. Perhaps a few of the fathers or mothers would come to hear what was to be said, and to those who could read tracts or leaflets would be given. We have many schools of this kind: one held in the verandah of a large shop in the market, another in an unoccupied house in the village, and others in the heart of the wood.

Besides all these, we have our ordinary Sunday School in the C.M.S. College, conducted much after the fashion of schools at home. All the masters are native Christians, and the scholars are natives too, their ages reaching from six to twenty-six. One of our most useful and clever mission agents, Mr. T. Matthai, teaches the largest class, taking one of the parables or historical events of the Bible, and, with the help of a picture, making its meaning understood by all.

In this school our highest class deserves notice. They meet in the College library, and all the teaching here is in English. Their teacher is at present taking a course of lessons in the Articles, and the boys show great interest in the work. I have often taken this class. Sitting at a table with my open Bible, with twenty intelligent-looking boys gathered round, all hoping in future time to make a mark in the world, we should read in the English Bible some chapter bearing on the particular subject of the afternoon, e.g., "Of the sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures for salvation." They would then give proofs from the Bible itself, showing that they had been carefully taught.

After the lesson is over all the different classes meet together to hear an address, after which a native lyric or hymn is sung, and they are dismissed with prayer.

## THE CHURCH AND THE PRESS.



OME good people have been much troubled of late years because "the Church"—meaning the Church of England—is not sufficiently appreciated by "the Press"—meaning the newspapers; and the matter has been solemnly discussed at certain great meetings. With this the GLEANER has nothing to do; and the "Church" and "Press" we now wish to introduce to our readers have never been suspected of mutual antagonism, but have dwelt together in unity for nearly forty years. The Church is Benjamin Bailey's church, and the Press is Benjamin Bailey's press.

Benjamin Bailey was one of our first missionaries in Travancore. He went out in 1816, and laboured most faithfully for thirty-four years. He founded the station at Cottayam, which has ever since been the centre of the Society's work. He began by clearing the jungle, building a house, planting a garden, and, as soon as he had mastered the language, translating the Bible. Then he wanted to begin printing his translations; but there was no press; and after waiting two or three years, he set to work and constructed a wooden one himself, which is still preserved, and is seen in the picture. But where was the type to print from? None of the Malayalam character existed, and when the Government foundry at Madras cast some for him, the letters were so badly formed as to be almost useless; so he determined to provide this want also with his own hands. He had never seen a type-foundry or its apparatus; but he obtained an old cyclopædia and a small book on printing, and, with the help of a common Native carpenter and two Native silversmiths, he set to work again; and so complete was his success, that the print was pronounced by the British Resident at the Maharajah's court to be "extremely beautiful and correct."

From that press and those types were produced, within a few years, complete editions of the Bible, the Prayer-book, and two Dictionaries, translated and compiled from beginning to end by Mr. Bailey alone, and printed under his superintendence. One of the most interesting conversions in the history of the Mission resulted from the reading of one of these Prayer-books by a Nair—one of the most influential castes in Travancore.

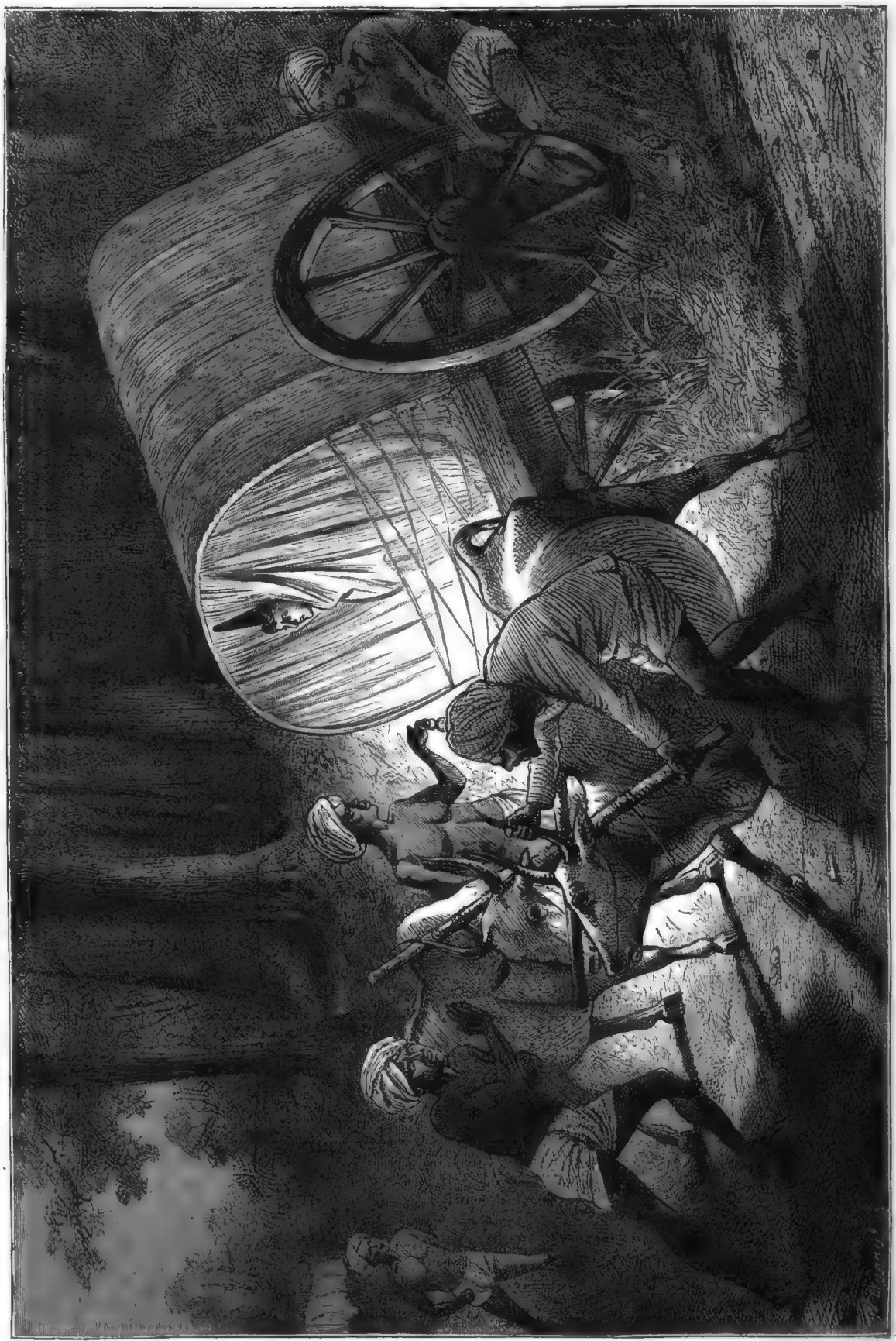
The Cottayam Press is now an important institution. It employs forty persons, and is quite self-supporting. It prints and binds for the Bible Society, the Maharajah's Government, the Travancore Public Works Department, &c.

After the separation of the Mission from the Syrian Church, Mr. Bailey threw himself into another work, the building of a church for the Protestant congregation. The first stone was laid November 21st, 1839, and "Christ Church," the building of which we give a picture, was dedicated to the service of God on July 19th, 1842. Soon afterwards Bishop Daniel Wilson, of Calcutta, visited Travancore, and spoke of this church as "the glory of Southern Indi"; but it has since been excelled by others in Tinnevelly. Within its walls most, if not all, of the Travancore ordinations have taken place, and several confirmations. On the last occasion, in November, 1875, the Bishop of Madras confirmed 551 candidates, and on the following Sunday ordained three Native presbyters and a deacon.

The Rev. W. J. Richards, who has sent us the photographs, thus writes:—

It is now forty years since the church was begun, as its founder states, "in reliance on the promises of God." It still remains a witness to the same. He sleeps with his fathers, after bequeathing to Malayali many valuable gifts. First, the priceless Word of God in the mother tongue; then the venerable and now heartily cherished liturgy of the Church of England; two dictionaries hitherto invaluable to the missionary; a book dépôt, a printing press, foundry for type, &c., &c., complete, and still in full work; and last, not least, this fine church.

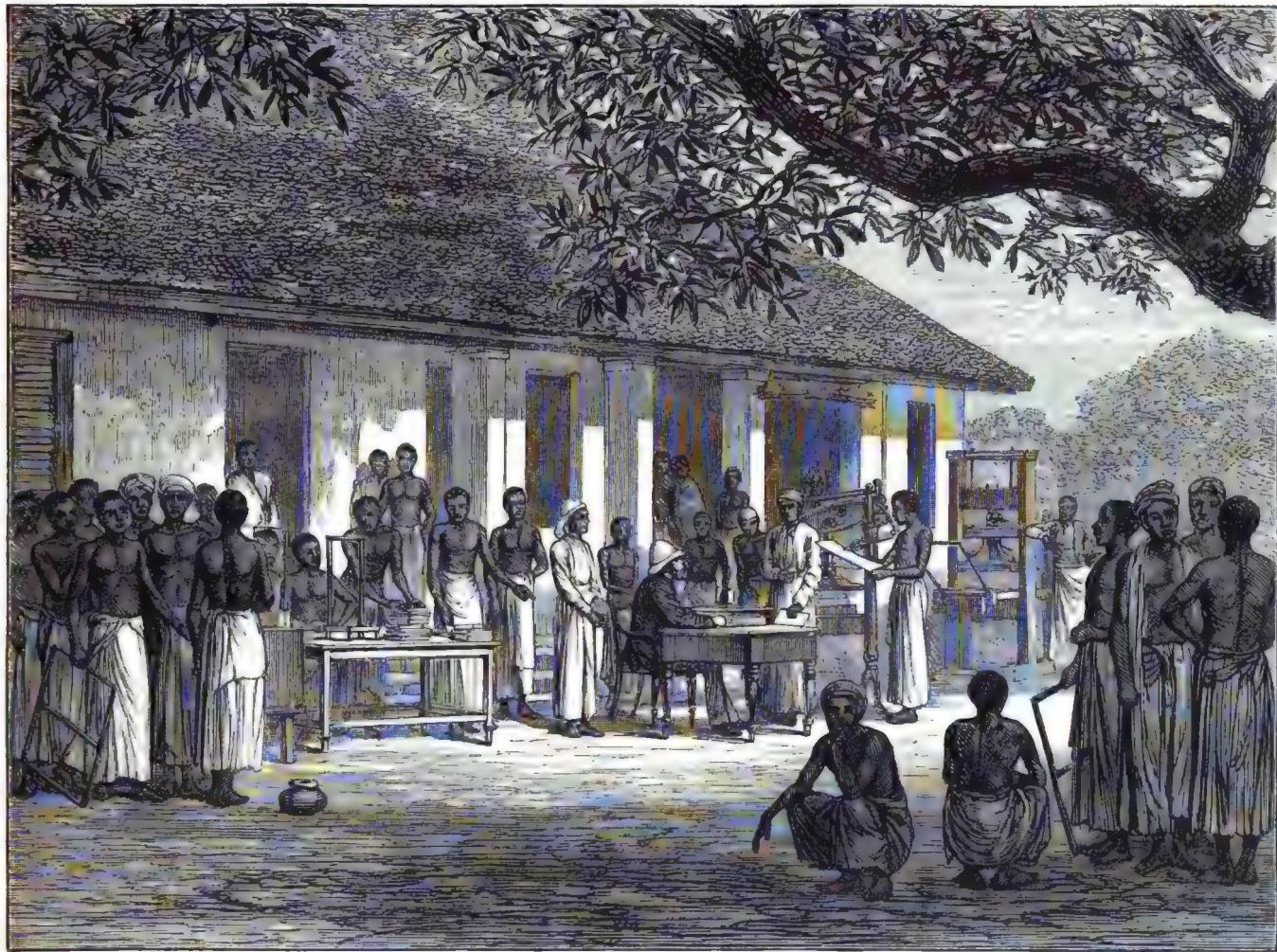
The church needs repair after forty years' brave defiance of Travancore monsoons. The chief engineer to the Travancore Government gives it as



TRAVANCORE : TRAVELLING BY BULLOCK RANDY.

his opinion that teak-wood roof is essential to stand the heavy rains on the south-west coast. This will cost not less than Re. 6,000. To raise this sum much help will be needed from the Church Missionary Society and from friends in England. The collections available in Cottayam from the church funds and offertories will reach to over Rs. 1,000. The Maharajah of Travancore, G.C.S.I., has graciously given Re. 500 towards repairs, and the British Resident in his court Rs. 100. [A rupee is about 1s. 7d.] Besides helping to continue the pure worship of God according to the service of the Reformed Church of England, contributors to the fund for the repair may rejoice that they are assisting to perpetuate the memory of what should never be forgotten—the valuable work of the late Rev. Benjamin Bailey, the first of the famous missionary trio of Cottayam—Bailey, Ferrier, and Baker.

\*\*\* In giving this picture (a French engraving) of King Mtesa and his chiefs in the Mtesa GLEANER, we did not know its original source. In M. Stanley's work, *The Dark Continent*, there is a picture from a photograph taken by him in Uganda, from which evidently the French engraving was adopted. We had not noticed this before. Some of our friends have doubted the authenticity of our picture, but it turns out to be quite correct.



COMPOSITORS.

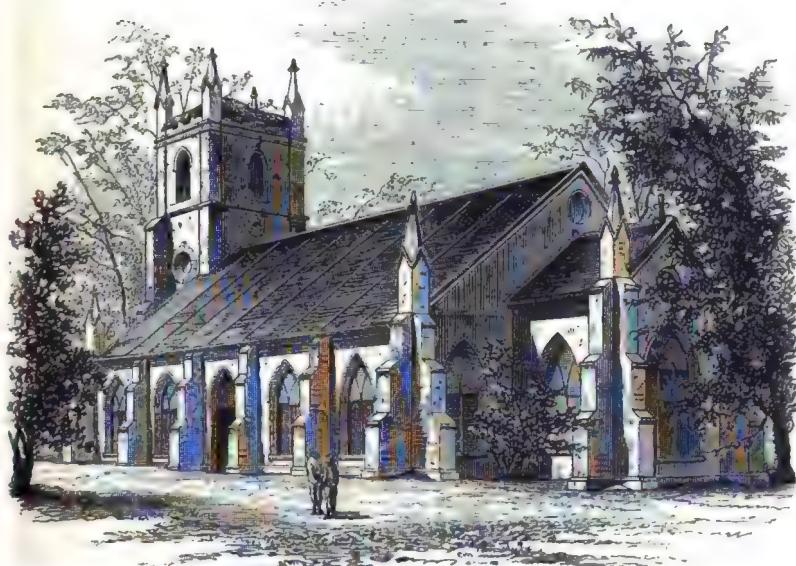
BOOKBINDERS.

WRITER.

PRESSMEN.

BAILEY'S OLD PRESS.

TRAVANCORE: THE MISSION PRESS AT COTTAYAM, FOUNDED BY THE REV. B. BAILEY.



TRAVANCORE: CHRIST CHURCH, COTTAYAM, BUILT BY THE REV. B. BAILEY.



THE LATE REV. B. BAILEY.

## EAST AFRICA.

A Catechist Murdered—The Gospel in the Murderer's Village—A Rough Journey Home.

Letter from Mr. J. R. Streeter.

FRERE TOWN, June 14th, 1879.



OW I think I must tell you of how I came to get fever. It is rather a sad story. Some time back one of our catechists—Samuel Isenberg, of Buni—heard about his relations in the neighbouring Wadigo country, from which he was taken when a boy; but being captured, was released and brought up in India. It was natural he should want to find them, and just the thing, under God's Providence, we trust, that many will do in time, and carry the good tidings to their own people. He asked leave to go, and being a good, trustworthy fellow, I provided him with cloth, &c., gave him a fortnight's holiday, expecting much from the trip, as it was just in the direction our Society are wishing to go to help form a chain of stations.

He started from Rabai on Monday, May 19th, with three companions. The next day one returned to say they had all been badly treated, and poor Samuel killed. It appears they had travelled all day, and were just nearing a village they thought of resting at for the night at Shembz Hill, when they came across a party of some forty men and women dancing and beating their "ngoma." They hailed them to stop, which they did, and the whole party came running up, and without any provocation they began to take their loads and bows and arrows, and while Samuel was asking the reason, a young drunkard came round him and hit him on the temple with his axe, which felled him to the ground. He then set on to the other man, who struggled with him and bolted. All being pursued, they got into the jungle and slept in trees that night, wild beasts roaring around them, for it is a terrible place, and the next day they got back to Rabai unknown to one another as best they could, one hit in the back with an axe, another with an arrow-head in his arm.

I put the case in the Wali's hands, as the people are nominally under the Sultan, but he could do nothing. Our people were very excited, and wanted to go and make war, and the Wanika, amongst whom poor Samuel worked, also wanted it, but that would never have done, and I did not want such a powerful tribe roused by the Suahili, or it would be good-bye to our ever getting in the country again. Two or three days went by, considering and parleying with the Wali, but at last I determined on waiting no longer, so I got George and Tom to say they would go on a mission of peace, and we started for Rabai.

I then got the Wanika elders to choose some of their men, and with load-bearers, &c., we started off, some twenty-five altogether, up hill and down dale, such hills and valleys as I never tramped before—across great boulders, under creepers, through a fetid, clammy air which made the sweat stream down one. How thankful we all were it did not rain! Then came long palavers at the village, then the elder led us on to the next elder—I wish I had time to describe a palaver—but on we went to the "big man," expecting to come to a great kyah or town where he would be; judge of our astonishment when as it was getting dark we came to the home of the great man of the De Kuma tribe (?), which consisted of two huts. Where were we to rest the night, and all our party? Here. Where? In that hut. Yes, he would give up one of his huts to the white man who was to be his honoured guest. I thought I would prefer sleeping in the open, so we made a big fire, cooked our goat, laid out a rug, elders were sent for, then began another palaver. 'Twas a strange sight by the firelight, and I was enjoying it much after the fatigues of the day, but presently patter, patter, down came the rain, and the chief's five wives and ten children had to turn into one hut, and we took possession of the other. Other men hunted about in the jungle, and found a little hut which took in half of them. Being near the enemy's country we were afraid to be much separated, so some kept watch all night, and after a short service we tried to compose ourselves to sleep, hopeless task as far as I was concerned. Stretched out on four crooked hurdle stakes—oh, my ribs!—with a smoky little fire, hut open at one end, five oily Wanika elders snoozing away at my feet, George and Tom at my side, and Luke and my faithful Mohamed at my head, and one watching over all; but I did not mind, was all the readier for early rising, and my cup of tea made in a little saucepan.

The next day was Sunday, so first of all we had a nice little service in our hut, with the elders Wanika and De Kuma (?). It was the first time some had heard the Word of God explained, and it was a treat to see some of them listen. Afterwards we got them to send off four men to find out what had become of poor Samuel, and invite the Shimbza elders over. Then we had service for our men, all the while it was raining tremendously; and it was grievous to see our poor fellows shivering and plodding in the mire. In fact I had turned out previously, and we had all hands out and put up a little shelter hut, but it was not much good; however, we made ourselves as happy as we could, and sang

and talked together. Towards noon it cleared a little, and we had a talk with the elders who gathered from different parts. My musical box, &c., proved very attractive—they took in everything: my sealskin cap they could not make out, and when George told them it was a fish's skin, they used a short word, and scarcely liked to believe it.

Monday was spent pretty much the same way—made the shelter house good, for rain was still coming down. At night the elders returned. The next morning they told the news, how they thought our people were at Shembza Hill, and the whole party were drunk—some of their young men having been admitted to the right of eldership that day; how they were so drunk they would send a party over to Rabai in three days to see what could be done; and they returned Samuel's gun, Bible, and part of his clothes all streaked with blood, saying how, when they found their master, and it was Mzungu's [white man's] man, they buried him decently on the spot. Poor Samuel! I think him the first real martyr for the Gospel on the East African coast. We do not for a moment think he has died in vain, and have no doubt good will come—nay, I believe good already come. The Washimbi people say they are so glad the Mzungu came in a friendly way, and not for war; since then they had been hiding in the jungle, but now they would come to their homes. De Kumas (?) also wish for Mzungu to come and live with them. The chief was such a nice happy old fellow, and the second man seemed very interested in what was told him, and begged for permission to come and sleep the last night in our hut. He could scarcely make out the question, commanding oneself to our Father, and I taught him this little prayer—"O my God, for Christ's sake, give me Thy Holy Spirit;" and upon eleven o'clock at night he was talking away with George, when I said good night, and fell asleep; for I let George have the hurdle stakes, took to the ground—one soon gets used to trifles.

After the palaver on Tuesday, as all our food was exhausted, we started. Still raining in torrents; but as every hour only made the danger worse, we pressed on. The road was fearful. Descending the first hill the roar of waters caught our ear, and on getting to the bottom, there was a roaring river thirty yards across, and ten to twelve feet deep; a large bridge had been thrown across, and we managed that pretty well, only George going in head over ears in trying to get the donkey over. Another march and we came to another more formidable than the other, no big tree; fortunately there was a little island in the centre, and had to set to work. Tom worked like a hero, and we had some of the desperate runaway fellows who have settled at Rabai with us, and they could do anything. We had down some trees, threw a bridge half-way across, and then across the other half a couple of these trees, and a creeper for a rail, and over we went; one false step would have been instant death for the waters boiled down amidst the boulders worse than any mill-stream in flood you ever saw, making great waves ten feet high; no one would believe it unless they saw it. We all crossed in safety. Then a track through soft earth up over stones, but on we must go, night was stealing over. Down goes a man with his load, and we all laugh; and over goes another, and so on. I sing away, and we all sing in spite of the rain, and on we go. Presently we come to another river, not so bad as the other, only about 15 yards across, and 4 ft. to 10 ft. deep; still it has to be crossed; very dark, 9 o'clock at night, no trees near; what is to be done? There is no help for it, we must wade it, so I rope to the other side, and a couple of our best men hold taut while others cross; 'tis a job to keep footing, for the water runs very strong. It took one man under, and we thought he was gone; another saved him, and only his large straw hat was wildly dashed along. It was a relief to see him brought up. Presently my turn came; I went into a hole up to my chin, but three or four had hold of me and landed me on the other side, and I did my best to stand on my head and let the water run over my big top-boots, which made them all roar. On we trudged again, still raining in torrents, but that did not matter, we couldn't be wetter; so made the best of it; presently a friendly light greeted us, and we were all soon at Rabai. Mr. and Mrs. Binns did everything they possibly could for me. I at once went into a cold bath, put on a suit of his clothes, a good supper, and was soon snug in a blanket. Next morning I was up to prayers as usual, feeling very thankful. I got wet twice after this, that's what gave me fever.

PERSECUTION AT GREAT VALLEY.—The Rev. A. E. Moules, arrived in England on July 3rd, earnestly asks our prayers in behalf of the Christians of Great Valley, who are threatened with severe persecution. He has received a letter from the Rev. A. Elwin, dated Hangole, June 28th. There had been fresh baptisms, and "clear, courageous profession" from some inquirers. To four of them Mr. Elwin said, "After baptism you will probably be persecuted: what will you do then?" Two of them at once bent their heads, drew their hands across their necks, and said, "We will die for Christ." Another inquirer, however, was exhorted "not to fear man," replied, "No, I will not fear man; I fear God." In one place the converts were threatened with expulsion in another with the destruction of their houses.

## NEWS FROM UGANDA.

 N August 19th, the bundle of letters from our Nyanza missionaries anticipated by the telegram mentioned in our last number reached the Church Missionary House. It comprised no less than 220 pages of manuscript. A considerable portion of this is published in the *C.M. Intelligencer* for the present month. We hope in an early number of the *GLEANER* to print the most interesting passages, and meanwhile we give a brief summary of the contents.

A reference to the letters in the *GLEANER* of April and May last will remind our readers that Mr. Wilson and Mr. Mackay had met at Kagei, on the southern coast of Lake Victoria, in August last year. On the 23rd they set sail for Uganda in the *Daisy*. On the 28th they were wrecked at Mkongo in Uzongora, on the west side of the Lake (the place is marked in Stanley's map), and thought the little vessel's voyages were numbered. They succeeded however in beaching her, and, making a tent with the sails and oars, got under shelter. The barbarous people showed them no little kindness, and next day provided them with huts. They then set to work to repair the *Daisy*, and after eight weeks' hard labour launched her once more on the Victoria Nyanza. They set sail again on Oct. 24th, were nine days at sea, and three days marching from the landing-place in Uganda to the capital, and finally, as Mackay says, arrived "at home" Nov. 6th.

They were received very cordially by Mtesa, who handed them a huge packet, which had arrived from Dr. Emin Effendi, one of Colonel Gordon's officers, containing a hundred copies of English newspapers, and cuttings from the *Intelligencer* and *Gleaner* to May, 1878, from which they learned the glad tidings that notwithstanding the grief of the Society at the death of Smith and O'Neill, the Committee were resolved, in the strength of God, to prosecute the Mission, and that reinforcements had been sent off via the Nile. A letter from Dr. E. further informed them that three missionaries were on their way up the river. On Nov. 19th Mr. Wilson left Rubaga with 300 Waganda porters supplied by the king to meet them; and on Jan. 3rd he met Messrs. Pearson, Litchfield, and Felkin, at a village some way beyond the frontier of Uganda. He turned back with them; and the latest letters are dated Feb. 2nd, from Mruli (see map in June *GLEANER*). They had received letters of welcome from Mtesa, one to each. The one to Mr. Pearson was as follows:—

To Charles William Pearson

I am glad to hear that you have reach wampina and I am sorry that two of your brothers are sick of fever and I have sent three chiefs 1 Muwambya 2 Munguzi 3 Mjebajo with their men.

I am Mtesa King of Uganda  
January 24th 1879

The king had also sent fifty canoes across the Lake to Kagei to fetch Messrs. Stokes and Copplestone, who (as we already know) reached that place in February. If it has pleased God to spare all their lives, there are now seven missionaries in Uganda, the exact number first sent forth; but only two are of the original party. Let our prayer be, "O Lord, be gracious unto us; we have waited for Thee: be Thou their arm every morning, our salvation also in the time of trouble." (Isa. xxxiii. 2.)

## A "VERITABLE JEWEL."

 UCH is the term applied in the last Report of the Calcutta Church Missionary Association to an old blind man in the Alms-house at Calcutta named John Mark. In that Alms-house "there lives a little company of Christians who are either blind or maimed or halt, and if you inquire who was the means of bringing these to the foot of the cross, you will be pointed to a venerable blind old man, whose very face is an edifying spectacle, and whose saintly character entitles him to be called a veritable jewel among Native Christians." This little company is visited pastorally

by a good catechist named Bashanto Coomar Pal, who is himself an interesting man, being a descendant of the first Bengali convert to Christianity. His evangelistic work in Calcutta is not a bed of roses. Last year he was struck down, stunned and bleeding, by a heavy stone thrown by a Mussulman. The following account of John Mark is written by Bashanto Coomar Pal himself:—

"John Mark was born at Lucknow. His heathen name was Debi Singh. Adverse circumstances led him to seek work in Jamaica. After eight or nine years' residence there, he made the acquaintance of a God-fearing Sahib, and was baptized about one year before he was struck with blindness. Then he was sent to hospital, where he remained for four years. Finding that his sight was irrecoverable, he resolved to return to his native country. It is now about fifteen years since John Mark has been in Calcutta in the Alms-house. His living there has been a great blessing to the native inmates of the place. No sooner a Hindu or Mussulman is admitted there than John Mark fastens on him and preaches to him the Gospel. They are riveted by his earnestness; they listen to him with attention; they believe, and before long one or the other is admitted into the Church by baptism. The first person that was converted through his instrumentality was another blind man, named Hari Dayal. One day when Hari Dayal was still a Hindu, John Mark addressed him thus: 'Dear Hari, now attend to me for a moment. You have often heard the Gospel from me, but have not yet believed. Consider that the rejection of this Gospel will one day bring much sorrow upon you.' These words pierced Hari's heart. He could not sleep that night, and when it was morning he told John Mark that he would no longer delay, and that he believed with his whole heart in Christ as his Saviour. Hari's example was infectious, and before the week was over three more came forward and were baptized. Henceforth John Mark's favourite text was, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace according to Thy Word: for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.'

"In this way fifty-two persons were instructed by him and admitted to baptism by various Padri Sahibs. Many of these have now gone to Christ in heaven.

"But this is not all. He is also a true shepherd to those who have been brought into the fold. He teaches them, comforts them, warns them, and when the evening closes in, he gathers them around and sings and prays with them. Nor is this all. When a brother falls ill or into any kind of distress John Mark is the first to help him, by giving him either his food, or his clothes, or something from his poor savings.

"The consequence of all this is that he is loved and respected like a father. Many believe that they cannot preach Christ, because they have no learning or an eloquent tongue, but to be a witness for Christ no worldly wisdom is required, but the teaching of the Spirit of God, as St. Paul saith in 1 Cor. ii. 4. Our brother Mark, though ignorant of other sciences, is deeply instructed in heavenly learning, and that is the reason why he can accomplish such great things. And what does it matter, though worldly people despise him? he is a 'chosen vessel' in the sight of God. I have known him now for about fifteen years, and I gratefully acknowledge that I have learnt much from the example of his faith, his love, his zeal, and the unruffled peace of his mind. When I had to pass through the deep waters of affliction through the death of my wife, he prayed with me, and his loving words comforted and supported my soul. He is godfather to one of my children, and he never forgets to pray for him as well as for all the rest. May God preserve him long to us, and hereafter bless him with an exceeding and eternal great reward. Amen. Amen."

## WHAT A TAMIL SCHOOL-BOY CAN DO.

 HE Rev. D. Gnanamuttu, Pastor of Koviluttu, Tinnevelly, mentions three of his school-boys who have embraced the Gospel and then have brought others to Christ. Here is the case of one, a little fellow of eight years old, named Pitchandy:—

The third school-boy who became a Christian is Pitchandy of Koviluttu, a small boy of about eight years old. He used to attend morning prayers at our church every day, and night prayers frequently. His fondness for church became gradually great, insomuch that, as soon as he heard the sound of the church bell he would leave off his rice and come away to our church. Afterwards he began to urge his parents to attend our services, and to leave off work on Sundays, and this he did for a few months. And because he was their only dear son, they listened to his words with pleasure, considered his words and deeds very attentively, and were gradually inclined to come to our religion, and ever since July they are very earnest inquirers and regular attendants on the means of grace. And because this family is connected with the influential heathen headman, a few other families, who were ready to join but had not the courage to do so, took courage by the example of the above family, and put themselves under instruction. I consider that God has made this little boy as an instrument for several families embracing our religion at Koviluttu.

## THE MISSIONARY MAP OF SOUTH INDIA AND CEYLON.



First we intended to give in this number of the GLEANER a Map of Travancore and Cochin. But the accompanying Map of South India, though it can only show Travancore and Cochin on a very small scale, tells us much better where these kingdoms are. They will be seen (as described in the article on the first page) at the south-west corner

of India, separated from Tinnevelly by the mountain chain called the Western Ghauts. The whole length of the two kingdoms is about the distance from London to Exeter or to Sheffield, but their breadth, as will be seen, is small. Cochin, and the northern half of Travancore, are the field of the Church Missionary Society, or about two-thirds of the whole. The principal stations, Cottayam, Malicara, and Allepie,—Mundakayam, the hill station of the Arrian Mission,—and Trichur and Kunnankulam in Cochin, are marked.

The Map shows all the four divisions of the Church Missionary Society's South India Missions. First there is *Madras*, the capital. Then, at the southern end of India, is *Tinnevelly*, with its principal stations, *Palamcotta*, *Menguanapuram*, *Suveeshapuram*, *Dohnavur*, *Paneivilei*, *Pannikulam*, *Surandei*, and *Sivagasi*. (*Nazareth* and *Edyengudi* are S.P.G. stations.) Then there is *Travancore*, already mentioned. And, in the north-east, is the field of the *Telugu Mission*, the head-quarters of which are at *Masulipatam*, with stations also at *Bezwara*, *Ellore*, *Raghapuram*, and *Dumagudem*—the latter a mission to the *Koi* tribes.

Several other societies are labouring in South India. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has large Missions in *Tinnevelly*, *Tanjore*, *Trichinopoly*, &c.; the London Missionary Society has a very flourishing Mission in South Travancore, and stations at *Cuddapah* and several other places; the *Wesleyans* are in *Mysore*, *Madras*, &c.; the *Established* and *Free Scotch Churches* in and near *Madras*; the *Basle Mission* on the *Malabar coast*; the *Lutherans* of *Leipsic*, in *Madras*, *Arcot*, and *Tanjore*; the *American Board (Presbyterian)* in *Madura*; the *American Reformed Church* in *Arcot*; the *American Baptists* in *Nellore*; the *American Lutherans* on the *Kistna*.

The Map also includes the Island of *Ceylon*. The places occupied by the C.M.S. Missions are marked—*Colombo*, *Cotta*, *Baddegama*, *Kandy*, *Jaffna*. The "Tamil Cooly Mission" and the "Singhalese Itinerant Mission" cover a large area in the centre of the island.

Six principal languages are spoken within the area covered by the

Map, viz., *Marathi* in the north-western corner, where a part of *Bombay Presidency* is shown; *Telugu* in the upper centre, and on the eastern side as far down as *Madras*; *Canarese* south of the *Mar* *Malayalam* in *Cochin* and *Travancore*; *Tamil* in the east of the *Pen* from *Madras* southwards, and in the north of *Ceylon*; *Singhalese* in the centre and southern parts of *Ceylon*.

Of these six languages, *Marathi* and *Singhalese* belong to the "Aryan" family, like the languages of North India, and also of *Europe*. The other four are "Dravidian," and are totally different in structure.

Our readers will see how convenient for missionary work the rail

in India now are. The line reaches to a *valley town*. The junction of the *Tinnevelly* and *Tuticorin* lines is at a place called *Mani*, and here it was that the *Prince of Wales* met the *Native Christians* December, 1875.

## THE MISSIONARY B

Or, Pennies, Pounds, a Teat.

OME years a missionary made an address to the children in a large day-school. All delighted. At the end of the meeting a boy, unaccompanied by parent or friend, came up to the platform and asked for a mission box. He came flushed with excitement, presented the box, and asked mother to give him a first penny. Father and Sissy told such a story of the good missionary that he would go some day.

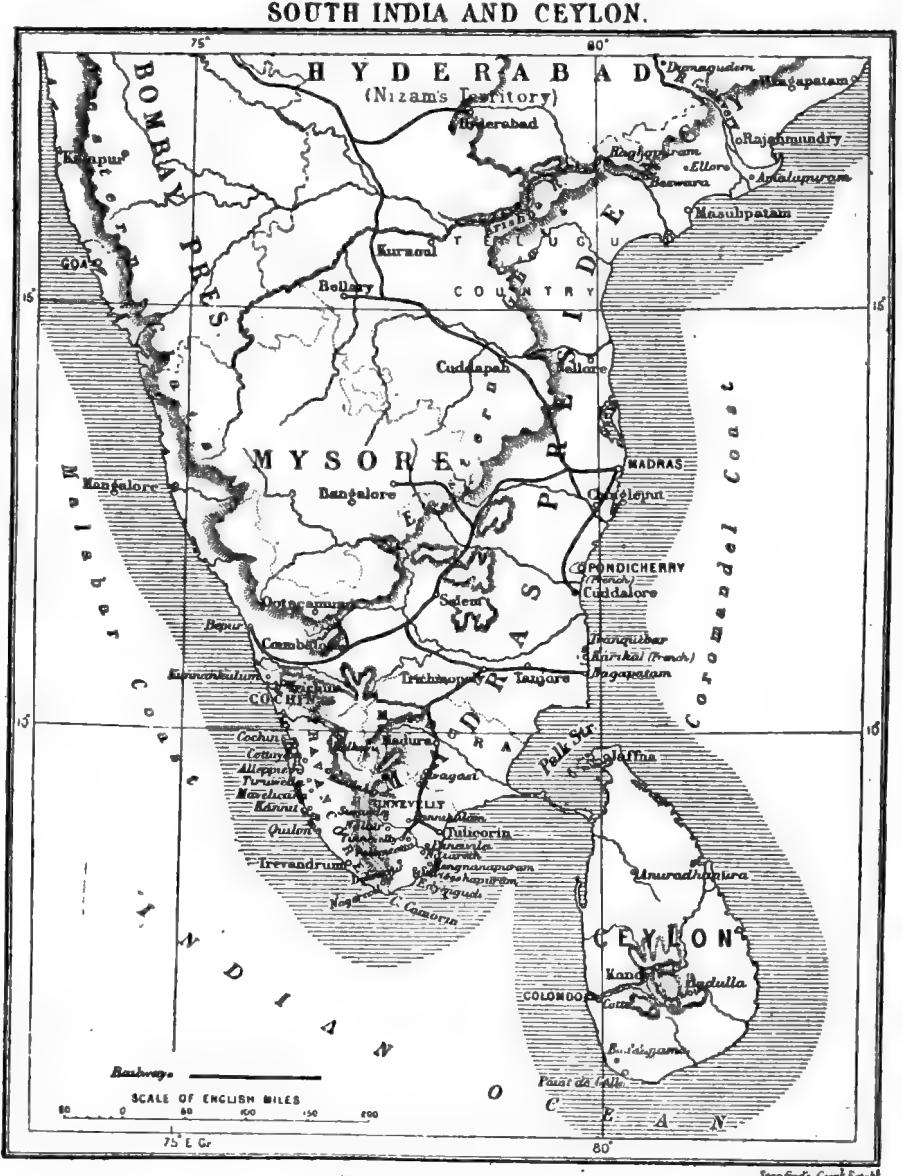
In the course of a few days a gentleman gave him a penny for his horse. That was first earned penny disappeared in the school and from that hour that humble home little box has kept ground; and at the end of every quarter pennies are paid in the Sunday-school treasury. The total amount entered on the box at the end of March 31st, 1875, was £6 9s. 1d. (or 11s. 9d. pennies).

That little boy is sixteen years old.

He left school last December, and became junior clerk in a bank. The first payment he received was £10 in gold. It so happened his dear mother was ill at the time. When he came home to tea he gently kissed his mother, and quietly placed the golden pills in her hand. After a while he said, "Mother, give me one sovereign. I want it." He then went to the Lady Secretary of the Sunday-school, gave sovereign to the Church Missionary Society as a "thank-offering," remitting it is written, "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase" (Prov. iii. 9).

If thousands of our Sunday scholars and the children of Christ's parents would go and do likewise!

S. M.



Church Missionary Society

Scarfords Geog. Estab.



TRAVANCORE: MASTERS AND DIVINITY STUDENTS IN THE CAMBRIDGE NICHOLSON INSTITUTION.



TRAVANCORE: MISSION AGENTS AT COTTAYAM.

## THE TRAVANCORE PICTURES.

## Portrait of Bishop Speechly. (Page 110.)



UR first picture, on page 110, is a likeness of the new Bishop of Travancore and Cochin. The Rev. John Martindale Speechly was educated at Oundle School and St. John's College, Cambridge, and took his B.A. in 1859. He then studied divinity at the Church Missionary College for a few months, and was ordained by Archbishop Sumner on March 4th, 1860. He sailed for India as a C.M.S. missionary on November 20th in that year. For a short time he was stationed at Kunnankulam, in the kingdom of Cochin; but in 1863 he was appointed Principal of the Cambridge Nicholson Institution (see below), which office he held until his return to England.

## Pictures from Trichur. (Page 111.)

The pictures illustrative of Trichur are from photographs which the late Rev. W. Smith procured. The Rev. J. H. Bishop, to whom we are indebted for them, writes:—

The group of Travancore or Cochin musicians of the Mārān caste (a division of the Nairs) is a highly characteristic one. It will be noticed that the kuduma, or topknot is worn in front, not behind, as in Travancore. The Brahman Yogi, or Sanyāse, does not appear much the worse for his ascetic practices. He is evidently a Vishnuvite, from the vertical marks on the forehead. The low caste woman weaving a grass mat is an interesting picture. The very mat she is weaving forms the carpet of the Principal's house in Cottayam College. Several of the Trichur Christians are engaged in industrial pursuits as carpenters or masons. There are no Syrian Christians in Trichur, though there are a large number in the adjoining Mission station of Kunnunkulam.

Trichur is the largest town in the native kingdom of Cochin, and is a growing and important place of trade, being at the head of the system of lagoons or backwaters which run down the west coast almost as far as Trevandrum. It is also only twenty miles from the Madras Railway. Here, too, is a Brahmin College of some repute. The native name of the town is Trishivaparūr, or "Country of the Holy Shiva." It contains a large pagoda dedicated to the worship of Shiva, and is a stronghold of Brahminism. The Trichur Mission has during the last two years enjoyed the privilege of the personal supervision of the Rev. R. H. Maddox, who has made Trichur his basis for carrying on vigorous evangelistic work. Mr. Maddox previously laboured with great success for ten years in Mavelicara, succeeding Mr. Joseph Peet, and organising the Native Church in those parts. The Rev. F. and Mrs. Bower, who have lately returned to Travancore, laboured with great zeal and perseverance for several years in Trichur.

## Mavelicara Church. (Page 111.)

Mavelicara is our second most important station, and, like Cottayam, is the centre of a group of Native pastorate districts. The work was begun in 1838 by the Rev. J. Peet, who was probably the first European to reside in this important town of 60,000 souls, with crowds of Brahmins fed and clothed at the public expense—a town which had once been the seat of government, and is still called by the natives the "Eye of Travancore." The church was built by Mr. Peet, the cost being chiefly met by a legacy from Hannah More. It was opened May 22nd, 1839.

## Night Travelling by Bullock Bandy. (Page 114.)

This graphic picture shows better than any description can do what a bullock bandy is, by which much of the travelling in South India is accomplished. It also gives an idea of the rough roads in the Travancore hills.

## Cottayam Press and Cottayam Church. (Page 115.)

These pictures are explained in the article on page 113.

## Portrait of the Rev. B. Bailey. (Page 115.)

Mr. Bailey's career is also noticed in the same article, "The Church and the Press." He came home in 1850, and afterwards became Rector of Shewton, Salop, where he died in 1871.

## Cambridge Nicholson Masters and Students. (Page 119.)

The first group on page 119 represents the masters and divinity students in the Cambridge Nicholson Institution. This is a

college for training both candidates for the ministry and school masters. It was established in 1859, by means of a fund raised at Cambridge, as a testimonial to the Rev. J. Y. Nicholson, Fellow and Tutor of Emmanuel College, who was for some years Secretary of the University Branch of the Cambridge Church Missionary Association. Of this Institution, Mr. Speechly, the new Bishop, was for several years Principal. A picture of the college chapel and students appeared in the GLEANER in September, 1877.

The two Europeans in the group are the Rev. W. J. Richards, the Acting Principal, and Mr. Martin Browne, the Training Master. Of the remainder, Mr. Richards writes:—

With the exception of the Munshi, a Hindu, all standing in the second row are members of the Divinity Class.

Beginning with the senior, the young man with the black velvet cap (behind Mr. Browne), is E. V. John. He has been one year in charge of a parish as *quasi pastor*, and has just returned to the Institution to take examination for deacon's orders. This picture was taken on the day of the examination, and the papers sent down here by the Bishop of Madras occupied him six hours a day. He is a Matriculate of Madras University, and held the Bishop's second Greek Testament two years ago. [Mr. John was ordained in March last.] The Munshi stands next on his left. T. K. Joseph, our present senior student, am sorry to say, not in the group, being detained in temporary charge of a parish. He will rejoin the C. N. I. in a day or two, as studies have begun. Next to the Munshi is another student of Divinity Class, David (from Trichur). He and Joseph and John already mentioned were old pupils of the Rev. J. H. Bishop's and mine in the Cottayam College, and passed right through the course. David and Joseph are Matriculates. If these young men prove worthy agents of the Mission or the Native Church, readers of the GLEANER in future years D.V., hear of their ordination.

On E. V. John's right are two "Bishop Gell Scholars." They have variegated caps, which do not look half so interesting as the grey turban. By the way, there is not one white head-dress in the group of natives. This is the photographer's tyranny, who banned as "not coming out well" in a photograph. The shorter of the two, K. Itty, a reader of a slave congregation, and, as well as the other Divinity B, whom I shall name (except one), has returned to the Institution from actual Mission work, to be fitted for more responsible work. He is from the Rev. J. Caley's District. The next, P. M. David, a northern teacher from Trichur, under the Rev. R. H. Maddox. The man on the other side are three without caps, George Kuryan, a teacher in Tiruvalla; P. John, his brother-in-law, and a teacher in Tiruvalla District, and an ex-college boy who wishes to be a Mission agent.

All these, with one exception, are married, and some have families. The average age of the whole class is not under twenty-four. All speak English. The Divinity Class is a most hopeful feature of the Institution.

The sitting row are all masters. Mr. Browne is on my right, and Rev. Jacob Chandy on my left. He has just been examined for prebendarial orders, the same time as E. V. John for deacon's. Next to Mr. Browne is Mr. Korula. Both he and Mr. Chandy are old Cottayam College men, and Matriculates. Mr. Korula took the Bishop of Madras's Greek Testament first prize some years ago. Next is Mr. Avirah, third in the Institution, where he was once a pupil. The elderly man next to Mr. Chandy's left is Mr. P. Koshi, head master in the Model School attached to the Institution, for practising the students of Classes I., II. and III. in the art of teaching, before they leave the Institution for work. The school is very popular, and has a hundred or more scholars on the roll. Mr. P. Koshi is a good though a severe trainer of his pupils as a rule teach well. Besides the Divinity Class, there are twenty junior students.

## Cottayam Mission Agents. (Page 119.)

The second group shows the Mission agents at Cottayam, and voluntary. Some are teachers, some "readers," two masters in the Cottayam College, one a "dépôt writer," several "voluntary prayer-meeting leaders." Concerning the latter, Mr. Richards writes that prayer-meetings are held in each house once annually, and the Cottayam congregation has five companies with two "prayer-meeting leaders" each. They also collect the church subscriptions. The meetings are purely social, being followed by coffee, &c.

The four men sitting on the ground in the picture are "selected Christians" and prayer-meeting leaders. The old man, seen from Mr. Richards' left hand, holding a book, was reader of the slaves when these slaves were first taught and baptized.

## THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

## MARCHING ORDERS.

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

## IX.

"The Captain of their salvation."—*Heb. ii. 10.*

 HO gives the Marching Orders? Ah! that is the secret of their force, that is the secret of the thrill with which they have reached the hearts of men and women who have hazarded their lives to carry them out, faithful unto death in their noble, literal obedience; for it was the voice of the Captain of their salvation that they recognised, as the "Go ye" fell upon their ears.

Of *their* salvation only? Is He not also the Captain of *our* salvation? Has not the Father given Him to be a Leader and Commander, and exalted Him to be a Prince and a Saviour for us? And shall His marching orders be disregarded, whatever they are, by one whose salvation He brought with His own arm, whose life He bought with His own life?

For think how His Divine Captaincy was won! No lightly and easily-assumed leadership was that. A solemn and mysterious qualification of unknown sorrows and agonies was necessary. "For it became Him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings." Through wounding for our transgressions, through bruising for our iniquities, through chastisement and stripes, "through death," yes, "the suffering of death," did our Lord Jesus Christ pass to be made our perfect Captain, so that no soldier of His should ever have to endure any hardness or any fight of afflictions without that real personal sympathy from his Master which can only be the outflow of real, personal experience of the same. Oh, think of the things that He suffered, over and above the great atoning suffering on the Cross, just that He might personally know one's little sorrows, and personally enter into our insignificant sufferings, and succour us in them with His own mighty help! "For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted." Think of all that detail of suffering through His lonely life and lonelier death being just the detail of *love*, love freshly marvellous in this aspect.

And now that the suffering is over, and the Captaincy is won, and we are enrolled to be His faithful soldiers and servants unto our lives' end, is it to be merely a nominal thing on our side? It was no nominal thing on His side. The sufferings of the Lord Jesus were not nominal, and His exaltation to be a Prince as well as a Saviour is not nominal; then shall we dare to treat His orders as merely nominal and as something to be comfortably explained away according to circumstances? Oh, if our loyalty were as literal as His love, if our obedience were as literal as His sufferings, would there, could there, be such want of volunteers to go where He has plainly set up His standard, and such want of free-handed pouring into His treasury, and such want of brave speaking out of heart-abundance, and such want of fervent, faithful, persevering echoes of the great prayer, "Father, glorify Thy Son!" But if by His grace we are seeking honestly to obey His marching orders, we shall find that the very effort of obedience will quicken our faith and love; the more we listen, the more real and familiar will the voice of our Captain become, and the closer we follow the clearer will be our realisation of His Leadership. And then we shall take up the exultant words, "Behold, God Himself is with us for our Captain!" and know the full blessedness of being ranged under the victorious banner of Immanuel.

## OUR HOME IN THE WILDERNESS.

Recollections of North Tinnevelly.

BY THE REV. R. R. MEADOWS.

## CHAPTER VIII.—OUR SCHOLARS.



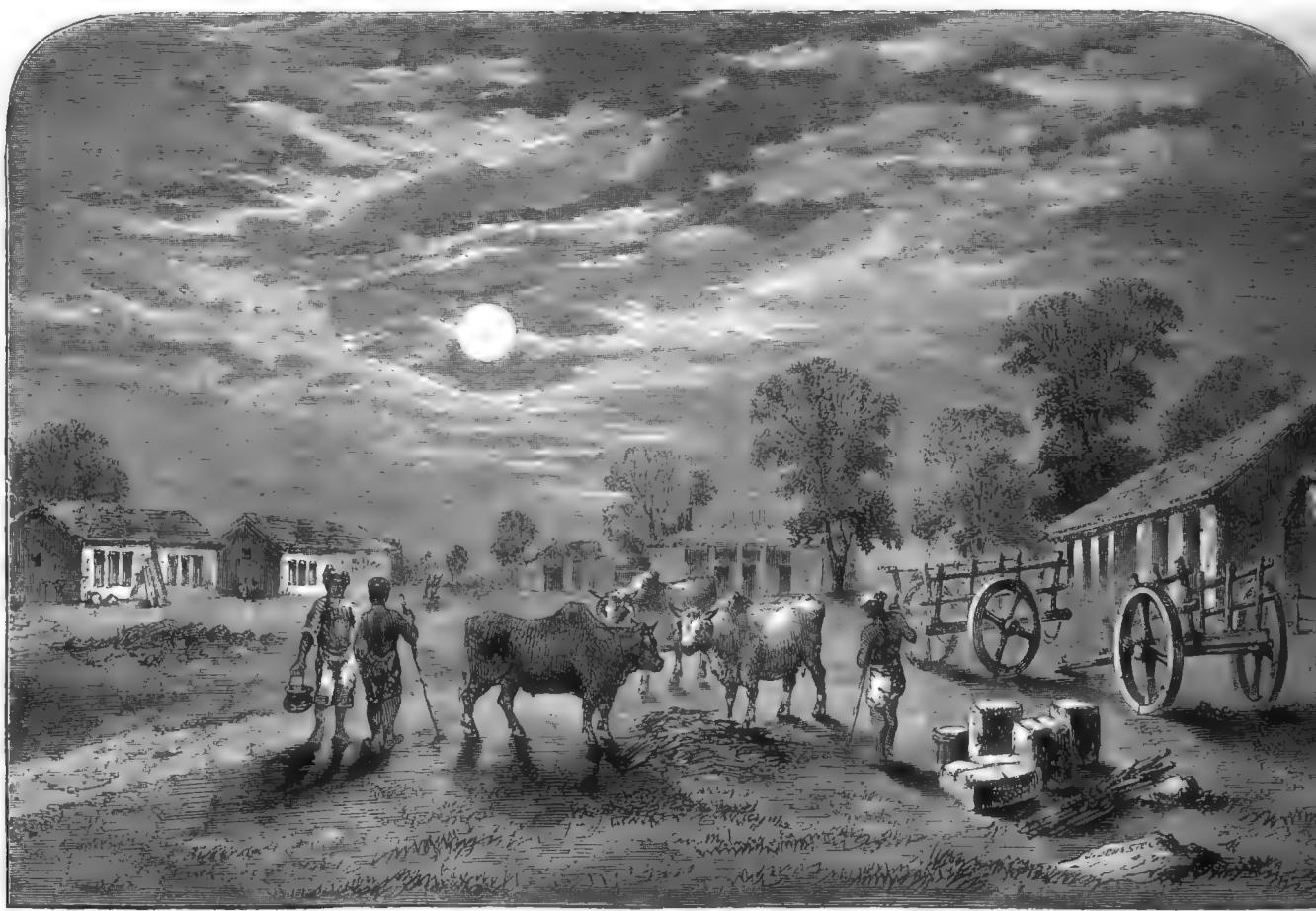
E had boarding-schools for boys and girls attached to our station. The Church Missionary Society helped us in the support of some of the children, but the great majority of them were paid for by friends in England. We found that £8 10s. or £4 a year was sufficient for all purposes. They paid a small fee, at least the boys did, and both boys and girls were expected to supply themselves with their ordinary clothing, books, &c. Their Sunday clothing, and, for the girls, their second best suit, were given them. It will seem strange, but it is true, that we paid the salary of the master and mistress, we kept the buildings in repair (the school-rooms were *tiled* also from the same source), and fed the children out of this seemingly trifling income. They fared better than most of their parents did at home, having meat once a week, and an abundance of good food all the time. It ought, however, to be added that the children earned at the examination, as a Government grant, every year something like £50 between the two schools.

It should be known that these schools, and there are similar ones attached to each Mission station in Tinnevelly, are for the express purpose of giving a higher education and training to *Christian* children. There would always be a few heathen children and several unbaptized children of new converts; but the schools were for the benefit of the Christian community. From them promising children were sent to the higher institutions, to be trained as schoolmasters, mistresses, catechists, or eventually for the Native ministry. The girls who were not thus sent away usually stayed with us till they married, and we look with satisfaction to the homes of several of these, in different parts of the district, as centres of intelligence, neatness, and Christian example of a higher type than is to be seen elsewhere. The educated woman with her husband is in the country congregations, as regards enlightenment, what the country lady or the country clergyman's wife in England is to the rural population.

Our very first pupil was Sivaratnam, "the jewel of life." She was the daughter of a catechist. She was very small, had a round happy face, and soon proved herself an apt scholar, both of the school and of Christ. When she was about ten years old, a pretty little incident occurred. The schoolmistress happened to pass the school-rooms during play hours. Hearing a sound inside one of the rooms she went to the door. It was nearly closed. There she found a few of the girls kneeling in prayer, and Sivaratnam was praying aloud with them. She listened, and took down some sentences, which she brought to us. We copied them out at the time. They are as follows:—

"Lord, give to us new hearts. Give us Thy Holy Spirit. Make us all obedient, for we are bad children. Ah! Jesus, didst not Thou die for us? Didst not Thou shed Thy precious blood upon the cross? Thou didst pray for Thy murderers. And, besides, didst not Thou cry, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' Ah! Lord, we could not have borne such sufferings; save us."

After she left the school, as there was no husband for her, she became a teacher in one of the American Mission schools, where she still is. She is a staid, well-conducted young woman, and is highly thought of. Once the lady, who was at the head of the school, and kept her widowed father's house, took her to an out-lying village. They were in a tent for a few days. She wrote to us afterwards, saying how delighted she had been with



THE CHRISTIAN VILLAGE OF BASHARATPORE, NEAR GORUCKPORE, NORTH INDIA.

Sivaratnam ; how earnest and almost enthusiastic she had been, saying to the poor heathen women, "I should like to come and live among you."

Close to our house is the tomb of a Mohammedan, whose merit is believed to be such that the sick, who are carried there, recover from their diseases. We saw once a number of people there ; they had brought a boy ill with intermittent fever. We tried in vain to persuade them to take some quinine. Probably the boy died, for he seemed to be reduced almost to the last extremity. Our children knew of this place, and often walked there. One attraction in the place was the trees, and especially a banian-tree, the roots of which, hanging down from the branches ready to fasten themselves in the ground, formed capital swings. Once after the girls had enjoyed a good game of play, they stood round in a circle, and one offered up prayer for the poor deluded people who frequent the place. We learnt this quite incidentally. My wife had accompanied them part of the way, but feeling tired, had sat down on a stone till their return. She asked one of them how they had spent the time, and so the incident came out.

I quote another instance from my wife's journal :—

"We have had a good deal of sickness during the year, and were obliged to break up the school for a short time, in consequence of eight or nine cases of small-pox. It pleased God to remove one of our little ones. It was the first death in the school, and we all felt it a very solemn time. 'Little Marial' was the youngest in the school, and a great pet with us all. She was a child of few words, reserved, and not playful. She was very fond of her books, and was soon able to read St. John's

Gospel. Her illness commenced with dysentery and swollen eyes. But she grew worse, and became wholly blind. It was touching to see her, on her return, *feeling* her way to meet us, and to give her *salaam* to us. I was shocked to see her so emaciated, and to feel sure that she could not live long. She told me she was afraid to die, for Jesus had died for her. Her parents wished to take her home, and she only lived about three weeks. As her weakness increased, and her end drew near, her tongue seemed to be loosed. She was heard frequently praying aloud to herself, and in her prayers repeating all the sufferings of the Lord. She told those about her not to grieve for her, for she was happy and ready to go when God called her. We have reason to hope that this little one has been safely gathered into the heavenly fold, and if it was here that she learned to know and love her Saviour, we can only say, 'To God be all the praise.'

#### CHRISTIAN WORKERS AT GORUCKPORE.

GORUCKPORE, or Gorakhpur, has never yet been introduced to the readers of the GLEANER. It is a city of 51,000 souls, about 120 miles north of Benares, in North India ; and is one of our oldest stations. The Society was invited to occupy it in 1828, by Mr. Robert Bird, an official of the Indian Government, who, with his sister, laboured most zealously for the good of the people. Miss Bird, in the midst of her usefulness, fell a victim to cholera. In 1831, Lord William Bentinck, the excellent Governor-General of that day, gave the Mission a thousand acres of waste land, which was cleared and cultivated, and an ad-

cultural village built for the Native Christians, which was called Basharatpore, the "Town of Joy." It proved, however, to be in some respects a Town of Sorrow. More than one missionary was stricken down there by fever; and in the Mutiny of 1857 the village was destroyed by the Sepoy rebels. It was afterwards rebuilt and a new church opened, the pulpit of which was made out of wood intended by the mutineers to be used for gun-carriages.

In Gorakhpore itself, and in the village of Basharatpore, there are 750 Native Christians. Some of the leading Native teachers are grouped in the accompanying picture, engraved from a photograph given to us by the Rev. Henry Stern, who has laboured at Gorakhpore for nearly thirty years. The following notes, also kindly furnished by him, not only describe the men in the group, but incidentally reveal some of the various branches of work carried on in the Mission:—

This sketch represents some of the Native agents of the Gorakhpur Church Mission, to whom the resident missionary is much indebted for the success of his labours.

Commencing with the upper row, the first on our right is Mr. Lockwood, a Eurasian, who is in charge of the Boys' Orphanage, superintending in particular the industrial department. The second is Pundit Vidyā Pot, whom I baptized at Basharatpur a few years ago, and who has since done good work, both as a preacher and as a teacher. The third (with the turban) is Masih Dyal, a Brahmin by caste, who was also baptized by me, and who is a fair preacher; but having been once a Fakir, and having led a roaming life in his boyhood, has been somewhat wanting in steadiness. The fourth is Samuel Mittoo, who was brought up in the Secundra Orphanage, and was subsequently employed as teacher in the Basti Mission School, where he did good service, and where he was in good report with Christians and non-Christians. He afterwards went to the Divinity School at Lahore, but returned after one year's study without completing his course, and is now engaged as reader and teacher at Basharatpur.

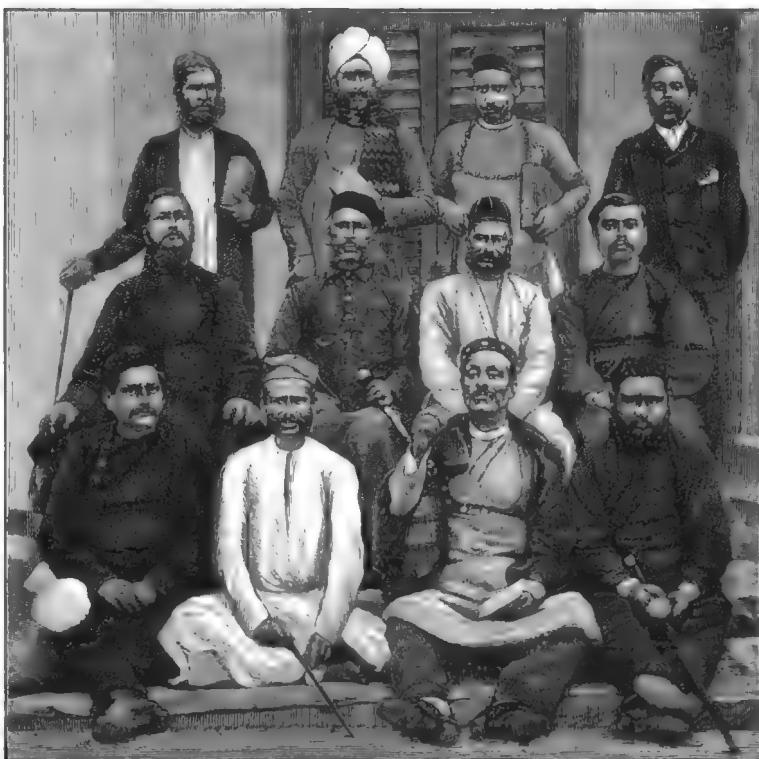
In the second row, the first on our right is Babu Chatterjee, a Native convert of Bengal, who is an English teacher in the Anglo-Vernacular Mission School, in which he has laboured for several years with much success and much acceptance with his pupils, being of a very kind and

conciliatory spirit. The next after him is Babu Patras, the senior catechist of the Mission, having laboured there ever since 1853, with faithfulness and diligence. He remained with the Native Christians at Basharatpur under the most trying circumstances during the Mutiny in 1857. He was originally an inmate of the Orphanage at Sigra, Benares, and was for many years also the able secretary of the Native Missionary Association at Gorakhpur. The next is the Rev. F. Abel, an orphan of the Secundra Orphanage, and subsequently the able head teacher of the same institution. Having distinguished himself as a successful preacher and teacher, he was ordained, and was for several years Native Pastor in connection with the Church Mission at Meerut. He was, two years ago, removed to Gorakhpur, where he has given great satisfaction. He is a man of great abilities as a preacher, and has also occupied much of his time in translations. The fourth in this second line is Benjamin Tobit, a native of Basharatpur. He was trained as a teacher in the Benares Normal School under Mr. Treusch, and has since done excellent service as a teacher in the Anglo-Vernacular School at Gorakhpur, and acted also as head master of the Basti Mission School, the building of which he superintended with much ability and faithfulness. He is now a candidate for the ministry, and there is every reason to believe that he will, under God, become an able Native pastor.

In the front row, the first on our right is Masih Prakash, who is the son of catechist Patras, and who labours as a teacher in the Anglo-Vernacular School. He is an undergraduate of the Calcutta University. Next comes Babu Durga Dey, a Native convert of Bengal, who, in connection with the Gorakhpur Mission, has been labouring for many years as a bazaar-preacher, in which capacity he shows much ability and zeal, and is very acceptable to the public. The third is Phillip Obadiah, a Native of Basharatpur. He is an evangelist under the Native Missionary Association. The last is Baboo Gopal Chander Ghose, who, some ten years ago, was baptized by me at Gorakhpur. He is an undergraduate of the Calcutta University, having received his education at Calcutta in the London Mission College. He has ever since been the second master of our Anglo-Vernacular School. He is a man of great ability, energy, and zeal, and the school is much indebted to him for its success. He is the same who took part in the discussion, as mentioned in the account of the late Visitation tour of the Bishop of Calcutta, who, after delivering a religious lecture, engaged in an interesting and lively discussion with several native gentlemen present (GLEANER, September, 1878). Ghose Baboo is also well-known in Gorakhpur as a successful homoeopathist practitioner.



GORAKHPORE: THE ORPHANAGE.



GORAKHPORE: GROUP OF NATIVE AGENTS.

## FORTUNE-TELLING IN INDIA.

Letter from Bishop Sargent.

TINNEVELLY, 29th April, 1879.

**E**AR MR. EDITOR.—I think that when I was with you one day in London, I told you about a class of men in India who get their living by going about among all castes of the Hindus with a little palm-leaf book in their hands, pretending to tell people their fortune. I came across such a man some time ago, and got him to show me his book and how he manages. Unwinding the string which passes several times round the book, he holds the book in his own hand and gives the end of the string to the person consulting him, who, taking a part in each of his hands and distending the string, passes it between any two of the leaves he pleases. Here the fortune-teller opens and reads, and the verse so read is supposed to foretell the good or bad luck of the person consulting him. I persuaded the fortune-teller to leave the book with me for a few days, and have translated a portion that you may inform your many readers of the style and contents of such books and the superstitious use that is made of them. Each leaf of this book contained a stanza of eight lines. In the translation I have given the meaning, line by line. Each stanza has a heading, in the margin, of some god or demon, which gives the name to the stanza, and which at once indicates good or bad luck, according to the generally accepted notions of the heathen.

There is another style of fortune-telling in which the inquirer has to cast two or three dice. The number thrown is supposed to correspond with the number attached to one of the stanzas in a book of palmyra-leaves, containing some thirty or forty stanzas very much in substance like those now sent. This is used chiefly by the men, and copies are kept as private property, to be consulted whenever the owner chooses; but the "fortune-teller," a copy of which I now send you, is used by men who get their living in going from house to house, and in this case women are the chief consulters.—Yours sincerely,

EDWARD SARGENT, Bishop.

"HARI<sup>1</sup>—OM<sup>2</sup>—BE PROPITIOUS.""The Sudamani,<sup>3</sup> composed by Agastiar."<sup>4</sup>

"He who trustfully consults these stanzas forty-five  
Will obtain the favour of royalty.  
Clouds of prosperity will rise and rain on him,  
Misfortune's ills will be dispersed,  
Sickness will vanish,  
Youth and vigour will accrue,  
And all things prosper."

"Ullamudian,<sup>5</sup> the Container of Secrets.

"Whoever takes this secret gem of Agastiar,  
Applies the string and examines its page,  
Though the ocean dry up, and Mount Meru fall,  
Though the sun fail his course and rise in the west,  
Though the four Vedas prove false,  
He will find that this ne'er fails of truth,  
The divine and secret fortune-teller."

"GANESA,"  
(The Patron of  
Literature.)

"Fertile fields and timely rain are thine,  
With excellent things abundant.  
A spotless thing is springing up,  
Whose presence will give delight.  
The act intended will succeed,  
Opposing forces cease, and slow but sure  
The presence of ill luck will vanish,  
If this the page you look at."

<sup>1</sup> Hari is one of the names of Vishnu.<sup>2</sup> Om is the mystic syllable formed by the combination of three letters, *a, u, m.* It is said to be the mystic symbol of the Hindu Triad.<sup>3</sup> Sudamani is one of the two gems of Swarga (one of the heavenly worlds) which are believed to give a person everything he may wish for. Here it means the poetic gem.<sup>4</sup> Agastiar is the great Hindu sage to whom all compositions on the Sciences in the Tamil language are ascribed.<sup>5</sup> Ullamudian is the general name by which this class of books is known."OWNAN,"  
(A Demon.)

"The thing acquired will disappear,  
And the family branches fail;  
The one thing desired and owned will vanish,  
And the coveted place become a ruin,  
And the wife disown her lord;  
Victory will turn to defeat,  
And all things change to bad,  
If Ownan's page you see."

"SIVA TEMPLE."

"Great and prosperous shall be thy deeds,  
Thy lands free from misfortune.  
Acts great and renowned shall be thine,  
Graced with a numerous progeny;  
Perturbation and pain are unknown,  
The assailing sickness will depart—  
Family and home will be prosperous  
If Siva's Temple meet thine eye."

"KUSAVAN,"  
(The Potter.)

"What is sown will not grow,  
And the required act will fail;  
All around will become a ruin,  
And the family branches depart.  
At the fitting place help will fail,  
And things of value disappear,  
While pining sickness will assail,  
If the potter's page you see."

"VISHNU."

"Something propitious approaches,  
Prosperity in the family, and victory over enemies.  
The desired object will be attracted,  
While pain and sickness will be repelled.  
The much desired event will happen,  
Abundant rain will fall,  
And the much loved child will give delight  
If you see him of the thousand names."

"ASUVAN,"  
(A Giant.)

"The accumulated substance will depart,  
And the dearly caressed object will follow.  
The dwelling will be deserted,  
And joy turned into sorrow.  
Pining sickness will attach itself,  
Proficiency in science will never be obtained,  
But thine will be the garland of ignorance,  
If the fury's page you see."

"SARASVADHI,"  
(The Goddess of  
Literature.)

"Rapidly will riches accrue,  
And silver and gold flow in,  
The thing desired will come,  
And all good else beside.  
If engaged in distant journey,  
No mischief will befall,  
All will succeed and be propitious,  
If the page of Brahma's wife you see."

## NYANZA MISSION—MR. MACKAY'S LETTERS

**W**E now present extracts from the letters of which we gave a brief summary last month. They appeared in full in the *Chinese Missionary Intelligencer* of September, and we have extracted the most interesting parts.

The Wreck of the *Daisy*.

It was on the 18th of August, 1878, that Wilson and I set off from England from Kagei. Five days after, we set sail from that place in *Daisy*, to cross the Victoria Nyanza, and in spite of stormy weather made a fair run as far as Mkongo, on the coast of Uzongora, where we were unluckily swamped by a sudden heavy sea. We had anchored near the shore to bargain with the Natives about food, of which our supply was finished, when a thunderstorm raised a terrible sea at the moment. One wave carried away the bow gunwale, and the next took the vessel. We therefore ran ashore to save our goods, and I am happy to say that we succeeded in this, although we had a heavy cargo of machinery and tools on board. The poor *Daisy* was terribly damaged, but, on the whole, we consider it fortunate that she came to grief where and how she did, as we were able to see the weak points in her construction; while, had we been overtaken by a similar storm in mid-ocean, we had certainly all been lost. So hopeless did the wreck look at that Wilson and myself came to the conclusion that the sailing day of our English vessel were ended. But we resolved to try repairing her, for eight long weeks we were so occupied. At length, on the 24th October we launched and loaded her, and put her once more to sea.

At Mkongo the Natives behaved towards us in the most friendly throughout. Seeing our distress, they beat their drums, and a

the men in numbers, and quickly knocked up a couple of huts of leafy branches, gave us a bullock, and plantains in great quantity. All the time of our stay we and our goods were quite unprotected, yet no harm was done. Day by day they came in crowds to watch us at work, and were even lost in astonishment at the amount of our appliances. But we were far from over-comfortable when staying there. Tea, sugar, coffee, we had none of, nor grain of any sort wherewith to make bread. What we missed most of all was salt. Yet feeding on boiled plantains for most of the time kept us going till we set sail again, when we had an occasional change of no food at all, for twenty-four hours at a time.

#### Arrival in Uganda. News from England.

The voyage from Mkongo to Uganda took us nine days, on account of calms and storms and contrary winds. Glad enough we were to set foot on shore at the south-west entrance to Murchison Bay. The march to Chibuga occupied three days. It was on the 6th November that we found ourselves *at home*, and glad enough I was, after wandering about for close on a thousand days on the way from England to Uganda.

You have already received most graphic descriptions of how the King of Uganda can receive visitors when he sees them for the first time; and I may safely say that my reception was in no respect wanting in cordiality or ceremony. The king told us that he had been led to suspect the coming of Englishmen to his country as a danger to his throne, but now a year had passed since Lieutenant Smith and Wilson first arrived, and all his intercourse with our party had only tended to raise us in his favour. He then presented a huge bundle of papers, which had lately come.

On returning to our house—about a mile and a half from the palace—we opened our parcel, and found about a hundred numbers of the *Times*, *Pall Mall*, and *Public Opinion*, up to the first week of June. These had been kindly sent by Dr. Emin Bey, one of Colonel Gordon's staff. Accompanying them was a letter from Dr. Emin, dated "Lado, 17th August," in which he gave us the joyful information that you had sent out three excellent men to our aid. We received also cuttings from the *Intelligencer* and *Gleaner*, from January to May. The intelligence of your having so promptly sent fresh men of such promise, to fill the places of our dear brethren who were called away at the south end of the Lake, is indeed most cheering. We feel much encouraged to find that the Church Missionary Society have no intention of giving up the work until the whole region of the Victoria Nyanza is traversed by Christian missionaries.

#### Conversations with King Mtesa.

CHIBUGA, UGANDA, 5th Dec., 1878.

I have had frequent and lengthy interviews with the king during the last few days, and must report to you that my opinion of his intelligence rises daily, while I firmly believe in his anxiety to fall in fully with the objects of our Mission. I may just take one from my log-book:—

"I told the king that the Society in London had heard of our arrival in Uganda, and had written to thank him for his kind reception of Lieutenant Smith and Mr. Wilson; that they were glad to hear of his desire to know the Word of God and to become a Christian; that all Christian friends in England were praying daily for him that he and his chiefs and his people would get grace from God to follow Jesus Christ; that they did so because to be a Christian in reality was a very different thing from being a Mohammedan; that anybody could be the latter without becoming any better than he was before, while to become a follower of Jesus Christ meant giving up many practices which he now had. The reason was that Islam was a religion in which the pleasing of *self* was the main matter, while Christianity was the way to please and love *God*. This I repeated again, till I saw the king fully comprehended it, when he repeated the same in Suaheli, to make sure he had caught the meaning, and then in the language of Uganda, for the benefit of the chiefs.

"I went on to say that the letters stated your desire to take no revenge on Lukongeh, as we were sent here not to fight, but in peace; that we not only wish to forgive the people of Ukerewe, for they did not know what they were doing when they killed the white men, but, instead, we wished to send two missionaries to Lukongeh to teach him and his people, until every one there should know the Word of God, and that we hoped he (Mtesa) would aid us in doing so. The idea of forgiveness is of course unknown, and took the court by surprise."

Last night Mtesa wished to see a steam-engine. I went up with the one of the *Daisy*'s we brought last trip—the first article of the kind ever in this part of the world. The king asked many intelligent questions about it. I took a screw-key with me to show how the parts can be taken asunder, when the king came out with one of what Lieutenant Smith aptly called "pretty sayings." He said, "White men's wisdom comes from God. They see the human body is all in pieces—joints and limbs—and that is why they make such things in pieces too!"

After much talk he asked how white men came to know so much—did they always know them? I replied that once Englishmen were savages and knew nothing at all, but from the day we became Christians our knowledge grew more and more, and every year we are wiser than we were before. King—"I guess God will not prosper any man that does not

please Him." *Reply*—"God is kind to all, but especially to those who love and fear Him." "Eeh, Eeh" ("Yes, yes").

The king invariably translates into Kiganda for the benefit of the court.

#### Preaching at the Palace. Christmas Service.

CHIBUGA, UGANDA, Dec. 26th, 1878.

Ever since Wilson went away to meet our new brethren, I have made a point of being as frequently as possible up at the palace. I have thus had much opportunity of conversation, and of becoming better acquainted with the king and chiefs. The strong suspicions which Mtesa has of late had against our presence are, I believe, now wholly removed. He himself allows so. He has told me a very great deal of absurd nonsense and lies which the Arabs had led him to believe, but now he says he will believe them no more. I have had frequent opportunity of reading and explaining the Scriptures in court, and many most interesting conversations on the passages read. Mtesa is really most intelligent, and seems much inclined to listen to the Word of God. I have not failed to speak strongly on some of the most crying evils in the country—bloodshed, slavery, cruelty, and polygamy—and not without effect. The king has issued a decree forbidding all work on the Lord's Day. Every Sunday I have held service in court in Suaheli, without interpreter, and feel much encouraged at the attention paid and desire to follow intelligently.

Yesterday was Christmas, and I had given notice of the event. The day was duly celebrated accordingly. The great flag was hoisted, as on Sundays, and all the chiefs turned up at court in extra dress. I read the account of the birth of Jesus, as given in St. Luke's Gospel, and explained fully the message of the angels.

#### Decree against Slavery.

Some time ago an Arab arrived from Unyanyembe with guns and cloth, for which he wanted only slaves. Prices thus: one red cloth, one slave; one musket, two slaves; 100 percussion caps, one female slave. I entered the lists at once, and told the king, in the presence of the court, how these Arabs, who declare themselves subjects of the Sultan of Zanzibar, are transgressing the orders of their king. I told what cruelties are inflicted on the poor creatures on the way to the coast, and of the risk of capture. The king therefore declared he would sell them no slaves, and I witnessed afterwards the sale of their cloth, guns, &c., for *ivory only*. Some days after, I gave some lessons on human physiology. That told better than anything. When all were wondering at the structure of their own bodies, I pointed out the absurdity of Arabs wishing to buy such perfect organisms, which all the wisdom of all the white men could not put together, for a rag of cloth which a man could make in a day. The decree has now gone forth, in consequence, that no one in the kingdom is to sell a slave under pain of death. It will be another matter to see the order faithfully carried out.

Islam may be said to have prepared the way here to some extent, but it has done more harm than good. Some knowledge of the true God has been taught, but nothing of the sinner's relation to God. This latter I find it always necessary to point clearly out, as there is no need of redemption in the creed of Arabia. But I feel strongly the impotence of man's words to change the heart. But the power of the Spirit can, and the Word of God is also quick and powerful.

At present I am going through the reading of the Sermon on the Mount. It is certainly new teaching here; the king translating each paragraph from Suaheli into Kiganda for the benefit of all. Mtesa has really a sharp comprehension. He seems never to fail to catch the meaning at once. I know this, as he generally repeats the passage first in Suaheli to see if he has caught the sense, and then translates.

#### Intercourse with the People.

As to reading, I have a whole lot of pupils, old and young. Some have made wonderful progress already, for Waganda are most apt, as a rule. I find the slaves, however, generally twice as quick as their masters. I have made a lot of large sheets of easy syllables in big letters for instruction.

I have been promised ten young men to teach ordinary carpentry and ironwork, or anything else I like; and when my workshops are finished, which they are almost, I shall (D.V.) commence in earnest with them.

I have begun ox-training, and made a yoke—South African type—a short time ago. Two of our bullocks I have broken in, and already they drag about a small sleigh I knocked together. Waganda are very apt, and their present wonder at the idea of traction I expect to see soon turned into reproduction. Of course the wheel is unknown.

The chiefs and I are great friends. They come, most of them, repeatedly to see me, and send many presents of goats, plantains, &c.

I have daily to dispense medicine to many people. Sometimes I get a small present in return, sometimes nothing, but I give them to understand that I expect something from those who are able to give it. Strange enough it is often the poor people who show gratitude, and bring me a trifling gift. But the glorious Gospel is meant especially for the poor, that the rich may be without excuse. Wonderful Gospel! I have tried to teach that Jesus was a poor man, although now He is the King.

## THE REV. IMAM SHAH IN THE CITY OF CABUL.

*Letter from the Rev. T. P. Hughes.*

PESHAWAR, AFGHANISTAN, August 27th, 1879.

S there seemed to be no immediate prospect of our Government allowing an English missionary to visit Cabul, I decided to send my Native brother, the Rev. Imām Shāh, to that city.\*

It would be premature, and would certainly compromise the British Government at the present time, to attempt any *direct* Evangelistic work in Cabul. The object, therefore, of Mr. Imām Shāh's visit has been specially for the benefit of a small but interesting community of Armenian Christians residing in that place. [See *GLEANER* of February last.]

I felt that these Armenians had a very special claim upon our Peshawar Church Mission, for all of them who had been baptized had been baptized by clergymen of the Church of England—one by the chaplain of General Keene's force in 1839; two by the chaplain of General Pollock's army in 1842; and the others by the clergy of the Peshawar Mission. Several of them were personally known to me, and one of them had received a good English education in the Peshawar Mission School. This little congregation, therefore, consisted virtually of members of the Church of England, and it is of interest to remark that, until the Rev. Imām Shāh preached to them on Sunday, August 10th, 1879, there had not been a sermon in that little church in the Bāla Hisār since the time when Dr. Joseph Wolff preached to them in Persian on the 6th of May, 1832!

Under these special circumstances I determined, in consultation with my colleague, Mr. Jukes, to send our excellent Native clergyman, the Rev. Imām Shāh, on this mission, the objects of

which should be (1) to baptize those Armenians in Cabul who had not received that Christian rite, of which, it appears, there were eight individuals, or more than half of the community; (2) to minister to their spiritual edification by preaching and exhortation; (3) to administer the Lord's Supper to those who desired to receive it; (4) to report on the general state and condition of that little congregation; (5) and to see if there were any one of their number fit, and inclined to be trained for ordination, in order that he may minister to his own people in Cabul. To accomplish this, Mr. Imām Shāh most cheerfully consented to leave his wife and family and to undertake this somewhat hazardous journey.

The Khyber and Gundnamak road being still unsafe for even Native travellers, he reluctantly decided to go the longer route, via Kuram and Ali Kheyl, and on the 24th of July he left Peshawar accompanied by Sarkis, an Armenian of Cabul who had formerly been an officer in the Ameer's army. He writes as follows:—

CABUL,  
August 7th, 1879.

I arrived after a tiresome journey (via Kuram and Ali Kheyl) at the city of Cabul on the 5th of August, and I have been most kindly received by the Armenian Christians. There are now four families here, consisting of fourteen souls in all—four men, eight women, and two children. Of the hundred families who were at one time in Cabul some have died in that city, some have settled in Peshawar and Hindustan, and have died there, whilst others returned to Persia, until at last the community is reduced to this little flock of fourteen souls. But they appear to be living together in love and Christian unity. They do not seem to have



AFGHAN SOLDIER.

C. H. P. H. S.

suffered much persecution, for the Afghans have never attempted to convert any of them to Islam. The Armenians, however, say that several Afghans have been secretly Christians at heart, and that some of these secret believers have been buried in their Christian cemetery.

The little Armenian church in the Bāla Hisār (or Royal Fort) is a small building and very dark. It is entered by a long dark passage. It has only one window, and consequently the church is lighted with lamps both day and night.

August 14th.

On Sunday last (the Ninth Sunday after Trinity) I baptized four of

\* A portrait of the Rev. Imām Shāh, with an account of his conversion from Mohammedanism, appeared in the *GLEANER* of Nov., 1876.



C.M.S. MISSION AGENTS AT HONG-KONG.

the Armenians, and, God willing, I shall baptize four more on Sunday next. Every morning I have daily prayers in the church, using the Persian translation of our liturgy, and on Wednesday evening I had also a service, and preached in Persian. On Sunday next I hope to administer the Lord's Supper, that is, if the Armenians wish me to do so. It has not been considered advisable for me to walk about the city much, but I have been several times to the chief bazar, where trade seems to be flourishing.

IMAM SHAH,  
*Pastor of Peshawar, Afghanistan.*

For obvious political reasons he confines himself strictly to an account of the Armenians and of his ministrations to them, but I feel sure his letter will be read with interest by Christian people in England, many of whom, perhaps, never knew of the existence of this little beacon of Christian light in the midst of the Afghan capital.

T. P. HUGHES.

## OUR MISSION HELPERS AT HONG-KONG.

**H**ONG-KONG was occupied as a missionary centre by the Church Missionary Centre in 1862, at the earnest request of Bishop Smith. The Revs. C. F. Warren and J. Piper, now in Japan, were formerly stationed there. For the last eight years the Rev. A. B. Hutchinson has carried on an expanding and encouraging work. During his absence for a time in England, the Rev. E. Davys, who is resident in Hong-Kong, and acts as an honorary missionary, and the Rev. J. Grundy, who went out last year, are in charge. There are now 177 Native Christians attached to the Mission, including the out-stations on the mainland.



Mr. Hutchinson has given us the photograph from which the above picture has been engraved, and the following notes respecting the men in the group. The two Englishmen in the centre are himself and Mr. Grundy :—

The engraving, which is from a photograph by a Chinese artist, represents the Agents of the Society working in connection with our Mission at Hong-Kong. It was taken when they were assembled last February for the quarterly reunion and examination. On the left, in front, sit our three schoolmasters, whose faithful labours during the past six years have not only resulted in obtaining high approbation from the Government Inspector of Schools, but have also been blessed to the conversion of several of their pupils. The one to the extreme left, Tsang Fu Teng, was baptized by the Rev. J. Piper (now in Japan). He was placed in charge of the first C.M.S. school in Hong-Kong, opened in November, 1872. Next to him is Shiu Tung, of the Sayingsp'un school, and then Yam Yung Chi, of the Taipingshan school. The third and fourth, standing in the rear of these, are also schoolmasters, one on the mainland, the other assisting at the Church school. Last Christmas 97 per cent. of the pupils presented by these teachers passed the Government secular examination, and their scholars were equally well grounded in Scriptural subjects. Over 300 boys are now under their charge.

In the centre of the group, behind the teapoy, or small table, so familiar to all who are conversant with Chinese interiors, is seated the Rev. Lo Sam Yuen, who, after working for some six years in Australia, under Bishop Perry, of Melbourne, was ordained by the late Bishop Smith, of Victoria, Hong-Kong, in 1863. He has from that time laboured continuously and perseveringly in Hong-Kong, watching with intense interest the slow growth of the little flock which worships at St. Stephen's Church. He has seen Bishops and missionaries come and go, driven away by the trials of the climate, but he still holds on faithfully, notwithstanding every discouragement, quietly and trustfully preaching the Word to annually increasing congregations.

On his right hand, in the long quilted silk coat of the reader, sits Pong

Tsui Shang, who on the 12th of March last was called away quite suddenly to enter into rest. Patiently and carefully he had assisted in the literary work of the Mission for more than five years, entering into the translation of the Prayer Book especially with hearty devotion, and with a keen sense of its great importance to the infant Church. Latterly he had charge of the classical training of the six theological students, of whom two (fruits of the preaching at the church) are seen standing in the rear, quite to the left of the picture; one, a former pupil at our school, stands fifth from the left; three others were unavoidably absent.

The eleven on the right of the group are our catechists. The aged brother seated on the extreme right, wearing the *sūt mó*, or cloth hood, to protect him from the cold east wind, is Wong Li Po, who returned last year from Demerara, where he had been a successful catechist in connection with the S.P.G. He is a Hakka, as is also the catechist in white standing near the centre. (By Hakkas are meant immigrants from the Fuh-kien province, who settled in Kwantung some 800 years since. They form over a third of the population, being about seven millions in number.) These two are working together, and in May last the Rev. J. Grundy, on visiting their distant station, was enabled to baptize four converts as their firstfruits.

It is most interesting to observe the wondrous ordering of the links in the chain of grace. The younger man seated next the centre table, holding a fan, is John Wong, or, as his name has appeared in the report, Wong a Chin. He, with his aged father and mother, were brought to the knowledge of Christ by Wong Li Po in Demerara; John learnt English there, and, returning to China, relinquished lucrative employment to become a preacher of the Gospel. Then when Wong Li Po returned to his native land he was enabled to join our Mission, owing to the ability of his son in the faith to interpret his Hakka into either English or Cantonese. Thus, in God's providence, they are now fellow-workers for Christ. John is associated in the work of preaching to the heathen at the church with Mr. Lo; he also assists in the teaching of the students, and is of the greatest service in interpreting the various dialects spoken by the inquirers and some of the Christians.

The solid, stolid-looking brother on his left is our old, well-tried friend, Wat Lum, whose name is familiar as that of our first catechist at Wong Pi, near Canton. He has been privileged already to win many souls to Christ whilst diligently and faithfully working in a peculiarly discouraging district. By his side sits Stephen Cheung, to whose perseverance it is mainly owing that we are at last able, after repeated disappointments, to begin preaching in the large trading port of Kong Mun. He with Paul Au Li (fourth from the right, in rear) were confirmed in 1872 by the Bishop of Melbourne, and afterwards received special training in Scriptural knowledge at the hands of the Presbyterians (*C.M. Intelligencer*, 1878, p. 441). Paul is stationed at Yan Ping, some 200 miles from Hong-Kong, and his labours have already yielded their firstfruits. Mr. Grundy reports concerning a visit last May that he was able to baptize there six adults and one infant. Both Stephen and Paul speak the *Sz yap* dialect, which is entirely distinct from either Cantonese or Hakka. It is peculiar to the extensive district in which alone they can labour, and is unintelligible elsewhere. This is an instance of the philological difficulties which obstruct our progress and hinder the rapid extension of our work on the mainland.

Immediately behind Mr. Lo stands a brother who takes after Zacchaeus in regard to stature; by name Hor a Loi. His station is at Kowloon City—a very little city—on the mainland opposite Hong-Kong. Some five or six have already been gathered in there, and received into the fellowship of Christ's religion, and others are professed inquirers. On the extreme right stands Hor Shat In, who speaks some five dialects, and came to us from the L.M.S. He has Tang Tsing, N.E. of Canton, for his district. By his side stands Leung a Tim—firstfruit of the first Day of Intercession observed by the Chinese Christians in 1873. Successively student, colporteur, itinerant reader in the island, and catechist visiting the outlying villages on the mainland, he is now stationed in the Heung-shan district, north of Macao. Next to him stands the assistant catechist at Heungshan City, and fifth from the right is Ng, who went to Australia seeking earthly riches, and by Divine grace found there the heavenly treasure of the Gospel. This he has returned to give freely as he received it. He is at Heungshan. Besides the week-day preaching and itinerancy and distribution or sale of tracts and Scriptures, each of these holds Divine service every Sunday in the vernacular for the Christians and inquirers round them according to the order of our Church, guided by the Cantonese version of the Book of Common Prayer, translated in its entirety by myself.

We are indebted to other communions for some of these our dear fellow helpers, but they have yielded an unfeigned and hearty assent to the Thirty-Nine Articles, and the teaching of all as to its doctrine is strictly based upon that of the first eighteen.

When we remember the comparatively brief existence of this Mission and its apparent unfruitfulness for the first few years, surely it is a matter for profound thankfulness that such a body of responsible men should have been led to unite themselves thus, for the evangelisation of their benighted fellow-countrymen. Their message to the Church of England is, "Ask our brethren to pray for us."

## HINTS ON JUVENILE AND SUNDAY SCHOOL CHURCH MISSIONARY ASSOCIATIONS.

### II.



ASSING from the organisation to the actual work of Juvenile and Sunday School Associations, the questions present themselves, respecting (1) the diffusion of information, (2) the collection of money, (3) the disposal of the money collected.

#### I. How can Missionary information best be imparted?

That it should be imparted is most important. It is not well that children should support they know not what. And it is not only their contributions that are wanted, but their interest and sympathy—which will often also awaken the interest of parents and friends, and which will secure a continuous supply of labourers in time to come, not only collectors at home, but even missionaries in the field.

Information may be given (1) by publications, (2) by meetings.

(1.) For juvenile members of the Society a token of membership is provided by means of the gratuitous *Church Missionary Quarterly Token*, to which every regular subscriber of one farthing per week, one penny per month, threepence per quarter, or more, is entitled. This should be regularly supplied by the Secretary of the Juvenile Association. It will be valued the more if it is given only to those strictly entitled to it; and (as far as possible) the exact number required, and no more, should be previously ordered from the Church Missionary House. The children should be further encouraged to purchase the *Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor* (6d. monthly), which is intended to be a recognised organ of the Juvenile Associations, and the medium of reporting their proceedings and acknowledging their efforts. Boys and girls who have reached an age to prefer a more advanced publication, should take in the *Church Missionary Gleaner*. Some Associations subscribe for them, and supply their members according to rules of their own.

It is strongly recommended that each number, as it comes out, be read, or at least carefully looked through, by the Sunday school teacher or the Juvenile Secretary, before it is given out to the subscribers. The periodicals should not be regarded as mere childish picture books to be hastily distributed, but as bringing news respecting missions and missionaries already known and valued. They will often be found to contain letters from, or intelligence of, the particular mission described to the children at a recent meeting, or pictures illustrative of it. The attention of the subscribers is drawn to these references, and interest in the successive numbers will be much fostered.

The Society's larger periodical, the *Church Missionary Intelligencer and Record* (6d. monthly), may also be here mentioned, and Secretaries of Associations, and others who desire to be fully acquainted with the Society's work, should by all means take it.

#### (2.) Meetings are of different kinds:—

(a.) Every Juvenile Association should have its Annual General Meeting. A proper report should be presented by the Secretary and addresses given. For this meeting the Society will be glad to provide a deputation if possible.

(b.) Quarterly or even Monthly Meetings should be held in the Juvenile Association proper, comprising the children of the upper and middle classes. In most cases, these are best in the afternoon, or early evening. If held in a drawing-room, or (in summer) on a lawn, they are the more attractive. It is a good plan for invitations to be sent by means of post-cards to the families in the congregation; also to private boarding schools for each of which (writes a lady secretary of large experience in this branch of the work) seats should be reserved, that the children of one school may sit together. Some of the most successful of these meetings are those where the clergyman always takes them himself, carefully reading up for his address before

hand. Where this cannot be, there ought—in the towns at all events—to be no difficulty in obtaining good local speakers; and occasionally a passing deputation from the Society may be secured. Small private gatherings of children can be advantageously taken by ladies.

(c.) For the Sunday-school, at least for town Sunday-schools, special plans should be formed. A Quarterly (or, if this is not possible, Half-yearly) Missionary Sunday should be appointed, sometimes for an address in the school, sometimes for a service in church (which latter will reach the non-Sunday-school members of the Juvenile Association as well). For these addresses a deputation should not be expected—at all events, very rarely. The clergy, the superintendent, and the elder teachers should give them.

The effective working of this plan will be much facilitated if the schools of such parishes as support the Society in a town or other convenient area will combine to fix a simultaneous Quarterly (or Half-yearly) Missionary Sunday. The addresses which have been prepared for a particular school can then be given also at other schools. Thus, let us suppose that Mr. A—, superintendent or teacher of St. J—'s School, prepares an address (say) on Tinnevelly, or on the life of Mrs. Hinderer. On the first Quarterly Sunday he gives this to his own school. On the next Quarterly Sunday he goes by arrangement to St. M—'s School, and gives it there; and on the third Sunday to St. P—'s School for the same purpose. Meanwhile Mr. B—, of St. M—'s School has prepared an address on Japan, or on Bishop Crowther. This he gives at his own school on the first Sunday, at St. P—'s on the second, and at St. J—'s on the third. It is believed that in this way a most efficient band of address-givers might be gradually created, which would largely increase the intelligent interest taken in the Society's work, and at the same time relieve the Society of not a little trouble and expense in finding deputations. Sometimes the address might be a sermon in church by one of the clergy; and exchanges of such sermons might also be made. It is of the essence of this plan that it should be purely local, not dependent upon the official action of the Society's representatives, but self-working.

(d.) Monthly or quarterly meetings of collectors, *i.e.*, the holders of boxes or cards, are held in some places, and are decidedly useful. They can be made an occasion for special prayer, for a Missionary Bible Reading, for the reading of Missionary letters, etc.

(e.) Missionary Magic Lanterns are both attractive and instructive, and the Society has excellent slides illustrating some of its Missions, which can be borrowed on payment of a small fee. (See advertisement in this number.) These entertainments, however, should on no account supersede the ordinary meetings, but may be reserved for (say) an Annual Winter Treat. Admission should always be on payment (say 1*d.*, up to 6*d.* or 1*s.*), but it is a good plan for members to be admitted at half price.

Missionary diagrams, pictures, and curiosities can of course be exhibited at any of the meetings, and will be found very useful. Yet they should not be allowed to become indispensable. Some of the most interesting and really useful addresses are given without any such aids. And it is most important not to suffer attention to be so engrossed by the external manners and customs of the Hindus or Chinese, that the realities of their spiritual destitution and of the power of the Gospel upon the hearts and lives of the converts shall be in danger of being forgotten. Even in descriptions of heathen idolatry caution is necessary. Nothing is easier than to raise a laugh by a graphic account of Indian superstition or African fetish-worship, or by showing some grotesque image; but our object should rather be to awaken sympathy with the victims of such delusions, and to call forth prayer and effort on their behalf.

(To be continued.)

### "BONNY HAS BECOME A BETHEL."



UCH is the happy phrase in which an African schoolmaster describes the truly wonderful revolution which, through the mercy of God, has taken place at Bonny within the last twelve months. Let us with thankful hearts recount the goodness of the Lord manifested at what was, a year ago, one of the dark spots of the mission field.

Bonny is a town in the delta of the Niger, at the mouth of one of the channels of that river. Cannibalism and other shocking and degraded customs have been practised there; but these have somewhat diminished through intercourse with English traders and the influence of the Mission. The chiefs have become wealthy through the palm-oil trade. When the wife of one of them died last year, "no less than £500 worth of silks, satins, corals, money, &c., were buried with her, and 350 kegs of powder were fired away in eight days!"

It was in 1865 that Bishop Crowther began the Bonny Mission; but not till 1871 was there a resident ordained missionary (an African, of course). On New Year's Day 1872 the mission church of St. Stephen's was opened, and on Trinity Sunday in that year, the first five converts were baptized. These, and others afterwards gathered into the infant Church, belonged to the households or clans of the chiefs, and were in fact slaves. The baptism of nine persons on Christmas Day 1873, was the signal for the commencement of a bitter persecution, which lasted, in varying degrees of intensity—now slumbering for a while, and then bursting forth again—for more than four years, until the summer of 1878. Two converts, faithful unto death, laid down their lives for Christ's sake; others endured great sufferings; a few fell back, and yet the numbers increased; and sometimes, to strengthen one another's hands in God, they met at midnight in the bush, being prohibited attending church. Accounts of their trials were given in the GLEANER of August and September, 1876, and July, 1877.

It was on May 22nd, 1878, that a special prayer-meeting was held by the Christians, under the presidency of Archdeacon Dandeson Crowther (the Bishop's son), "to ask God to show His mighty arm in behalf of His Church and people." Mr. Crowther read letters of sympathy which had reached him from other parts of Africa, and from India and England; and "many heart-stirring prayers were offered" :—

"One sentence in the prayer of our schoolmaster ran thus:—'We beseech Thee not to rain down fire and brimstone on these stiff-necked people, as in the case of Sodom and Gomorrah; but we pray Thee to rain down *Thy love* on them, as in the case of Saul, so that the persecutors may be arrested on their way to ask, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' One of the converts prayed in the Native language thus:—'Lord, if the prayer of us, Thy unworthy servants, are too sinful to get to Thee, hear and accept the prayers of those, who call upon Thee on our behalf, but, above all, for the sake of Jesus Christ, hear us!'"

"I verily believe," wrote Mr. Crowther, "we shall be heard. Are we not told to ask and we shall receive?" But prayer and effort should always go together, and the good Archdeacon proceeded to pay a round of visits to the chiefs, endeavouring to persuade them to withdraw the decrees against the new religion and proclaim toleration. God's interposition was not long in coming; and it came in a very remarkable way.

Not three weeks after the prayer-meeting, on June 10th, the favourite wife of the leading persecutor among the chiefs died—a chief who had taken an English name, and was known as "Captain Hart." It was he who put the two martyrs (both of them of his own clan, Joshua and Asenibiega Hart) to death. Of him it might be said as was said of Ahab, "whom Jezebel his wife stirred up," and it was this wife, an inveterate enemy of the Gospel, who was now dead. Mr. Crowther sought access to her on her death-bed, in hopes of pointing her to the Saviour

of the lost, even at the eleventh hour, but without success. After her death, however, he went to see the chief, who was broken-hearted, and whose bitter grief was aggravated by the thought of the sacrifices he had offered to the "juju" (idol) and the large sums he had paid to juju priests who promised recovery :—

After expressing our sympathy, I added that all the words of comfort we can tell him will fail to heal the sore in his heart; but we, who are believers in Jesus Christ, have a "balm" which heals such wounds; there is a "Physician" above every earthly physician, who administers it into our hearts, and a change takes place for good. Should he like us to tell him of that balm for his broken heart? He answered, "Yes; tell me, and I will listen to you." I took out my Bible, and opened 2 Sam. xii.; read and explained, verse by verse, David's grievous sin against God—sin done knowingly against the Most High; then the punishment—showing how God sometimes uses the things we love most, and which we idolise and worship, instead of God, as just punishments, to make us think higher of Him, and He does so in *love* to us; then, lastly, the effect this punishment had on David: he gave up sorrow, and, being a believer in God, he had a hope which no juju has ever given its worshippers.

"But David," I continued, "required something more to make him happier, even at the death of that child, and it was this: the forgiveness of his sins against God for his past grievous conduct." I turned to Psalm li., and carefully read the whole to him, and concluded by pointing him to Jesus Christ, who has shed His blood for us all—for him (the chief), for me, for every man, and he that believeth in His name shall be saved. I closed my Bible; he sighed, and said, "God's Word is true and is good. Come at another time and tell me more!"

The "Jezebel" being now removed, and the "Ahab" struck down with sorrow, the other chiefs began to "yield very much." On the 18th September, Mr. Crowther obtained a formal meeting with the chiefs to consider the subject of toleration; at which he addressed them on the history of Joseph, "to show how God's plans must prevail notwithstanding oppositions." They hesitated, however, to give a decided answer; and then Mr. Crowther told them he should begin that very day "to invite all Bonny to church again." "There was no word of dissent; the meeting broke up, and we began our invitation on the way home." The next Sunday, St. Stephen's Church, which had been almost deserted for nearly five years, had a congregation of 220 people within its walls.

At this juncture, the titular King of Bonny (who, however, has no real power), George Pepple, returned from a visit to England. He had embraced Christianity some years before, but he had never been able—if even he tried—to prevent the persecution. Now, however, stirred up by intercourse with Christian people in this country, he returned intent upon taking a bolder stand, and began by asking Archdeacon Crowther to hold a thanksgiving service for him; since which he has been a regular attendant at church, notwithstanding some opposition at first on

the part of the chiefs. In November, Bishop Crowther visited Bonny; and on the 24th preached at St. Stephen's to a congregation of 508 persons—"a sight never witnessed before in Bonny"—King George, his sister, and several chiefs being present.

But a still more startling event was to come. On April 5 of this present year, the chief "Captain Hart" himself was summoned into the presence of God. On his death-bed he publicly renounced all trust in his idols, and ordered them to be thrown into the river, complaining that though he had been their friend they could or would do nothing to save him from death. Next day he was buried with great ceremony; and the following morning the people turned in fury upon the idols, loaded two canoes with them, took them out into the river and flung them overboard; and the wooden images which would not sink were broken up, and the fragments strewed on the surface of the water. "Captain Hart's" own principal household image was rescued by some of the converts, and has been sent to the Church Missionary Society.

And now the Native schoolmaster, Mr. Boyle, writing of Archdeacon Crowther's absence, tells us that "Bonny has

come a Bethel." "Many of Captain Hart's household, men and women and children, come with great joy to the house of God. A rich and influential woman named Orun has avowed herself a Christian, and more than a hundred converts belonging to her own and neighbouring households meet at her house morning and evening for family prayer. St. Stephen's Church, and another church at St. Clement's, built a few years ago for the



ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH, BONNY. (From a Sketch by Archdeacon Dandeson Crowther.)

of the traders, &c., are both crowded every Sunday.

Truly the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we ought indeed to be glad!

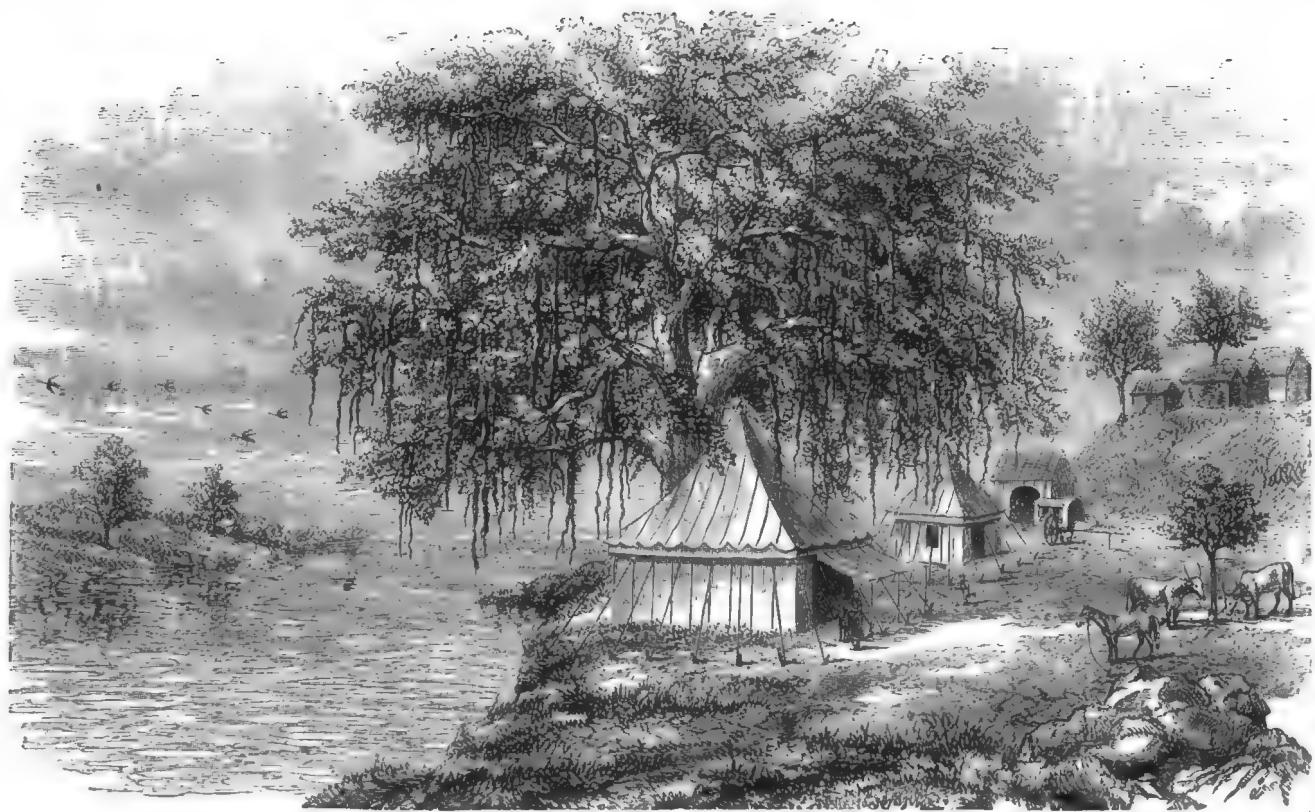
#### A LETTER FROM BESIDE A SOLITARY GRAVE

[The writer of this letter, whose husband, the Rev. James Stone, belongs to the C.M.S. Telugu Mission, in South India, is well known to many of Society's friends in England as the daughter of Archdeacon Hone Halesowen. We hope the GLEANER may be favoured with other letters and sketches from her. Raghapuram, where Mr. Stone is now stationed, is on the River Kistna.]

LAKS-MAPURAM, 25th February, 1879.

HERE we are, far away from our new home, forty miles farther inland, in wild, open country, seventy miles from the nearest English station. We are very anxious to make the best of this season, and take tours in the most distant parts of our district, while we are able yet to travel. The only me-





MISSION TENTS ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER KISTNA, SOUTH INDIA.

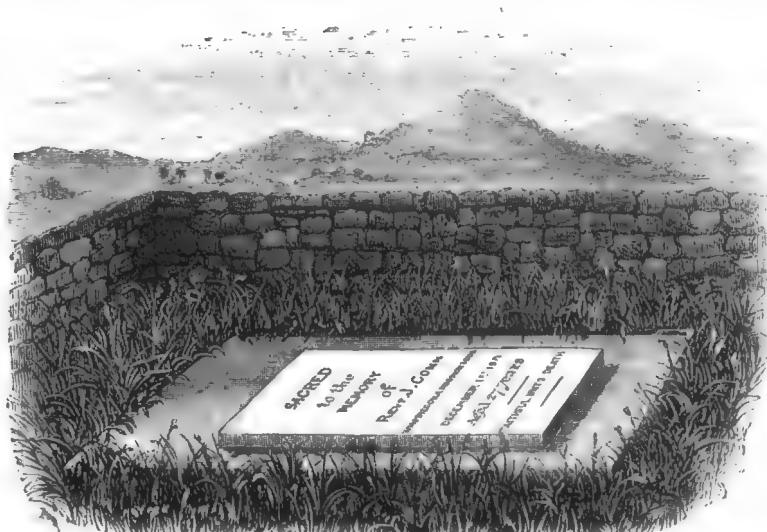
almost of travelling is by riding, and this we have done all the way. At various villages we pitched our small tent during the heat of the day, and at night also. It seems to be a great pleasure to the natives to have us here, and I am the first English lady that they have seen, so they come standing and looking at me as if I were a show! One or two have walked several miles to see so great a sight! I hope in time to write some letters about the Raghavapuram district. But my object in writing now is to send you a sketch which I took last night. Eight years ago on the very spot where this tombstone lies there was a tent pitched.

Around, the country was wild and bare, with the exception of a few bright green paddy fields, and in the distance you could see the hill at Lingagiry, where some of the Native Christians lived. The view on the other side was the village of Savararam, which lay close by. The man who pitched that tent is helping us now with ours, and from him we learn the sad facts of this grave.

At the end of November, 1871, two of our young missionaries, Mr. Conn and Mr. Cox (the one having just arrived in the country, and the other

having taken charge of this district only a few months previously, which is now under our charge), set forth from Raghavapuram to see some of the most distant villages, where they would visit the scattered Christians and preach the Word of Life. On the journey they halted near to Jaggiapett, and pitched their tent on a spot of land where, unknown to them, cholera had previously been. From thence they started for Lingagiry, but ere they had gone half-way they both felt unwell. Still they pursued their journey, and at last reached Savararam, near which (as I said before) they pitched their tent for the night. They hoped

to lie down and rest, but it was not to be so, as it proved before the morning dawned that they had been attacked with cholera. They took the medicine they had with them, and Mr. Cox became somewhat better; indeed, they both seemed likely to recover the next morning. But morning came, and Mr. Conn was no better; however, he kept up bright and cheerful till the afternoon, and then he expressed a fear that he should die. The teacher at Lingagiry was sent to fetch bearers to take him back to Raghavapuram, but long before they came he had entered into his



A SOLITARY GRAVE IN THE TELUGU COUNTRY. (From a Sketch by Mrs. Stone.)

rest. The Master, in whose service he had been faithful to the last, had called him to a far higher and far nobler work in His own presence above. In the night he was buried by the few who were with him.

This short story needs no comment; it tells its own tale. Surely it must have been very sweet to be called away in the midst of the work which God had appointed for him to do on earth. We thought of the contrast there was between that lonely spot, the body laid there by itself, and the soul which had gone up to join the innumerable company of saints and angels for ever. As we solemnly stood by the side of the grave, it seemed to be a reminder to us that the time was short, and that we who were left must go on diligently working while it was "day," neither must we faint, nor be weary nor discouraged. Earnestly did we pray that we might long be spared to work for God in this difficult field of labour, and that when we were called to die it might be said of us, as it was said of him who was laid there, "Faithful unto death." Though Mr. Conn was only known by name to us, it struck us that there might be some of his family or friends who loved him who would value a drawing of the tombstone; so I drew it as I stood there. They will like to know that it is cared for and looked after by one of the Native teachers who lives about a mile away.

Alice Cameron Stone.

### EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The Committee have appointed to the office of Central Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, vacant by the death of the Rev. S. Hasell, the Rev. Henry Sutton, M.A., Vicar of St. Cleopas, Liverpool. Mr. Sutton was Association Secretary for Lancashire in 1861-64, and indeed was the predecessor of Mr. Hasell himself in that post. He is well known to many friends of the Society as a preacher and speaker on its behalf, and they will, we are sure, support him in the arduous duties he has undertaken by their hearty and prayerful co-operation.

By the death of Bishop Baring the Church Missionary Society has lost a true and tried friend. He was a liberal contributor to its funds, and during his Episcopate the amount raised in the Diocese of Durham increased largely. His son is a valued honorary missionary of the Society in the Punjab. His speech at the anniversary meeting in 1875, and still more his memorable sermon at St. Bride's in 1877, will long live in the recollection of those who had the privilege of hearing them.

Mrs. Lake, the widow of General Lake, entered into rest on August 12th. She was his true help-meet during his six years of office in the Secretariat of the Church Missionary Society, taking a deep interest in the Missions, showing much kindness to the missionaries, and working hard at her desk to lighten her husband's labours. Many MS. books and papers are now in our possession, and in almost daily use, containing extracts, abstracts, notes, &c., which she made for him. Truly they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not long divided.

Mrs. Gobat, the widow of the late Bishop of Jerusalem, only survived her venerable husband a few weeks. She died on August 1st, and their remains are laid side by side on Mount Zion, the spot they loved so well for the King of Zion's sake.

The following missionaries have lately arrived in England: the Rev. C. B. S. Gillings (invalided), and Mr. J. Field, from Lagos; the Rev. D. T. Barry, from Calcutta; the Rev. J. Caley, from Travancore; the Rev. W. E. Rowlands, from Ceylon; the Rev. W. B. Chancellor (invalided), from the Seychelles; the Rev. J. R. Wolfe, and Miss Laurence, from China; Archdeacon Kirkby, from Hudson's Bay.

The Rev. Dr. E. F. Hoernle was admitted to priest's orders by the Archbishop of Canterbury on September 21st, and started for Persia, where he is to begin a Medical Mission, on October 8th.

Mr. G. G. M. Nicol, a grandson of Bishop Crowther, who offered himself to the C.M.S. after taking his degree at Cambridge, and was to have been ordained on Trinity Sunday, was taken seriously ill just before that time, and has been lying on a sick bed ever since. Through the mercy of God he is now sufficiently recovered to be sent back to Africa, where, in his native climate, he may be able to labour as a missionary. He was to sail on October 18th.

The result of the action brought by the Chinese mandarins at Fuh-chow against the C.M.S. missionaries (mentioned in our August number), is that the latter are acquitted of all the charges brought against them personally, but the mandarins are empowered to resume possession, if they wish, of the land occupied by the Mission for nearly thirty years. This would exclude the missionaries from residence in the native city, and

thus seriously affect their work. They intended to appeal against judgment, which they regard as incorrect, but it is hoped that Chinese, who are anxious to avoid the appeal, may have compromised matter.

The *Henry Venn* steamer left Lokoja, at the confluence of the branches of the Niger, on July 8th, to ascend the Binue branch. This is a very important move, as no vessel has been up any considerable distance since Dr. Baikie and Samuel Crowther ascended in 1854. The steamer took the Society's two English agents, Mr. Ashcroft and Mr. Kirk, not the Bishop, who, to his great disappointment, was detained at Lokoja by the illness of Mrs. Crowther.

Admiral Prevost arrived at Metlakahtla on July 14th. He received as might be expected, a most hearty welcome, the people singing Doxology as he landed. "Great improvements," he writes, "have taken place in the village. Two storied houses are going up: thirty-five in hand." He spent five weeks there, and visited two of the summer fishing stations "on the Sunday unexpectedly." "It would have rejoiced my heart," he says, "to have seen, as I did, how honourably the day was kept, not doing their own ways, nor finding their own pleasure, but delighting themselves in the Lord, and keeping the day holy."

The Rev. J. Vaughan describes a distressing calamity which has befallen Krishnagar. For several months the poor Christians had lived hand to mouth, and could barely procure one meal a day; but the fields were "one waving scene of glory," and promised a crop such as had not been seen for years. That crop has perished in one day. Heavy rains had swollen the two rivers that flow through the district, and on August 27th they burst their banks and overflowed the country. Numbers of houses, and several Mission chapels were swept away; "the whole district now lies several feet under water," all field labour comes to a standstill; and as the stock of old rice is exhausted, starvation can only be averted by instant supplies from elsewhere. The Governor will no doubt have set to work vigorously ere this, and the C.M.S. Committee have telegraphed authority to draw on the balance of the India Famine Fund still in hand to relieve the poor people. Mr. Vaughan says the Christians are "none of them charging God foolishly!"

Mrs. Grace thus writes of her husband's death, at Tauranga, New Zealand, on April 30th:—"A few hours before he died he seemed to be beholding the glories of the unseen world, and for a long time we listened to him exclaiming in broken sentences, such as 'Glory, glory! Hosanna!' 'A crown of glory!' 'I am not worthy,' &c., &c. His mind was clear and active to the last hour. He knew us all until a minute or two before the end. His last words were, 'Mamma, I am going home,' and then quietly passed away—no struggle, no sigh. Mrs. Grace, we are glad to say, proposes to continue her good work in the Tauranga Industrial Girls' School established by Mr. Grace and herself.

The Rev. E. J. Peck writes from Little Whale River, on March 2nd, in hopeful terms respecting his work among the Esquimaux. He is proposing shortly to baptize four converts.

Encouraging progress is reported from Brass. Twenty-seven persons were baptized by the Native missionary, the Rev. T. Johnson, on January 22nd, and on the following Sunday eighty-three persons received the Lord's Supper. One of the newly-baptized is a daughter of the heathen priest, who had herself been an active prosecutor, and cheerfully endures the persecution of her father and sisters. We are sorry to hear that King Ockiya is very ill, and not likely to recover. He gave up his idols to Bishop Crowther three years ago, and attended church services, but has never been baptized. Now, however, he is asking for baptism.

The Rev. V. Vedhanayagam, of Vageikulam, Tinnevelly, has adopted a novel plan of commending Christianity to the educated English-speaking Hindus. He sent to England for a number of copies of the *Memories of Bagland*, whose memory is much revered in the district, and has distributed them freely. "They have read them," he writes, "with great interest. May they be led by the influence of the Holy Spirit to follow Christ as he did!"

**THE LATE DR. MULLENS.**—Our news column being omitted for a month owing to the space being devoted to Travancore, some items of news were deferred, and are now rather late in time. Among them is the very sad blow which has fallen upon missionary enterprise in Africa by the death of Dr. Mullens, Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society, who had gone out to visit the new Mission established by the Society on Lake Tanganyika. He died near Mpwapwa, on July 10th, and was buried on the C.M.S. Mission ground there. Dr. Baxter, our medical missionary, was able to minister to him in his last hours, though he could not save his life. Dr. Mullens was for many years a missionary in Calcutta, and both there and at home he was well known as a most zealous and devoted worker in the cause of our common faith.

Just as we go to press, we have received with deep regret the heavy tidings of the death, on October 5th, of Bishop Russell of North China.

## THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

DECEMBER, 1879.

## GOING FORTH.

"Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross."—*Heb. xii. 2.*  
 "Ye shall go out with joy."—*Isa. lv. 12.*  
 "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Matt. xxv. 21.*

**J**OY growth in full many a field,  
 Throughout Earth's wide domain ;  
 What mirth the sports of childhood yield,  
 What smiles the bridal train !  
 When reapers bind the last full sheaf,  
 For joy aloud they call,  
 But the joy that springeth out of grief,  
 Is the brightest joy of all.  
 Stooping from Heaven's high glorious throne,  
 ONE came to earth below ;  
 Amidst one alien world alone,  
 HE lived a life of woe.  
 But through the gloom, afar there beamed  
 A joy supremely bright ;  
 The multitude of HIS redeemed  
 HE saw, in robes of white !  
 O ye who by HIS Spirit led,  
 Go, "bearing precious seed,"  
 Preaching the name of HIM who bled,  
 That captives might be freed.  
 We know how keen the pangs must be  
 Of severed human ties,  
 How dear the forms ye cannot see  
 For tears that fill your eyes.  
 Yet faint not ! HE, whose last command  
 Ye faithfully obey,  
 Will guard you with His own right hand  
 Through all your unknown way.  
 As HE was sent, HE sendeth you,  
 Love's purpose to fulfil,  
 Earth hath no joy so deep, so true,  
 As theirs who do HIS will.

Q.

## OUR HOME IN THE WILDERNESS.

Recollections of North Tinnevelly.

BY THE REV. R. R. MEADOWS.

## CHAPTER IX.—A FAITHFUL AYAH.

AMADHANAM (her name means "Peace,") came to us in 1862. She had been educated in Mrs. Tucker's Boarding-school at Panneivilei, and, contrary to all advice, had been married by her foolish parents to a man who was in no way suited to her. Natives of India think that they must marry their children to relatives, and to those of them who stand in a certain recognised relation to them; a son, for instance, must, if possible, marry a mother's sister's child. This was the sole reason for a connection which proved to be a most unhappy one. He soon quarrelled with and repudiated her, and relapsed himself into heathenism. She came to us, therefore, as a widow, not more than about twenty years old. She was naturally somewhat wanting in energy, but as truthful and consistent a Christian as one seldom meets with. She loved her Bible. Most of the knowledge of the Scriptures which our little boy possessed came from her. When she put him to bed at night, she would send him to sleep with a story, and that was always a Bible story. It was her practice, if any heathen came and had to wait any time in the verandah, where she sat working, to tell him or her the story of the creation, the fall, the deluge, and, in fact, so much that the poor ignorant visitor would go away bewildered by this overflow of teaching. It was not wise of her, but what she valued herself she thought others would be interested in.

Her habit of looking into the Bible for comfort and guidance in time of trouble found a beautiful illustration one evening. It was the rainy season, when the little streamlets become swollen into wide and rapid rivers. I was out on my missionary work, and was expected home that night. It was known that I should have to cross one of these rivers at a place where there was no bridge. My wife went to bed very anxious : "Should I attempt to wade the river ? Might I not be carried away by the flood ?" The ayah saw her anxiety. But I will quote the whole circumstance from my wife's journal :—

"During the absence of my husband for a few days in his large district heavy rains had fallen, causing the rivers to swell and making them for some hours impassable. Alone in my bungalow, I was full of anxious fears on the evening of his expected arrival, and retired to my room, giving up all hope of his return that night. My faithful ayah left me for a time, and returned with her mat to lie down in my room, as was her custom when I was alone. She came to my bed-side and said, 'Animal (Mother), don't be too anxious, I have been praying to God, and I feel sure He will preserve the dear teacher, for I read in my Bible these words (Isaiah liii. 2), "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee : when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned ; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.'" With the comfort suggested by this affectionate Christian attendant I was calmed, and slept in peace. The next morning I had the joy of welcoming my dear husband back, and, after thanking God together for His preserving care, he recounted to me the very narrow escape he had had from a watery grave in crossing the swollen river, though he had waited the whole night for the water to subside. On entering the river the words in Isaiah liii. 2 had entered his mind, giving him courage and comfort."

I may mention that about the same time an American missionary, a good swimmer, was crossing a river in the same way, when a sudden wave overwhelmed him. His corpse was found a few days afterwards several miles down the stream.

When we went home, both of us being broken in health after ten years at our station, the ayah accompanied us to Madras and to the ship. Her parting from us was most touching. She held my wife's feet, wept, and had to be literally forced by the sailors into the boat. The little boy's feelings were overcome. He burst out, "What for do we come on this ship ? I don't want to go to England. I have lost my dear ayah." When we reached Aden I wrote her a letter of comfort in her own language. Here is her reply :—

"**MOST REVEREND FATHER,**—From your valuable letter I heard of the good health of yourself and my mistress, and the apple of my eye, the golden Bobbie, and the golden baby. I trust that the Lord will also carry you safely through the Red Sea, and be with you and bring you to your own land to see your relatives and friends and be comforted with them. My dear Father, I did not feel it so much when I parted from you. But more and more do I desire to be with you and my dear mistress and my precious Bobbie, and the baby, a precious fruit which never satisiates. And did my Bobbie cry when I left him ? When I read that part of your letter my heart was broken. How glad should I be had I wings to fly. Then would I come and see you and my patient mistress. Then would I speak with Bobbie, my lump of gold. Then could I see his dear face and hear his precious voice and be made glad. I would take the baby in my arms and kiss both his cheeks. My dear Father, when shall I see you again ? I think of you by day and by night, and my heart is filled with ceaseless grief. But my merciful Lord has comforted me." . . . .

During our absence in England a legal divorce from her husband was effected, and she was married to a schoolmaster connected with the American Mission in Madura. While her husband taught in the boarding-school she was employed in visiting the heathen women of the town as a Bible-woman, a position she occupied for some time. Our last account found her usefully engaged in assisting in the famine relief at Palani, under Mrs. Chandler, of the American Mission. She is now the joyful mother of two or three children.

## THE GOSPEL AMONG THE ESQUIMAUX.

**A**N the GLEANER of June, 1877, some account was given of the new Mission to the Esquimaux at Little Whale River, on the Eastern side of Hudson's Bay, with a map of that part of British North America, and a picture of the station at Little Whale River itself—the most remote outpost of the Hudson's Bay Company in that direction.

Our readers can scarcely have forgotten the narrative written by the missionary, Mr. E. J. Peck, of his seven weeks' journey thither in an open boat from Bishop Horden's head-quarters at Moose Factory.

Then, just a year ago, in the GLEANER of December last, there was an account of Mr. Peck's ordination at Moose, by Bishop Horden, on February 3rd, 1878.

In July of that year he returned to his solitary home, and for the next twelve months he was again hard at work perfecting himself in the language, and diligently teaching the people. He writes:—

I returned to my post at Little Whale River in the month of July, 1878. While on my journey I called at some of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts.

One of the places visited was Seal River. Here I met some twenty Indians; these being Christians, they desired me to baptize their children. For this purpose they

cleared one corner of their tent for my use, with other preparations. Such acts showed their kindness and good wishes. What a curious sight, this Indian tent, with moss for a carpet, and dried fish over my head, together with the motley group who surrounded me! But there was this sweet truth which gave beauty to all, viz., Jesus was near to bless us in our humble abode, just as much, I believe, as if we had the spire of some noble building over our heads.

The next post I visited was Great Whale River. Here I met about fifty Indians; they were eager to hear about Jesus. I told them the

simple story of the Saviour's love, and exhorted them to have Jesus their Friend and Guide. I have no doubt but God will bless such efforts. I am sure He loves the Indians as much as any one else; and expect Him to save and bless them.

I now speak of the other people to whom God has sent me, viz., Esquimaux. Now it may be asked, "What has become of the Esquimaux during their teacher's absence?" I have a pleasant answer to give, which is this: the same God who has been pleased to bless Esquimaux while I was with them, has done the same during my absence. This has been done through the medium of my helper, Molucto.

others; meetings were held by the for the other Esquimaux. These were well attended, the Esquimaux were very anxious to learn.

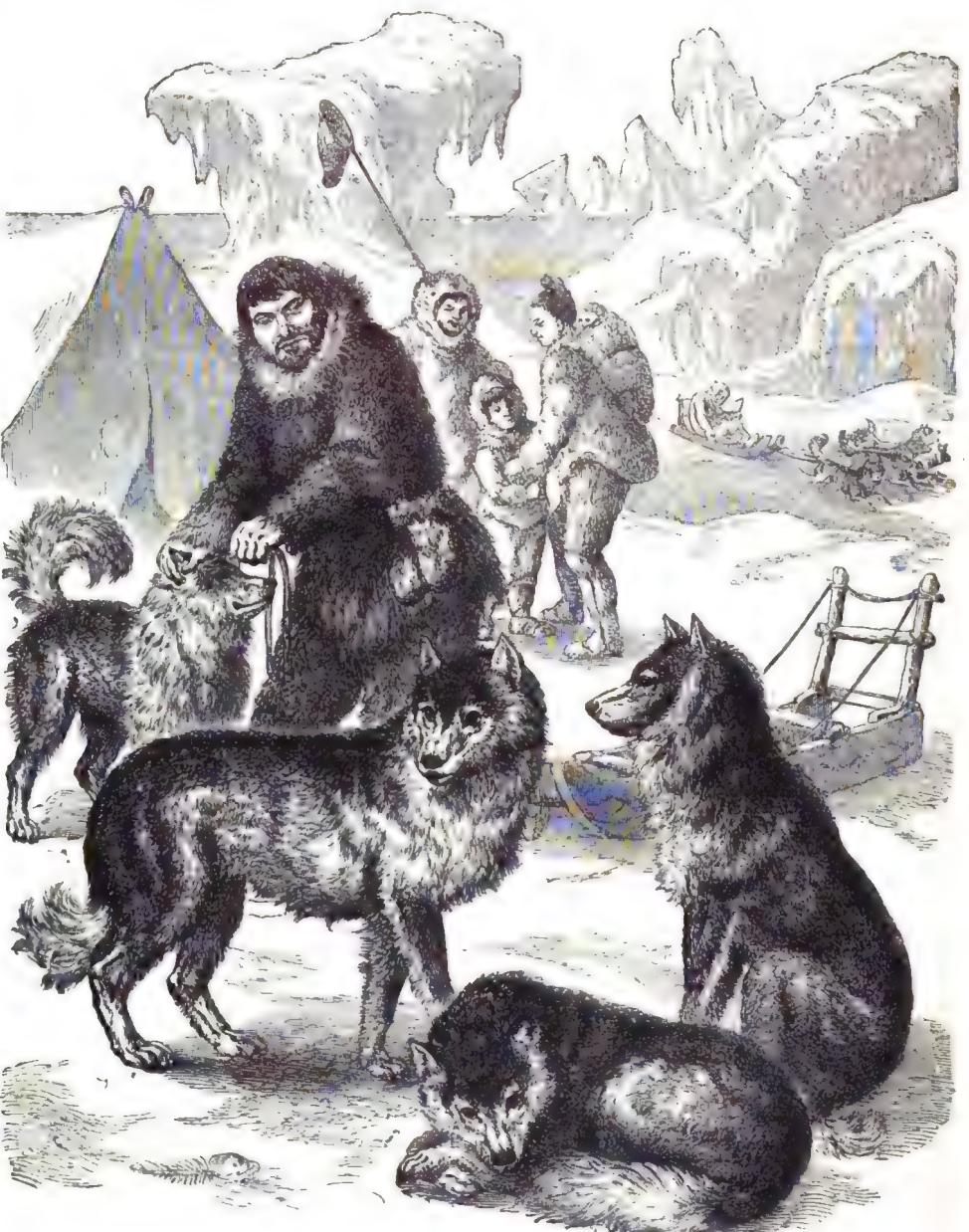
On my arrival at Little Whale River the Esquimaux gave me a very hearty welcome, and some of them appeared quite delighted to see me.

It gives me great joy and encouragement to minister to these people, seeing they are so willing to learn, and anxious to know the truth. I trust God will spare me to live with them for many years. Jesus is known to many; and the Spirit's sanctifying influence is felt in their hearts. Let us press on in faith, nothing doubting, and God will give us a still greater blessing. Let us pray and work, for life is brief and the souls of men are precious.

LITTLE WHALE RIVER,

March 27th, 1879.

I have already met several strange Esquimaux this year, to whom I have ministered according to my ability. A party of my poor people were with me for some time. I have given them with me about five hours each day, so that I was able to give them a good supply of spiritual food. One family consisting of some twelve members



ESQUIMAUX DOG SLEDGE.

gave me their charms or idols, desiring to have Jesus only as their Saviour and Defender. Many of the Esquimaux seem to have lost all faith in their conjurors, although they are not yet willing to part with their charms. I have told them plainly they cannot have Jesus and their idols also, so that they must leave them if they wish to be saved. I do not wish any one to imagine that these favourable results have been brought about solely by my agency, for if human agency is considered, I must say that my helper, Molucto, has done, and continues to do, a great work. He seems to have a deep love for the souls of his fellow-countrymen.

I intend to baptize four of the Esquimaux who have been under instruction and who have forsaken their heathenism. In this matter I have earnestly asked God to guide and direct me. I shall be in no hurry to baptize inquirers, but I shall give them time to count the cost of their religion. I think it right to lay the foundations of the Esquimaux Church on a good foundation; for if my people imagine that Christianity consists in being baptized, and having certain outward forms and ceremonies, while they cling to their sins and follow some of their heathen practices, I am afraid the blessing of God will not be manifest.

August 6th, 1879.

There is not the least doubt that your prayers have been answered, for there is not a single branch of my work but what has been blessed.

First, we have to thank God for the way in which he has led G—— S—— (the Hudson's Bay Company's servant) to dedicate himself to His service. He has proved remarkably earnest in the cause of Christ, and he has been made a blessing to two of the poor Indians; he has also exercised his influence among the Esquimaux. As regards the poor Esquimaux, there has been, and is, an awakening them, especially amongst those who reside at Little Whale River.

The books sent last year have proved a great boon, and I have good reasons for believing that God's Spirit has taken the written Word as the means of enlightening the souls of some of my poor people. I am happy to say that several can now read their books quite fluently.

I have made it a practice during the time I have been at Little Whale River to instruct all the Esquimaux who live at this post daily, so that they can all, with few exceptions, read their books; and I believe any of them would give satisfactory answers if questioned upon most of the leading truths of Christianity.

Soon after Mr. Peck's first settling at Little Whale River, Bishop Hor- den wrote earnestly asking for a little iron church for him. "It is," said the Bishop, "quite indispensable. No wood grows near there at all fit for buildings, and he cannot preach to or teach his people in the open air with the thermometer at 40 degrees below zero. It should be large enough to accommodate 150 people."

Through the kindness of private friends a pretty little iron building of the size required was purchased, costing altogether £300, and was sent out in pieces in the Hudson's Bay Company's annual ship to Moose Factory. This was two years ago: but not until this summer could the Company's small coasting schooner take it on from Moose to Little Whale River. We have now, however, just heard of its arrival. Mr. Peck writes:—

August 19th, 1879.

I send you a few lines to tell you that the long expected treasure, viz., the iron church, has safely arrived at Little Whale River. I am sure it will be a great joy to the kind givers to know that I am in possession of their gift, and greater still will be their joy when I am able to tell you that precious souls have been added to the Lord within its sacred walls. I am sure I shall always feel deeply grateful for the kindness of dear friends who have given me such a lasting token of their sympathy and aid.

Mr. Peck, as some will remember, was formerly a seaman in Her Majesty's Navy; and it is with true sailor's tact, patience, ready resourcefulness, and capacity to endure hardness, that he has thrown himself into his work. Moreover, as the above short extracts show, he has gone forth in the true missionary spirit, simple and burning love for a loving Saviour—simple and burning love for the souls He died to save, however ignorant and degraded they may be. Let us not despise great talents and learning: God has uses for all; yet it is by this spirit that all the greater triumphs of the Gospel have been won. Mr. Peck's lonely and self-denying work deserves all our sympathy and prayers: shall it not have them?

### A STREET BREAKFAST IN ABEOKUTA.

THE scene depicted in the picture is very common in the streets and market places of Abeokuta. The woman seen is dispensing a kind of gruel, called *ekko*, made of Indian corn, which constitutes the regular Yoruba fare for early breakfast, taken about seven o'clock, and, curiously enough, never at home, but at the cook's shops or stalls, like the hot coffee which the English workman finds ready for him at the corner of many streets between five and six A.M. This *ekko* is also sold, when cold, in a congealed form, in appearance something like blanc-mange, when it is served up and eaten with a certain sauce called *obbe*, or "palaver sauce," made with fish, flesh, or fowl, and palm oil, flavoured with pepper and bitter herbs. This last dish is a favourite one with the Yorubans, and, as few of the people take their meals within doors, the women whose business it is to prepare and sell this food are quite besieged at certain hours of the day.

Abeokuta is a town of about 100,000 people. There are 2,000 Native Christians, the fruits of the Society's Mission.



A STREET BREAKFAST IN ABEOKUTA.

### WILLIAM TYTHERLEIGH—A TRIPLE CALL FROM GOD.

ERY impartially has the hand of death been laid upon men of different ranks and terms of service in the Church Missionary army during the last year or two. We have seen veteran missionary Bishops called to their everlasting rest after long years of faithful labour—Williams, Gobat, and now Russell. We have seen able missionaries like David Fenn suddenly summoned from their work in the prime of life; and we have seen young and humble lay brethren called away at what seemed but the threshold of a useful career. One such, J. B. Read, received special notice in the GLEANER of September, 1878, in an article entitled "A Finished Course of Four Months." He had landed on the West Coast of Africa in August, 1877, and died in December of that year. In the

very same August there landed another lay agent on the East Coast, William C. Tytherleigh, a young carpenter appointed to the Nyanza Mission. His "finished course" was exactly twice as long as that of Read, for he lived and laboured eight months, and then to him also came the call home. He had worked with untiring cheerfulness under Mr. Mackay, in sending off a caravan of supplies to the party in the interior, in training bullocks for the waggons, which it was then hoped might be driven from the coast up to Mpwapwa, and in conducting the bullock trains when ready. Mr. Mackay's letters frequently referred to him in the warmest terms. In one he said, "Tytherleigh is working like a horse, and enjoying his new life immensely. He seems a most willing and expert workman, and takes to ox-training—a business as new to him as to myself—with hearty goodwill."

On April 1st (1878) he was alone with a caravan at Magubika, a place in the Usagara mountains on the road to Mpwapwa, when, helping to push a cart up hill, he strained himself internally, and immediately became seriously ill. Five days after, Dr. Baxter, who was behind, reached the place, but medical skill could only alleviate his sufferings, and he sank to rest on the 10th. "He was very happy," wrote Dr. Baxter, "and expressed himself as 'safe in the arms of Jesus.' Before he knew his sickness was unto death, he said he hoped it would not result in his having to return to England, as he wished to remain here and do his duty. I hope the Society will be able to send out one in his place, as earnest, faithful, and patient a labourer in the vineyard as he was. We buried him on the top of a fine hill, with a splendid view of wooded mountains on either side." There rests the injured body, one day to rise to incorruption and immortality; but the brave and loving spirit rejoices in its Saviour's presence.

Mr. Mackay had left the heavy caravan and hastened forward towards the Lake on hearing of the death of Lieut. Smith and O'Neill, and it was not till two or three months afterwards that the news reached him that Tytherleigh also had been called away. Then he wrote—

"Last week some men from the coast informed me that a white man had died on the road near Kitange, and that he was chief of those now settling at Mpwapwa. I at once concluded that we had lost Dr. Baxter; but tonight the report given me by the newly-arrived men is that it is the white man who was in charge of the two carts who is dead, and that they saw the man with the beard alive. Is it, then, that my invaluable helpmate Tytherleigh is no more? What heavy blows our Heavenly Father gives us! Lieut. Smith's last words to me come true again, 'God's ways are not man's ways. His wisdom is far above out of our sight. His will be done.' The hardest prayer of all!"

And in one of the last letters received from Mr. Mackay in Uganda, he says, referring to manual labour in the Mission, "Oh, for Tytherleigh among us! If you can find another Tytherleigh in all England, please send him out, but his like is not every day to be met with."

How came William Tytherleigh to be a missionary? He was brought to the Society by a lady, Miss Hewlett, at whose Bible-class, in her father's parish in Wiltshire, he had learned to know the love of Christ,—and who has herself also now gone to India as a medical missionary under the Indian Female Instruction Society. Miss Hewlett has kindly sent us the following most interesting account of her young *protégé*—

According to your wish I am sending you a few lines concerning our dear young friend, William Tytherleigh, whom God, in His infinite wisdom, has so early called to rest. When I first knew him it was as a regular attendant at a Bible-class for young men held every Sunday afternoon in the parish of Purton. He came on the first day on which the class was opened, and, with one exception, never needlessly absented himself until he left for Africa, rather more than two years later. That one exception was ever afterwards a sad remembrance to him, but he said, in speaking of it, "I was allowed to wander that day in misery, for I thought myself so strong, but then I learnt my weakness, and was humbled." He also remarked on the day before he sailed for Africa, "I went to that Bible-class the first time for a *lark*, but the Lord was gracious to me, and snatched me as a brand from the burning." It is not known exactly what words arrested him, or how he was led to feel the exceeding sinfulness of sin, but his own expression was, "Oh, it is just His love altogether; I can stand out against it no longer." From the day he believed he began to work for Christ, he was always ready with a word to the careless or anxious, was diligent in giving away tracts and portions of Scripture among his companions, and was the means of bringing many to the Bible-class and to church by his diligence in seeking them out as they were idling or walking on Sunday. Above all, he lived a consistent Christian

life. I can testify that, although I watched him closely and anxiously during those two years, I never saw anything to alter my glad conviction that "he walked with God."

It was early in 1876, about a year from the time of his conversion, that he felt a great desire to give himself to foreign missionary work for Christ's sake. This desire was much strengthened by his hearing at a missionary meeting the history of Mr. Duncan of Metlakahtla. But he feared the wish was presumptuous, because he was only a young labourer man with very little education; still he could never entirely forget, though (to use his own words), "I resolutely tried to put it away lest it should take too much upon me." In the autumn of the same year he attended another meeting, as God would have it, he heard Mr. Duncan's history again graphically told by a clergyman who was not aware of having so recently heard it. "Then," Tytherleigh said, "I seemed to hear a voice saying, 'Why not you?' and I could resist no longer. I felt that this was of God, and at once in that meeting I cried to Him, 'Here I am, send me!'" Afterwards, when humbly acknowledging his want of many qualifications, he said, "But I have a strong heart."

And so it came to pass in the providence of God that he was accepted by your Committee for work as a missionary carpenter in Central Africa. You have heard from his companions how consistently he lived and how bravely he worked during the nine months of the outward journey, the call to go home to rest, on April 10th, 1878, so I need add nothing except the fact that all his letters to us were full of love to the Master, and expressions of earnest desire to be used for His glory. To us it seemed strange and sad that with so much energy and zeal, with such thorough consecration to Christ, and with work waiting to his hand, he should have been called to lay down his life at the early age of twenty-one, in the heart of a country where the heathen are perishing for lack of knowledge, and where the cry of the labourers so constantly is "Come over and help us." But "God is His own Interpreter, and He will make it plain." We only rest assured that although we know not now what He is doing, He is doing all wisely and well done, and that He had another sphere for that boy's young life, in which it could grow and develop to His glory through eternity.

S. S. HEWLETT

Thus we see how God's triple call came to William Tytherleigh. First, the call to the knowledge and faith of Christ. Secondly, the call to the service of God in the place in the missionary army. Thirdly, the call to "come up higher" and receive an early crown. Has the first call come to us? and the second? Have they been obeyed? And are we ready for the third?

### HINTS ON JUVENILE AND SUNDAY SCHOOL CHURCH MISSIONARY ASSOCIATIONS.

#### III.



ASSING to our second point, we ask—

II. *How can the money be best collected?*

(a.) By Collections at the meetings and services.

(b.) By Sales of Work, Missionary Christmas Trees, &c.

These give opportunities for the boys to work for the Missionary cause; and there are ways in which the boys also can help. It would be impossible here to give detailed suggestions respecting agencies of this kind, or examples of success. Almost every Association that employs them has its own plans of its own. Besides the ordinary sales of work, some adopt most ingenious devices for awakening interest and insuring success. Now it is a Missionary Ship, then a Missionary Hive, then a Missionary Bower. Here we find Missionary Canaries, there a Missionary Pig, here a Missionary Apple-tree, there Missionary Hop-poles, and again, a Missionary Mangle. In one rural parish, £36 was raised last year at a Missionary Flower Show—an excellent idea. It need scarcely be said that the organisation of such methods of collecting money, as these, as well as of girls' working parties, &c., affords admirable opportunities for the work and influence of Christian labour. Concerning sales, the lady already quoted writes:—"The sale should be conducted in a manner consistent with the spirit of the Gospel; no raffling or false means of gaining money should be allowed, but only simple buying and selling. A sale," she adds, "has been conducted in this way for fourteen years in connection with a Juvenile Association, producing in that period a total sum of £1,550. It is always opened with prayer and

praise, and an address upon the work of the day is made to harmonise with this commencement."

(c.) By Missionary Boxes. These are a most fruitful agency. It is believed that £15,000 a year is collected by their means for the Church Missionary Society. In one parish, in 1877, no less than 180 boxes were in use, which produced £179, or just £1 a piece on an average. But such a result, or indeed any satisfactory result, can be gained only by careful and systematic management. Boxes should never be given out wholesale. The name and address of the child should be written on the label, and also entered in the secretary's book. A register for this purpose is supplied by the Society. All boxes should be called in quarterly, or at most half-yearly. If the opening can take place in the holder's presence, and at (or rather before) a meeting, it will be more thought of. After the money is taken out, the box should be fastened up again, and the amount collected entered on the new label. A missionary-box in the home may itself be a missionary. It is a standing witness for God, and a constant reminder of His Gospel and His work.

(d.) By Collecting Cards or Books. If worked with equally systematic care, these may be as fruitful as boxes.

(e.) In the Sunday-school, by Weekly Collections. In some schools, a box stands on the table for occasional contributions; in others, each class has a box for the same purpose. In the former case the result will be very small; in the latter, larger, but not what it might be. The scholars should be invited to become regular subscribers, of however small a sum weekly or monthly. They *have money*, and are generally quite willing to give it in this way, if encouraged; and to do this more effectually, the teacher should also, regularly and at the same time, give a trifle (say one penny) himself. Every name and every contribution in a class should be entered in the teacher's class-book; and the secretary (generally a junior teacher) should enter in his general book, every Sunday, the amount given by each class. The money may be dropped into a class missionary-box, to be opened quarterly; or it may be paid at once to the Secretary, boxes being reserved for individual scholars who take them home. This latter plan obviates the risk of theft, when boxes are left in the school cupboard. In any case, the amounts collected by the several classes should be announced quarterly.

One great advantage of regular subscriptions is that they foster the sense of membership. The children should not be mere givers of occasional half-pence; they should be *members of the Association*, and, through that, of the Church Missionary Society itself. This sense of membership will do more than anything else to promote the continuance of interest in the missionary cause as the children grow up.

### III. How should the money collected be disposed of?

In some parishes the Juvenile contributions are partly or wholly devoted to some special object, such as the support of a child in a Mission boarding-school. Children, it is urged, take more interest in such objects than in the General Fund. But—

(1.) That interest often does not *last*, because the child supported is lost sight of—as it inevitably must be in many cases.

(2.) Even if the interest does last, it is kept in a very narrow channel; whereas support of the General Fund means help to *every Mission*, and when, in lectures and addresses, Africa, India, China, &c., are successively brought before the children, they feel that they have a share in that particular work.

(3.) It has been well observed that such interest is "not what we really seek to develop. The Lord has bidden us preach the Gospel to every creature in a great and sin-stricken world, whereas this system narrows their love and zeal for souls to one little child or one small village. Besides which, it creates and cultivates a desire for what can be recognised by sense rather than by faith; and the heart too naturally craves for something visible and tangible, whether it be in worship or in work."

(4.) The greater interest attaching to the General Fund is plainly proved by the fact that those Sunday-schools and Juvenile Associations which support it raise the largest sums.

(5.) Let it be observed that money raised for special objects is not a contribution to the C.M.S., does not make the giver a member, and does not entitle him to the *Quarterly Token*.

It is not, however, desired that help given to individual Missionaries—between whom and the parish or school there may perhaps be some link of personal connection—should be wholly withdrawn; but, even in these cases, it is better that the regular subscriptions go to the General Fund, and that special offerings be made for the special object. In any case it should be distinctly understood that every penny dropped into the Church Missionary Society's boxes *belongs to the Society*, and cannot properly be diverted from the General Fund.

Three remarks may close this paper.

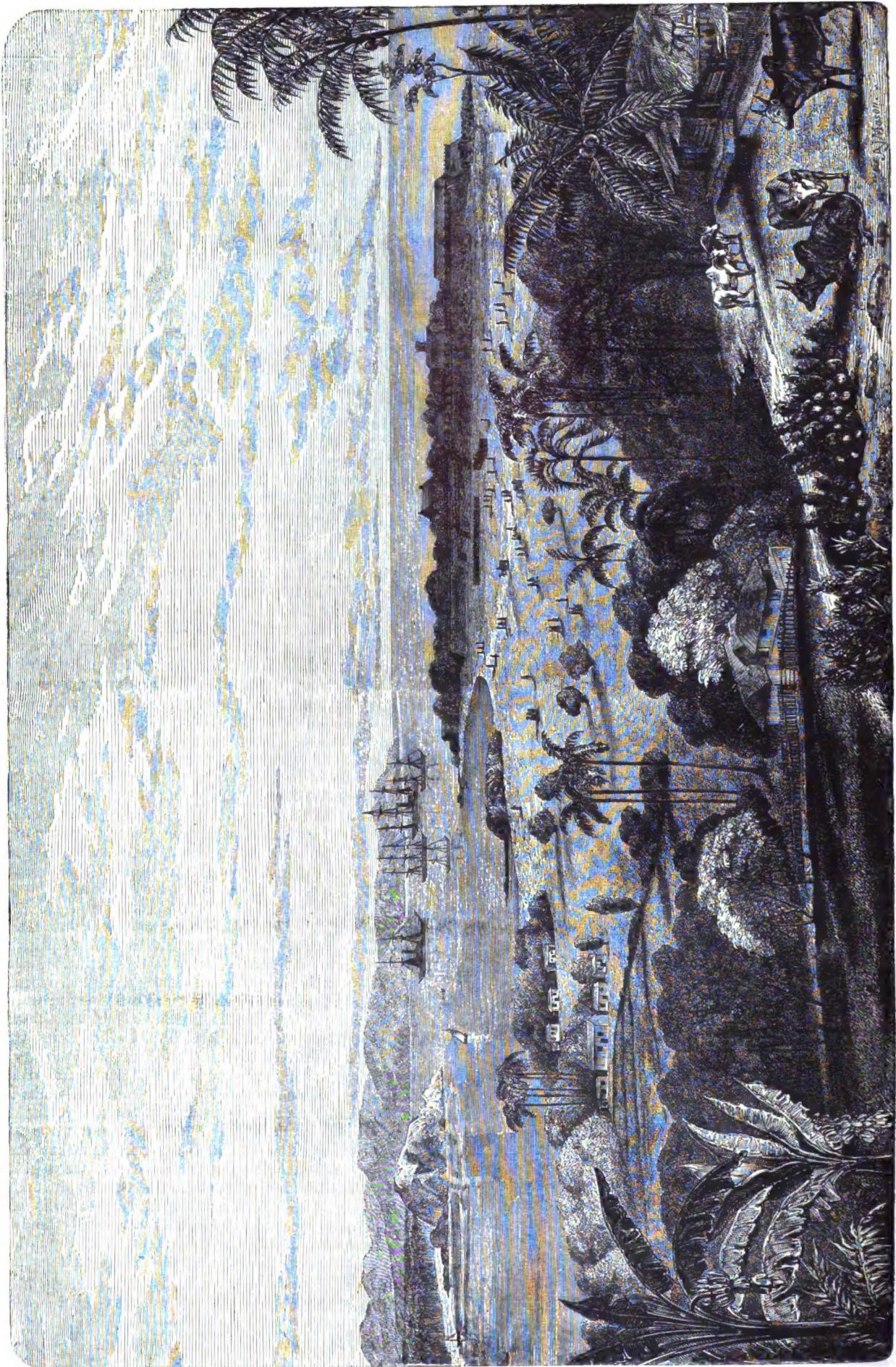
(1.) In the work of Juvenile and Sunday School Missionary Associations, let not the spiritual interests of the children themselves be forgotten. We ask them to help in sending the Gospel to the heathen; but they need the Gospel themselves. Now in two ways the work this paper is designed to promote will assist the faithful parent, or friend, or teacher, to draw young souls to Christ. (a) In missionary addresses, &c., man's need of a Saviour, and the power and love of the Lord Jesus, should be leading topics, and the narratives and other information be so given as to illustrate these and other great spiritual truths. And it may be that a child's first desire after true religion may, through the grace of the Holy Ghost, be awakened by what he hears of true religion in the heart of the Negro or Red Indian. (b) In ordinary Christian teaching, as for instance in Sunday School lessons, what anecdotes or illustrations can be found more appropriate and telling than those furnished by missionary annals? Fub-kien, Narowal, Ibadan, Tinnevelly, can supply narratives of godly boys and girls far more truly interesting than the imaginary "good little boy whose name was Willie," who figures so often in religious teaching.

(2.) Let our entire dependence upon the blessing of God for all success in missionary work, whether at home or abroad, be continually insisted on. Let children be taught to know that prayer is a real thing; not a piece of formal etiquette for the opening of a meeting, but as having power to "move the Hand that moves the world." It is a good plan to have a special prayer at the close of a meeting, on behalf of the particular Missions just described. And let praying boys and girls—*there are such*—be invited to lay before the Lord the Association they belong to, and their own work in connection with it.

(3.) The reflex influence of these associations upon those who work them is an additional element in their value. Especially is this the case in Sunday-schools. Many a good missionary began his labours in the Master's vineyard as a Sunday-school teacher; and not a few gained in the Sunday-school that knowledge of and love for the work in the foreign field which impelled them to devote their own lives to it. The Church Missionary Society needs also a continual supply of true and hearty friends at home. "Our fathers, where are they?" How can their ranks be better filled up than by enlisting in the cause the young men and women of our congregations? and how can these be better secured than by setting them to work in its behalf among the children of all classes? One result of the more general and more vigorous working of Juvenile and Sunday School Associations will most surely be the fulfilment to those who work them of that blessed promise, "He that watereth others shall be watered also himself;" and then, "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth."

E. S.

\* \* \* These "Hints," published in a separate form, are supplied gratuitously from the Church Missionary House.



THE HARBOUR OF POINT DE GALLE, CEYLON.

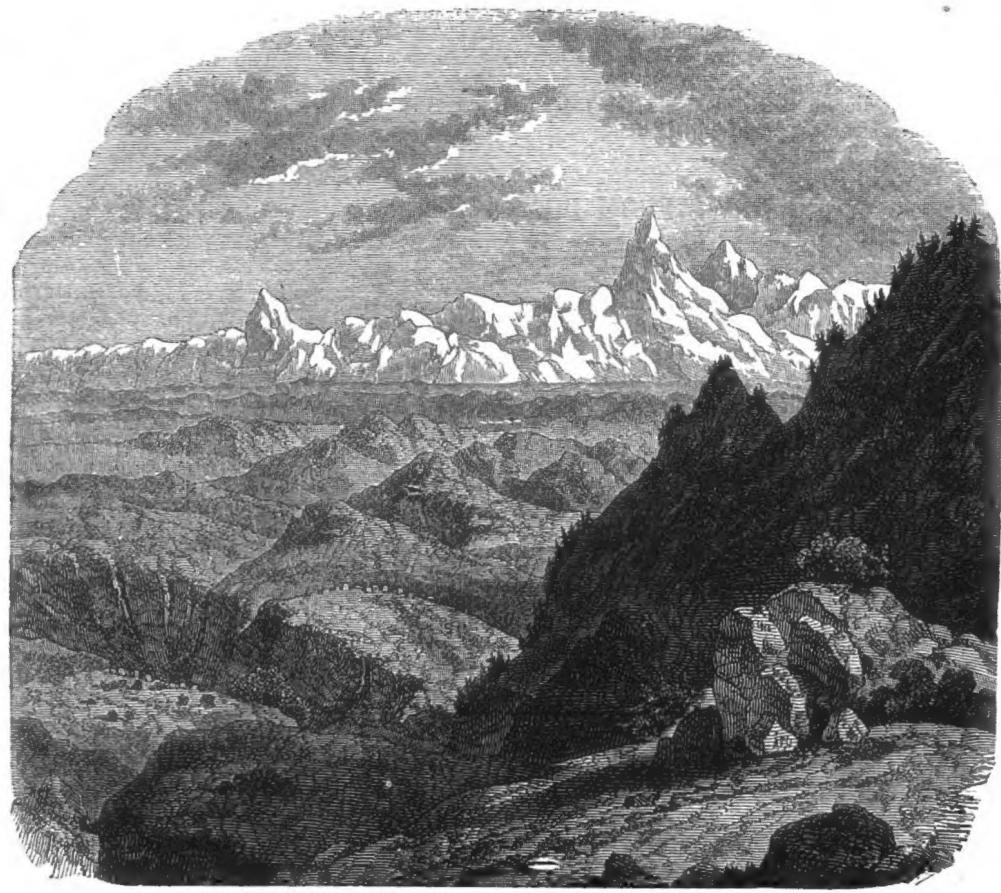
## AN APOLOGY TO CEYLON.

LOOKING over the numbers of the GLEANER for the present year, we have observed that not a single picture illustrative of the Ceylon Mission has been given, and scarcely any information respecting it. This is the more inexcusable, inasmuch as a localised edition of the GLEANER is published in Ceylon, and has a large circulation. We heartily apologise for the seeming neglect, and hope to do better next year. An interesting article by the Rev. J. Ireland Jones is in type for the January number. Meanwhile, that Ceylon may not be entirely unrepresented in the index of engravings in this volume, we present on the opposite page a view of the principal harbour in the island, well known to travellers to and from the far East.

The Society's Ceylon Mission has, as our readers know, been beset with peculiar difficulties during the last two or three years. Yet the blessing of God has been signally manifest in the work of the missionaries. There has been a steady increase in the number of the Native Christians; last year there were 194 adult baptisms; and the Native Church is growing in strength, and actively preparing itself for an independent position as a daughter Church of the Church of England.

## TWO MOUNTAIN BARRIERS.

OUR two pictures on this page show us two mighty mountain chains at present confronting our advancing missionaries. The Hindu Kush divides the northwest frontier of British India from Central Asia. Across that mighty barrier the Gospel has not yet been carried. In the Mohammedan states lying beyond, the "strong man armed" "keepeth his palace." When shall the "Stronger than he" come and dispossess him? The Rocky Mountains face the missionary on the Saskatchewan Plain as he presses on westward in his



THE HINDU KUSH MOUNTAINS, TO THE NORTH OF AFGHANISTAN.



THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, FROM THE GREAT PLAIN OF THE SASKATCHEWAN.

search for the yet heathen remnant of the Red Indian tribes. But what is there beyond? Not an untouched pagan population, but an English diocese (British Columbia) just divided into three, for one of which a C.M.S. missionary, Mr. Ridley, was lately consecrated first Bishop—and in that new diocese of Caledonia is the far-famed and much-blessed Metlakahtla, and other promising Missions.

## MORE NEWS FROM UGANDA.



BEFORE the last number of the *GLEANER* was in the hands of our readers, containing such pleasant extracts from Mr. Mackay's letters, a packet of later despatches had somewhat clouded our hopeful anticipations of the future of the Nyanza Mission. We can only here briefly relate what has occurred, and must refer those who wish for further details to the *C.M. Intelligencer* of this month.

The Nile party, Mr. Pearson, Mr. Litchfield, and Mr. Felkin, with Mr. Wilson (who, it will be remembered had come from Uganda to meet them), arrived at Rubaga, Mtesa's capital, on Feb. 14th. Mr. Felkin's narrative of the journey, in continuation of that which has been printed from month to month in this year's *GLEANER*, has been received, and we hope to give it in future numbers.

On Feb. 15th the new comers were received by Mtesa with great honour. They presented the letter they had brought from Lord Salisbury, which acknowledged in the Queen's name the kindness and hospitality of the king to English travellers, and pointed out the benefits he and his people would derive from friendly relations with European countries—and also a letter from the C.M.S. Committee, both which gave great satisfaction. King Mtesa, who has been in very bad health, specially welcomed the arrival of a medical man, and for the next three months Mr. Felkin was in frequent attendance upon him, and gained considerable influence through his skilful treatment of the case. At the same time a large new house for the mission was in process of erection; many of the people were very friendly; and at first all looked promising.

But Satan's dominion over Central Africa was not to be so easily assaulted; and a series of troubles quickly came one upon another. First of all, the Arab traders were bitterly hostile, and all the more so because of Mr. Mackay's bold stand against them (as mentioned in his letters printed last month). Secondly, the great chiefs were jealous of the white man's influence with the king, and especially of Mr. Felkin having easier access to him than themselves. Thirdly, Mtesa's own temper varied almost from day to day; and though, on the whole, he showed favour to the Mission, it was very clear that his main object was to get as much as he could out of it—guns and gunpowder especially. Fourthly, two French Jesuits arrived on Feb. 23rd to plant a Romish Mission in the country—three more being on the way—and fresh feelings of hostility to our men were at once manifest among the chiefs, who (with or without Mtesa's consent) refused to allow them to visit the French priests, even to offer them kindly medical aid when they required it. Fifthly, on March 6th, Mtesa received letters from Zanzibar, the nature of which we do not certainly know, but which had the effect of turning the king's mind against the C.M.S. Missionaries, whom he charged with being impostors, and Lord Salisbury's letter a forgery. Apparently even their lives were in danger for a time, notwithstanding the personal favour extended to Mr. Felkin.

After earnest prayer for Divine guidance, the Missionaries reluctantly came to the conclusion that it was necessary, and might be for the ultimate advantage of the Mission, to withdraw from Uganda for a time. The king, however, refused to let all go; and while arrangements were being made for one or two to

leave, as bearers of a letter from Mtesa to the Queen, Mr. Stokes and Mr. Copplestone arrived, having come across the Lake from Kagei in canoes. As they brought further presents for the king, he was more gracious for a time; but fresh difficulties arose, and the missionaries could only obtain a scanty supply of food. At length Mr. Felkin and Mr. Wilson were allowed to leave for the north to conduct ambassadors from Mtesa to Col. Gordon and to the Queen; and also Mr. Stokes and Mr. Copplestone to go back across the Lake southward, to send some more goods over for the king's use. Mr. Felkin left on May 17th, the others on June 14th. Mr. Felkin's last letter is dated June 9th, from Fatiko, in Egyptian territory; and he had heard from Mr. Wilson, who was following him (though not yet out of Uganda), up to June 26th.

Mr. Mackay, Mr. Pearson, and Mr. Litchfield, were still in Uganda. Their position was a trying one, and certainly not free from danger. What has happened during the last five months, who shall say? *The Lord knoweth*, and He doeth all things well. With undoubting faith we must leave in His hands, only our brethren, but the holy enterprise to which He calls them.

## EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

BISHOP RUSSELL, whose much lamented death on October 5th is mentioned in a postscript in our last number, had been a C.M.S. missionary, as presbyter and bishop, for thirty-two years. He went to China in 1847, and in May of the following year, he and Mr. (afterwards Archdeacon) Cobbold began the Mission at Ningpo, which city, with its surrounding districts, has ever since been the scene of his labours. He was consecrated first Missionary Bishop of North China on December 15th, 1872, together with Bishop Royston of Mauritius and Bishop Horden of Moosee. During his seven years' episcopate, he ordained four Chinese clergy, confirmed 300 Chinese Christians, dedicated seven mission churches, and fostered in every way the development of the Native Church. His death is a heavy loss to Missions in China. A portrait of the Bishop appeared in the very first number of the *GLEANER* in January, 1874, and a group of himself, the missionaries, and the Native clergy, in January, 1877.

In deference to the advice of the British Consul at Fuh-chow, the C.M.S. missionaries there have accepted a compromise in respect of the trial referred to in our last number. They have to vacate the premises occupied for nearly thirty years in the heart of the city (see the picture in the *GLEANER* of April, 1876), but are allowed a large house in the foreign settlement instead. The arrangement is very inconvenient, the effect on the popular mind of their retiring from the long occupied site will not be good; but, although there was every reason to believe the result of an appeal would have been in their favour, they have yielded for the sake of peace.

We regret to announce the death, on Nov. 6th, at Ramsgate, of Rev. C. E. Vines, who was an able and faithful missionary of the Society at Agra from 1862 to this year. For the larger part of the time he was Principal of St. John's College.

Further news from the Great Valley district, in the Chekiang Province, shows that the Gospel continues to spread there. So, too, without persecution. One man in a remote village was threatened that *his tenet should be cut* if he walked into the services at Chu-ki city.

There has been a serious drought at Hang-chow. The Rev. A. E. Smith invited the Christians of the various Missions there to meet for a day's prayer in the C.M.S. church. The very next morning rain set in, and lasted three days. A thanksgiving service was then held in an American church.

The Rev. J. B. and Mrs. Ost, recently appointed to Shaou-hing, are in the P. & O. Co.'s steamer *Australia*, which lately broke down in the Channel. The position, for the two or three days while she was helpless, drifting before the winds and waves, was a very anxious one. They since gone on in the *Peking*.

OUR MISSIONARIES IN TRAVANCORE.—In our October number mentioning only some of the missionary brethren who have laboured in Travancore, it has been thought that we did injustice to others. The names might have been mentioned also of the Revs. S. Ridsdale (1824-39), J. H. Doran (1825-30), H. Harley (1835-60), J. Johnson (1837-46), J. H. Vickers (1848-54), R. H. Vickers (1856-60), J. H. Wilkinson (1858-65), Johnson (1862-68), J. Wilson (1862-67), W. Johnson (1866-77), Hope (1866-74), F. W. Ainley (1877-78); and the Rev. A. F. Painter and Mr. Martin Browne, now in the field.